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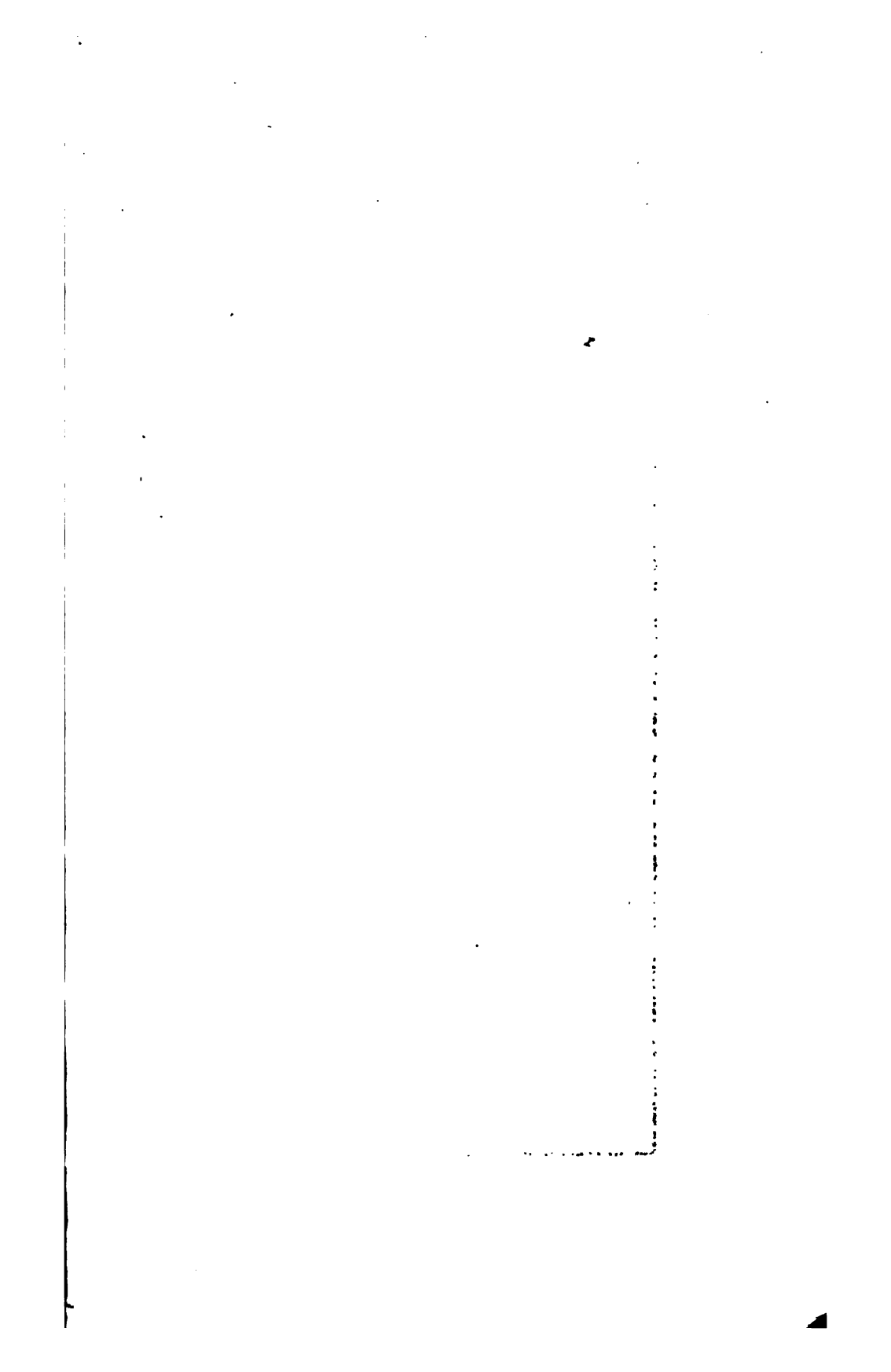

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Editor of "The Arena," Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
å as in fall, talk.
ȧ as in ask, fast, ant.
â as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ė as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ȯ as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
u̇ as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ạ as in prelate, courage.
ẹ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ọ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ụ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

a̤ as in errant, republican.
e̤ as in prudent, difference.
i̤ as in charity, density.
o̤ as in valor, actor, idiot.
ṳ̈ as in Persia, peninsula.
o͞o̤ as in *the* book.
u͞ṳ as in nature, feature.

A mark (⌣) under the consonants *t, d, s, z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch, j, sh, zh*. Thus:

t̰ as in nature, adventure.
d̰ as in arduous, education.
s̰ as in pressure.
z̰ as in seizure.
y as in yet.
b Spanish b (medial).
ċh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
g as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
h Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ṅ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
ŦH as in then.
D = ŦH.

′ denotes a primary, ″ a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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Norris (nor'is), John.
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Norton, Charles Eliot.
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Nye (nī), Edgar Wilson.

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O'Reilly (ō ri'li), John Boyle.
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Payne (pān), John Howard.
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Peabody, William Bourne Oliver.
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Pearson (pēr'sọn), John.
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Penn (pen), William.
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Percival (pėr'si vạl), James Gates.
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Perry (per'i), Nora.
Persius (pėr'shi-us).
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Peter Parley (pē'tėr pär'li). See Goodrich, Samuel Griswold.
Peter Pindar (pē'tėr pin'dạr). See Wolcot, John.
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Plautus (plā'tus).
Pliny (pli'ni) the Elder.
Pliny, the Younger.
Plutarch (plō'tärk).
Poe (pō), Edgar Allan.
Pollok (pol'lọk). Robert.
Polo (pō'lō), Marco.
Ponce de Leon (pōn'thā dā lā ōn'), Luis.
Poole (pōl), William Frederick.
Pope (pōp), Alexander.

NORRIS, JOHN, an English clergyman, metaphysician, and poet, born in Collingbourne, Kingston, Wiltshire, in 1657; died at Bemerton in 1711. He took his degree at Oxford in 1680. His work *An Idea of Happiness* (1683) gave him a foremost place among the Platonists of his time. In 1684 he took orders, and in 1693 was made rector of Bemerton. Among his works, many of which have passed through several editions, are *An Idea of Happiness* (1683); *Poems and Discourses* (1684); *The Theory and Regulation of Love* (1688); *Reason and Religion* (1689); *Two Treatises Concerning the Divine Sight* (1692); *Letters Concerning the Love of God* (1695); *An Essay Toward the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World* (1704); *The Natural Immortality of the Soul* (1708).

Hallam, in his *Literary History of Europe*, says that Norris "is more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God. He is a writer of fine genius and a noble elevation of moral sentiments, such as predisposes men for the Platonic schemes of theosophy. He looked up to Augustin with as much veneration as to Plato, and respected more perhaps than Malebranche, certainly more than the generality of English writers, the theo-

logical metaphysicians of the schools. With these he mingled some visions of a later mysticism. But his reasonings will seldom bear a close scrutiny."

ON PERFECT HAPPINESS.

I come now to show wherein this perfect happiness does consist, concerning which I do affirm, in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects, they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. The objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. . . . Indeed, could a man's life be so contrived that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he had grown weary of the old, he might then perhaps and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety. The compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives; and there is as perfect a circulation of our pleasures as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quick revolution. We dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a perpetual tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course that we did before; and to-morrow is but the same over again. . . .

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein, then, does it consist? I answer positively, in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, and the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity; and to enjoy Him fully is perfect felicity.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION.

How long, great God ! how long must I
Immured in the dark prison lie ?
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My soul must watch to have intelligence ;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night ?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear ?

How cold this clime ! and yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic chains I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine
Sometimes my erring needle does decline ;
But yet (so strong the sympathy)
It turns and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense,
My soul, impatient, struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage !
Wouldst Thou, Great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be linked with Thee !
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

NORRIS, W. E., an English novelist, born in 1847. He was called to the bar in 1874, but never practised. His first book, *Heaps of Money*, appeared in 1876; it has been followed by *Mademoiselle de Mersac*, *Thirlby Hall*, *Matrimony*, *A Man of His Word*, *That Terrible Man*, *Her Own Doing*, *Adrian Vidal*, *No New Thing*, *Chris*, *Major or Minor*, *Miss Shafto*, *The Rogue*, *My Friend Jim*, *Misadventure*, *The Countess Radna* (1890), and *Billy Bellew* (1895).

NEARLY CAUGHT.

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:

"Do you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself?"

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least, you saw me kissing the girl. But, dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean of course it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But, by George, sir!" continued Freddy, impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that, now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first, but she wasn't—deuce a bit. She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."

"Well, but my dear fellow," resumed Freddy, impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all; and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very jolly girl, and a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her!—Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man, pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"Oh, no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud, laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet, earnestly. "I'll stay in bed if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

"It is possible to speak to young women without kissing them," Claud remarked, sagely.

"It isn't easy, though," returned the other, sighing. "The safest plan is to let 'em alone."—*Matrimony.*

Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age ;

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil ;

Recall the many-colored dreams
That fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth ;

Perchance, observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright,
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

My God, I thank Thee : may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisement severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay,
Thy equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling Faith adore Thy will.

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, an English poet and novelist, born in 1808; died June 15, 1877. She was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and in 1827 married Honorable George Norton. In 1830 she left her husband, but returned. His persecutions culminated in 1836 in an accusation of criminal intimacy with Lord Melbourne, then Prime-Minister. Her innocence and wrongs were quickly apparent, and the jury gave their verdict without leaving the box. Her sufferings enlisted her in the cause of reform, which she earnestly urged in *A Voice from the Factories* (1836); *English Laws for English Women* (1854); *A Letter to the Queen*, concerning divorce (1855), and other writings. In verse she published *The Dandies' Rout* (1825); *The Sorrows of Rosalie* (1829); *The Undying One* (1831); *The Wife* (1835); *The Dream, etc.* (1840); *The Child of the Islands* (1845); *Aunt Carry's Ballads, Tales and Sketches* (1850), and *The Lady of La Garaye* (1861); and in prose fiction, *Stuart of Dunleath* (1851); *Lost and Saved* (1863); *Old Sir Douglas* (1868), and *The Rose of Jericho* (1870). Her husband died in 1875, and within a year of his death she was married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, who died in 1878.

Mrs. Sedgwick, in her *Letters from Abroad*, described Mrs. Norton as "the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy."

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
  Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
  When they have blossomed but a few short hours.
                Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die,
  May perish from the gay and gladsome earth
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
  Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
                Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change,
  The rosy lips may cease to smile on you;
The kindly, beaming eye grow cold and strange,
  The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
                Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! O warning vainly said,
  In present years as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
  Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
                Love not, love not!

SPRING.

The Spring is come again! the breath of May
  Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers have birth,
And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
  On the broad bosom of the teeming earth.
The Spring is come! How gladly nature wakes
  From the dark slumber of the vanished year;
How gladly every rushing streamlet breaks
  The summer stillness with its music clear!

But thou art old, my heart! the breath of Spring
  No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow;
The wild bird carols brightly on the way,
  But wakes no smile upon my withered brow.

Thou art grown old ! No more the generous thought
  Sends the warm blood more swiftly through the veins;
Selfish and cold thou shrinkest—Spring hath naught
  For thee but memory of vanished pains.

Ah, mocking wind, that wanderest o'er my form,
  With freshened scents from every opening flower !
Deep, deep within, the never-dying worm,
  Life's longings all unquenched, defy thy power !
There coolness comes not with the cooling breeze;
  There music flows not with the gushing rill;
There shadows calm not from the spreading trees;
  Unslaked, the eternal fever burneth still !

Mock us not, Nature, with thy symbol vain
  Of hope succeeding hope, through endless years.
Earth's buds may burst, earth's groves be green again,
  But man—can man forget youth's bitter tears ?
I thirst, I thirst ! but duller day by day
  Grows the clogged soarings of my spirit's wings;
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
  And the worn heart denies a second Spring.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
  (Hurry !)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
  (Oh, ride as though you were flying !)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
  And his rose of the isles is dying !
Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
  (Hurry !)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
  (Oh, ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;

Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For the rose of the isles lay dying!
His nobles were beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little, fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT, an American classical scholar, son of Andrews Norton, born at Cambridge, Mass., November 16, 1827. He was graduated at Harvard in 1846, and shortly afterward entered a mercantile counting-house. In 1849 he went as supercargo of a ship sailing for India, returning home in 1851. From December, 1855, to April, 1857, he resided in Italy, making a special study of Dante; and in 1860 published *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*. During our Civil War he edited at Boston the series of papers put forth by the Royal Publication Society; from 1864 to 1868 he was joint-editor of the *North American Review*, and in 1874 became Professor of the History of Art in Harvard College. In 1867 he published a translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, accompanied with *Essays and Notes*, a part of which had already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other works by Mr. Norton are *Memoir of Arthur Hugh Clough*, prefixed to an edition of his poems (1862); *Sketch of the Life and Works of William Blake*, accompanying his illustrations of the Book of Job (1875); *List of the Principal Works Relating to Michelangelo* (1879); *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages* (1880). He edited *James Russell Lowell's Letters* (1893). His translation of the *Vita Nuova* is spoken of in the article upon Dante in this Cyclopædia. Of this *Vita Nuova* the translator says:

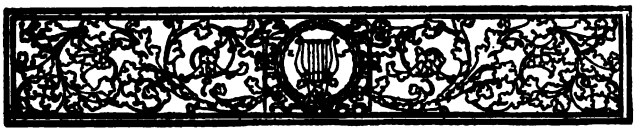
THE "VITA NUOVA" OF DANTE.

This work, which was the earliest of Dante's writings, as well as the most autobiographic in form and intention, gives the story of his early love—its beginning, its irregular course, its hopes and doubts, its exaltations and despairs, its sudden interruption and transformation by death. . . . In dealing with the intimate revelations of a character so great and so peculiar as that of Dante, a respectful deference is required for the very words in which they are contained. Dante has a right to demand this homage of his translator.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY IN 1860.

The Middle Ages still possess Italy. In the country towns, even in enlightened Sardinia, one feels himself a contemporary of Boccaccio, and might read many of the stories of the *Decameron* as stories of the present day. The life of the common people has much the same aspect now as it had centuries ago. Italy has undergone many vicissitudes, but few changes. . . .

The success of the experiment of constitutional government in Sardinia is at this moment the chief hope of Italy. A liberal and wise spirit of reform is uniting the interests of all classes, and a steady, gradual progress, proving the ability of the Italians to govern themselves, without the excesses of enthusiasm, or the evils of extravagant and undisciplined hopes. While Milan and Venice are hemmed round by Austrian bayonets, and Florence is discontented under the stupid despotism of an insane bigot—while Rome stagnates under the superstition of priests, and Naples under the brutality of a Bourbon, Turin and Genoa are flourishing and independent.—*Study and Travels in Italy.*



NOVALIS (the pseudonym of FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG), a German lyric poet and philosopher, born at Wiederstedt, Mansfield, May 2, 1772; died at Wissenfels, March 25, 1801. His father was director of the salt-works in Saxony, and the son was trained for a similar career. He studied at the universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, and the mining-school at Freiberg. He manifested decided capacities for natural sciences and mathematics, united to a profoundly mystical turn of mind. His writings, with the exception of a few short pieces, notably, *Hymns to the Night*, were a kind of rhythmical prose, and altogether fragmentary. They were published, edited by his friends Tieck and Friedrich von Schlegel, in 1802.

"Glorified as the priest of platonic love," says the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, "Novalis shines as a brilliant star in the romantic pleiades of Schlegel. His works obtained the same species of success as the *Meditations* of Lamartine; he was the poet of dreamers and of tender hearts. He is little read to-day, and his influence has materially decreased. This philosophy, however reclothed with bewitching colors, affirming itself the more that it does not seek to prove itself, will always hold a place, which must be well taken into account, in the history of the intellectual life of Germany."

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHIC SPIRIT.

The rude, discursive Thinker is the Scholastic. The true Scholastic is a mystical Sabbatist. Out of logical atoms he builds his universe; he annihilates all living Nature to put conjuror-tricks of Thought in its room. His aim is an infinite Automaton. Opposite is the rude, intuitive Poet. This is the mystical Macrologist. He hates rules and fixed form; a wild, violent life reigns instead of it in Nature; all is animate; no law; wilfulness and wonder everywhere. He is merely dynamic. Thus does the Philosophic Spirit arise at first in altogether separate masses.

In the second stage of culture these masses begin to come in contact, multifariously enough; and as in the union of infinite Extremes the Finite, the Limited, arises, so here also arise "Eclectic Philosophers" without number; the time of misunderstandings begins. The most limited is in this stage the most important, the purest philosopher of the second stage. This class occupies itself wholly with the actual, present world.

The philosophers of the first class look down with contempt on those of the second; say they are a little of everything, and so nothing; hold their views as results of weakness, as Inconsequentism. On the contrary, the second class, in their turn, pity the first; lay the blame on their visionary enthusiasm, which they say is absurd, even to insanity.

If, on the one hand, the Scholastics and Alchemists seem to be utterly at variance, and the Eclectics, on the other hand, quite at one, yet, strictly examined, it is altogether the reverse. The former in essentials are indirectly of one opinion; namely, as regards the non-dependence and infinite character of Meditation, they both set out from the Absolute; whilst the eclectic and limited sort are essentially at variance. The former infinite but uniform, the latter bounded but multiform. The former have genius, the latter talent; those have ideas, these have knacks; those are heads without hands, these are hands without heads.

The third stage is for the Artist, who can be at once Implement and Genius. He finds that primitive sepa-

ration in the absolute Philosophical Activities is a deep-lying separation in his own nature; which separation indicates, by its existence as such, the possibility of being adjusted, of being joined. He finds that, heterogeneous as these activities are, there is yet a faculty in him of passing from the one to the other; of changing his *polarity* at will. He discovers in them, therefore, necessary members of his speech. He observes that both must be united in some common Principle. He infers that Eclecticism is nothing but the imperfect defective employment of this Principle.—*Translation of* CARLYLE.

ON RELIGION.

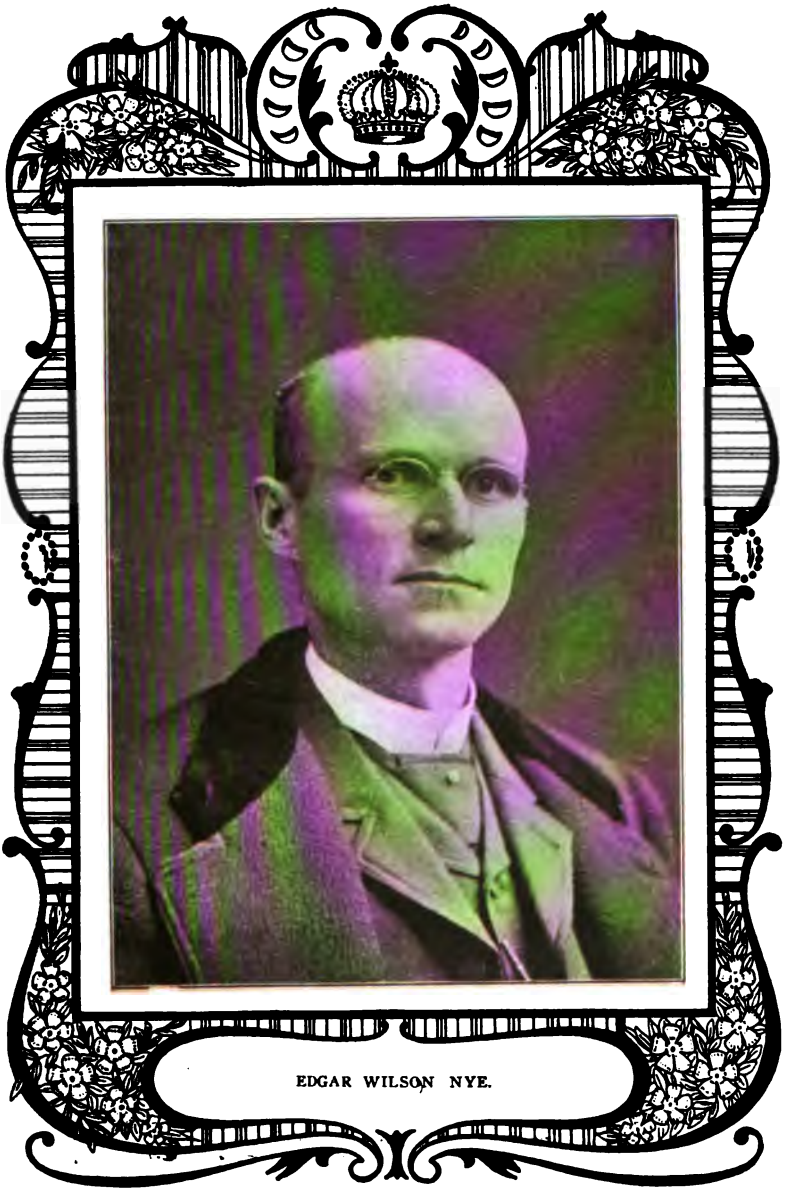
Religion contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God He must stand in need of help. The Christian religion is especially remarkable, as it lays claim to the good-will in man, to his essential Temper, and values this independently of all culture and manifestation. It stands in opposition to Science and to Art, and properly to Enjoyment. Its origin is with the common people. It inspires the great majority of the Limited in this earth. It is the root of all Democracy, the highest Fact in the Rights of Man. Its unpoetical exterior, its resemblance to a modern Family-picture, seems only to be lent to it. Martyrs and spiritual heroes! Christ was the greatest martyr of our species; through Him has martyrdom become infinite, significant and holy.—*Translation of* CARLYLE.

ON BIBLES.

The Bible begins nobly with Paradise, the symbol of youth; it concludes with the Eternal Kingdom, the Holy City. Its two divisions also are genuine grand-historical divisions; for in every grand-historical compartment the grand-history must be, as it were symbolically, made young again. The beginning of the New Testament is the second higher Fall—(the Atonement of the Fall)—and the commencement of a new period. The history of every individual should be a Bible. Christ is the new Adam. A Bible is the highest problem of Authorship.—*Translation of* CARLYLE.

NYE, EDGAR WILSON ("Bill Nye," *pseud.*), an American humorist, born at Shirley, Me., August 25, 1850; died at Asheville, N. C., February 22, 1896. At an early age he removed with his parents to Wisconsin and thence to Wyoming Territory, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He practised his profession one year, reported for newspapers, and in 1878 began to write regularly a humorous letter for the Sunday papers of the West. He was for a time a reporter for the Denver *Tribune*, and later founded the *Laramie* (Wyoming) *Boomerang*. He became post-master at Laramie, superintendent of schools, justice of the peace, and United States Commissioner. His articles were widely copied, but his paper was not a financial success. In 1884 he came to New York and organized the Nye Trust, through which a weekly letter appeared simultaneously in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. Mr. Nye gave lectures throughout the country, and published *Bill Nye and the Boomerang* (1881); *The Forty Liars* (1883); *Baled Hay* (1884); *Bill Nye's Blossom Rock* (1885); *Remarks* (1886); *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (1894).

"Bill Nye," says the *Critic*, "was more than a mere 'funny man.' His humor was genuine and clean, and he was, when it pleased him, a master



EDGAR WILSON NYE.

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of pathos. Gentle, loving, sympathetic, he felt deeply and made his readers feel with him that there is poetry in life, and many gentle virtues, and also suffering. It is this occasional deeper tone in the best of his work that raises it to the rank of literature and promises to make it endure. His flow of spirits was undiminished to the last, and millions have lost in him a welcome friend who never failed to drive away for a while the cares of life."

BOUND TO BE A PALL-BEARER.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall-bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. He cared little for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were alive he would indorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stooped, and taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said:

"Now, gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Coliseum by mistake, or a royal Bengal tiger, whose own private martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string: "pride, pomp, and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone. Empty titles and the false glamour and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your Honorable this and your Judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay.

"But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for—I will carry him myself."

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better

judgment moved the man who had charge of the services, and the original programme was carried out.

Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There, in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and defiant man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shuddered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and, threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but overawed pall-bearers, whose names were respectively Messrs. Mud, Dennis, and others.

Fresno is also noted latterly for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk, for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he attach my baggage. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and, I believe, with just cause, insomuch that the citizens of Fresno kick with a loud and sonorous kick, which extendeth even unto San Francisco, and even also unto the sound which is to the north thereof.

Mr. Whisk married in rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his attachment industry there, and finally formed another attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that he only loved her as a brother, and also as one who hath his eye on the bank account wherewith she had been blest.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolen," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little, cunning ear with the end of his mustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also else-

where. If thou doubtest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to anyone who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross."

He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm, round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business.

I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great, coarse thing.

The widow wept for Mr. Whisk for a week or two and bought a revolver with which to kill him, but better judgment prevailed. She suddenly came to her senses, and, realizing what a weak revenge it was, after all, merely to kill him, she packed up her parrot and went to live at his house.

And so I came to think on Loss—
  I never much could think on Gain—
A poet oft will woo a cross
  On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think—I know not how—
  Perchance through sense of Indian wrong—
Of losses of my own, that now
  Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
  That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But, like a brood of fledgling birds,
  Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang, "O early loss!
  O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
  O steel that clipped the untried wing

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
  Whom once they called a merchant-prince,
Over the ships he sent to sea,
  And never, never, heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
  Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay,
  This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
  The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A misty sorrow veils my brain,
  And dimly looms the light of Truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
  And fleeting shone with sweeter grace,
And as she died the colors grew
  To softer splendors in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
  Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
  And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned, I heard a peal
  Of laughter through the meadows flow,
I saw the farm-boys at their meal,
  I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
  His feet with valley-vapors wet;
And slowly circling, upward crept
  The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
  That marred this dream of peace below;
"O God," I cried, "give, give me death,
  Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

ELISHA KENT KANE.

(*Died February 15, 1857.*)

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag,
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth:
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb;
And his own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came;
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph; Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand; the large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast,

Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
"Honor to Kane!"

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased,
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but, as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered being that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And, in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for him who died so well
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his life:—
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amidst the fastnesses of ice,

With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow ;
Night lengthening into months ; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey ; the insufficient share
Of loathsome food ;
The lethargy of famine, the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued ;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind !
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew ;
The whispers of rebellion—faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder :—such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played !
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate !
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate,
Equal to every trial—every fate—
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state :
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode does chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian Knight, Elisha Kane !

OEHLENSCHLÄGER, ADAM GOTTLOB, a Danish dramatist and poet, born at Vesterbro, near Copenhagen, November 14, 1779; died there, January 20, 1850. His father was steward of the royal palace at Fredericksburg, where the son passed his early life. At the age of twelve he began to write dramatic pieces, which were performed by himself and his school-mates. In 1803 he published a volume of poems. This was followed by his drama of *Aladdin*, which gained for him a travelling stipend from the Government. He thoroughly mastered the German language, into which he translated those of his works which were originally written in Danish. He went to Italy, where he became intimate with the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. Returning to Denmark in 1810, he was made Professor of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen. His *Works*, which include dramas, poems, novels, and translations, fill forty-one volumes in German and twenty-one in Danish. He is best known by his dramas, twenty-four in all, of which nineteen are upon Scandinavian subjects. Many of them have been translated into English by Theodore Martin and others. Among the best of his works are *Aladdin*, *Hakon Jarl*, *Palnatoke*, *Axel and Valborg*, *Correggio*, *Canute the Great*, *The Varangians in Constantinople*, *Land Found and Lost*, based upon the early

voyages of the Northmen in America; *Dina*, and *The Gods of the North.* A complete edition of his *Poetiske Skrifter* (Poetical Writings) was published at Copenhagen in thirty-two volumes (1857–65).

"ALADDIN:" DEDICATION TO GOETHE.

Born in far Northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy-land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the Saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The Winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair.
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring shine fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North I flew;
I was possest
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold ;
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold ;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand :
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save ?
Who to his eyes keener vision gave
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far-off ride,
Careering wild ?

Thou, great and good ! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song.
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before ;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave, stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerily as a friend.
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not—trivial as the tribute is—
With scorn regard.
—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

ON TRACE OF THE MAGIC LAMP.

[NOUREDDIN, the enchanter, is seated by a table on which is a little chest filled with white sand. Upon this sand he half-consciously traces lines; then speaks.]

Noureddin.—A wondrous treasure! The greatest in the world?—
Hid in a cavern?—Where?—In Asia?—
And where in Asia?—Hard by Ispahan!
Deep in the earth; high overarched with rocks
Girt round with lofty mountains. Holy Allah!
What mighty mystery begins to dawn
Upon me? Shall I reach the goal, at last,
At midnight hour, after the silent toil
Of forty weary years? I question further:
What is this matchless prize?—A copper lamp?
How's this! An old, rust-eaten, copper lamp!—
And what, then, is its virtue?—How!—"Concealed,
Known but to him that owns it." And shall I
(Scarce dares my tongue give the bold question voice),
Shall I, then, e'er the happy owner be?
See! the fine sand, like water interblends,
And of the stylus leaves no trace behind.
All's dark!—Yet stay!—With surging waves it heaves,
This arid sea, as when the tempest sweeps
With eddying blast through Biledulgerid.
What mean these furrows?—I am to draw forth
A poem that lies eastward in the hall,
Old, dust-begrimed; and, wheresoe'er my eyes,
When I so open it, chance to fall,
I am to read, and all shall then be clear.

[He rises slowly, and takes an old folio, which he opens, and reads.]

"Fair Fortune's boons are scattered wide and far
In single sparkles only found and rare,
And all her gifts in a few combined are.

"Earth's choicest flowerets bloom not everywhere:
Where mellows ripe the vine's inspiring tide,
With bane and bale doth Nature wrestle there.

"In the lush Orient's sultry palm-groves glide
Fell serpents through rank herbage noiselessly,
And there death-dealing venom doth abide.

"Darkness and storm deface the Northern sky;
Yet there no sudden shock o'erwhelms the land,
And steadfast cliffs the tempest's rage defy.

"Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,

"From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.

"'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.

"Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long reluctant powers.

"Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair."

These lines were woven in a mortal's brain,
A sorry rhymer's little conversant
With Nature's deep and tender mysteries:
Kindly she tenders me the hidden prize.
Is it that she, with woman's waywardness,
May make a mock of me? Not so: on fools
She wastes not her sage accents; the pure light
Is not a meteor-light that leads astray.
With a grave smile, her finger indicates
Where lies the treasure she has marked for mine.—
Yes! I divine the hidden import well
Of that enigma she prepared for me;
In the unconscious poet's mystic song
The needful powers are by no *one* possessed;
To lift great loads must many hands combine:

To me 'twas given, with penetrating soul,
To fathom Nature's inmost mysteries;
But I am not the outward instrument.
"Life's gladsome child!"—That means some creature gay,
By nature dowered, instead of intellect,
With body only, and mere youthful bloom.
A young, dull-witted boy shall be my aid;
And, all unconscious of its priceless worth,
Secure and place the treasure in my hands.
Is it not so, thou mighty Solomon?

[Traces lines in the sand.]

Yes, yes, it is! A fume of incense will
Disclose to me the entrance to the rock.
And a rose-cheeked, uneducated boy
Will draw the prize for my advantage forth,
As striplings do in Europe's lotteries.
O holy prophet, take my fervent thanks!
My mind's exhausted with its deep research.
The goal achieved, my overwearied frame
Longs for repose. Now, will I sleep in peace.
To-morrow—by the magic of my ring
I stand in Asia. The succeeding day
Beholds me here, and with the wondrous lamp!

—*Translation of* THEODORE MARTIN.

THE SCANDINAVIAN WARRIORS AND BARDS.

Oh! great was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,

And poured his notes, amid the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre.
Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled.
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide;
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs reposing after battle-tide.
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ:
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

—*Translation of* WALKER.

ON LEAVING ITALY.

Once more among the old, gigantic hills with vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind, the rocks ascend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar; they wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine, their cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle's and the vulture's cry, the nightingale's no more.

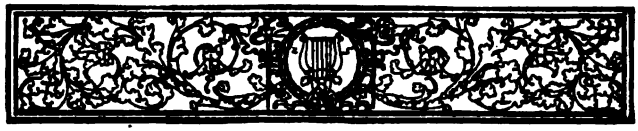
Where is the laurel? Where the myrtle's bloom?
Bleak is the path around.
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom a
weight appears to flow?
Methinks the muses come to call me home from yonder
rocks of snow.

I know not how—but in yon land of roses my heart was
heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale, the zephyrs on
the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam—it
seemed not so to me.
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around: my thoughts
were o'er the sea.

—*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*



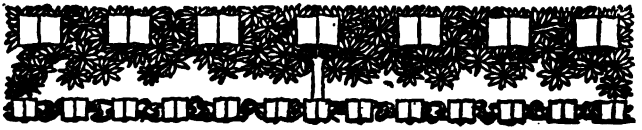
O'HARA, THEODORE, an American poet, born at Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820; died on his plantation near Gerrytown, Ala., June 6, 1867. He was a son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish-American educator; and was educated at first by his father, and afterward at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, where he was also for a time Professor of Greek. He then practised law, and in 1845 he became an employee in the treasury department in Washington. In 1846 he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers, with the rank of captain. In 1847 he was brevetted for gallantry at Cherubusco and Contreras. After the Mexican War he practised law in Washington; and later, he led a regiment at Cardenas, in aid of Lopez, for the liberation of Cuba. He returned severely wounded, and afterward joined the Walker expedition. Upon his return from the latter filibustering expedition he became connected editorially with the Mobile *Register*, the Frankfort *Yeoman*, and the Louisville *Times*. He served in the Confederate army as a commander of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay; and afterward, until the end of the war, as chief-of-staff of General Breckenridge. He then went into business at Columbus; and afterward retired to his plantation on the Chattahoochee, where he died of fever. His body was brought to Frankfort in

1874, where it lies in the State cemetery. O'Hara wrote but little; and is remembered for his poem *The Bivouac of the Dead*, written to commemorate his comrades of the Mexican War who are buried at Frankfort. Lines from this poem are on many monuments in our national cemeteries, and over their gates.

The following is quoted from the article in White's *American Biography:* "O'Hara was fond of adventure, of a daring disposition, and full of restless energy; richly endowed with gifts of mind and heart, he was ever genial and generous in disposition, and as a conversationalist he was unusually happy and brilliant, having been the charm of many a social gathering, and the life and soul of countless camp-fire circles in the war. He was rather above the medium height, slender and graceful, with a well-proportioned figure, and erect, military bearing. His tomb, which is situated amid the graves of those by whose side he fought in battle, and whose valor he commemorated in verse, is worthy of notice. His name is inscribed beneath a sculptured sword and scabbard encircled by a wreath of oak and laurel. At a little distance rises the great memorial shaft surmounted by marble cannons and flags, and above these by the winged figure of Victory. Among the graves of those who once listened to the cannon's thunder stand the blackened and silenced guns that brought death and destruction at Buena Vista and Chepultepec. At the foot of O'Hara's tomb the full force and beauty of his lines may be felt."

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*From an ode, read at the dedication of a monument to the soldiers of Kentucky who fell in the Mexican War.*



OHNET, GEORGES, a French editor, dramatist, and novelist, born in Paris, April 3, 1848. He was successively editor of *Le Pays* and of *Le Constitutionnel*, and was remarked for his vivacity and polemical spirit. Among his earlier works are a drama, *Regina Sarpi* (1875), and a comedy, *Marthe* (1877). Several of his novels have been dramatized. One of these, *Le Maître de Forges* (1882), was played a whole year. This and other romances—*Serge Panine*, *Le Comtesse Sarah*, *Lise Fleuron*, *La Grande Marinière*, *Les Dames de Croix-Mort*—were put forth as a series under the title *Le Batailles de la Vie*. *Noir et Rose* (1887) is a collection of stories. *Volonté* (1888) is directed against pessimism. *La Conversion du Professeur Rameau*, *Le Dernier Amour* (1890), and *Dette de Haine* (1891) are his most recent works.

"The success of his works," says Vapereau, "is due to the nicety and simplicity with which the author presents his subject and develops it; a unity of action, an honesty of purpose, and a certain philosophic carriage."

THE INVENTOR AND THE BANKER.

"Do not fear to ask too much. I will agree to whatever you wish. I am so sure of success."

Success! This one word dissipated the shadows in which the tyrant of La Neuville was losing himself. Success! The word typical of the inventor. He re-

membered the furnace of which he had heard so much. It was on the future of this invention that the marquis based his hopes of retrieving himself. It was by means of this extraordinary consumer that he proposed to again set going the work at the Great Marl-Pit, to pay his debts, to rebuild his fortune. The banker began to understand the situation. Carvajan became himself again.

"No doubt it is your furnace about which you are so anxious?" he said, looking coldly at the marquis. "But I must remind you that I am here to receive money and not to lend it—to terminate one transaction and not to commence another. Is that all you have to say to me?"

But the inventor, with the obstinacy and candor of a maniac, began to explain his plans, and to enumerate his chances of success. He forgot to whom he was addressing himself, and at what a terrible crisis he had arrived; he thought of nothing but his invention, and how best to describe its merits. He drew the banker into the corner of the laboratory, where the model stood, and proposed to set it going to describe how it acted; and, as he spoke, he became more and more excited, until he was simply overflowing with enthusiasm and confidence.

Carvajan's cold, cutting voice put a sudden stop to his ecstasies. "But under what pretext do you intend me to lend you money to try the merits of your invention? You already owe me nearly four hundred thousand francs, my dear sir, a hundred and sixty thousand of which are due to me this very morning. Are you in a position to pay me?"

The marquis lowered his head.

"No, sir," he whispered.

"Your servant then. And in future pray remember not to trouble people simply to talk trash to them, and that when a man can't pay his debts he oughtn't to give himself the airs of a genius. Ha, ha, the consumer, indeed! By the way, it belongs to me now, like everything else here. And if it is worth anything, I really don't see why I shouldn't work it myself——"

"You!"

"Yes, I, marquis. I think the moment has come when you may as well give up all attempt at diplomacy. All that there is left for you to do is to pack up your odds and ends and say good-by to your country-house."

The tyrant planted himself in front of Monsieur de Clairefont, and, his face lighted up with malicious glee, resumed:

"Thirty years ago you had me thrown out of your house. To-day it is my turn. A bailiff is below taking an inventory." He burst into an insulting laugh, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets with insolent familiarity, walked up and down the room with the airs of a master.

The marquis had listened to his harangue with stupefaction. The illusions he had still preserved fled in a second, as the clouds before the breath of the storm-wind. His reason returned to him, he regained his judgment, and blushed at having lowered himself so far as to make proposals to Carvajan. He no longer saw in him the lender, always ready for an advantageous investment—he recognized the bitter, determined enemy of his family.

"I was mistaken," he said, contemptuously. "I thought I still possessed enough to tempt your cupidity."

"Oh, insolence!" returned the banker, coldly. "That is a luxury in which your means will not permit you to indulge, my dear sir. When a man's in people's debt he should try to pay them in other coin than abuse."

"You are able to take advantage of my position, sir," said the marquis, bitterly. "I am at your mercy, and I ought not to be surprised at anything since my own children have been the first to forsake me. What consideration can I expect from a stranger when my daughter closes her purse to me, and my son leaves me to fight the battle alone? But let us put an end to this interview. There is nothing more to be said on either side."

Carvajan made a gesture of surprise, then his face lighted up with diabolical delight.

"Excuse me," he said. "I see you have fallen into an error, and that I must undeceive you. You are ac-

cusing your son and daughter wrongfully. No doubt you asked Mademoiselle de Clairefont to relieve you from your embarrassments and she refused, as you pretend. She had very good reasons for her refusal—the money you asked she gave long ago. So you complain of her ingratitude? Well, then, let me tell you that she has ruined herself for you, and secretly, and imploring that you should not be told the use she had made of her fortune. And that is what you call closing her purse to you."

The marquis did not utter a word, did not breathe one sigh. A wave of blood rushed to his head, and he turned first crimson, then livid. He only looked at Carvajan as might a victim at his murderer. He felt as though his heart were being wrung within his breast. He took a few steps, then forgetting that his tormentor was still present, mechanically seated himself in his arm-chair and leaning his head against the back, moved it restlessly from side to side.

But the mayor followed him, taking an exquisite delight in the agony of his enemy, and overpowering and crushing him with the weight of his hatred.

"As for your son," he went on, "if he is not with you now, you may be sure it is through no want of inclination on his part. He was arrested yesterday and taken to Rouen under escort of two gendarmes." . . .

His brain reeled, and he stared wildly at the monster who was gloating over his agony. "If Heaven is just, you will be punished through your son," he cried. "Yes, since you have no pity for mine, yours will show no regard for you. Scoundrel! You are the parent of an honest man. He it is who will chasten you!"

These words uttered by the marquis with the fire of madness, made Carvajan shudder with fear and rage.

"Why do you say that to me?" he cried.

He saw the old man walking aimlessly to and fro, with haggard eyes, and wild gesticulation. "I believe he is going mad!" he whispered to Tondeur.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the marquis. "My enemies themselves will avenge me. Yes, the son is an honorable man—he has already left his father's house once—he will loath what he will see being done around him."

Suddenly he turned on Carvajan.

"Go out of here, you monster!" he exclaimed. "Your work is done. You have robbed me of my fortune, you have robbed me of my honor. There is but my model left, and that you shall not have!"

He ran to his table, tore up his designs and trampled them under foot. Then, seizing a heavy hammer, he hurried to the stove, and laughing horribly all the time, tried to break it. Carvajan, in his exasperation, stepped forward to stop him. But the old man turned round with hair bristling and mouth foaming.

"Stay where you are or I'll kill you!" he cried.

"Sacrédié! I'm not afraid!" returned the banker. And he was on the point of rushing forward to save the stove from the destructive rage of the inventor, when the door was thrown open and Mademoiselle de Clairefont appeared. She had heard from below the marquis's high, excited tones.

"Father!" she cried.

She sprang to him, took the hammer from him and clasped him in her arms.—*Antoinette* (*La Grande Marinière*).

OLIPHANT, LAURENCE, an English traveller and diplomatist, born in Cape Town, South Africa, in 1829; died at Twickenham, England, December 23, 1888. His father was for many years Chief-Justice of Ceylon, and the son, while quite young, made a tour in India, visiting, in company with Sir Jung Bahadoor, the native Court of Nepaul, an account of which he published in his *Journey to Katmandhu.* He afterward studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish and the English bar. In 1852 he travelled in Southern Russia, visiting the Crimea. He succeeded in entering the fortified port of Sebastopol, of which he gave the earliest full account in his *Russian Shores of the Black Sea* (1855). In 1855 he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, travelled in British America and the Northwestern parts of the United States, and published *Minnesota and the Far West* (1856). In 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin, who had been appointed British Envoy to China and Japan, and wrote a valuable *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan* (1860). In 1861, while acting as Chargé d'Affaires in Japan he was severely wounded by an assassin, and retired from the diplomatic service. From 1865 to 1868 he was a member of Parliament for the Scottish burgh of Stirling. He subsequently took part in

efforts to establish Christian Socialistic Communities in the United States; and was afterward made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Canada. During the latter years of his life he resided in Palestine. Among his miscellaneous writings are *Transcaucasian Campaign of Omar Pasha* (1856); *Piccadilly, a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography* (1870); *The Land of Gilead* (1882); *Travesties, Social and Political* (1882); *Altiora Peto, a Novel* (1883); *Episodes in a Life of Adventure* (1887); *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine* (1887), and *Scientific Religion* (1888).

REVOLUTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

Any person who has attentively observed the working of the anomalous and altogether unique system under which the vast empire of China is governed will perceive that, although ruling under altogether different conditions, supported not by physical force, but by a moral prestige, unrivalled in power and extent, the Emperor of China can say, with no less truth than Napoleon, "*L'Empire, c'est moi.*" Backed by no standing army worth the name, depending for the stability of his authority neither upon his military genius nor administrative capacity, he exercises a rule more absolute than any European despot, and is able to thrill with his touch the remotest provinces of the Empire; deriving his ability to do so from that instinct of cohesion and love of order by which his subjects are super-eminently characterized.

But while it happens that the wonderful endurance of a Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionize a Western state, it is no less true that the limits may be passed; when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost Constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose

guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogatives; and, so long as neither exceeds these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of Imperial Government revolve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the Empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance, they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive, perhaps, for some time by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community, but the last spark ultimately expiring, and its blackened trace being in a few years utterly effaced.—*Narrative of the Mission of the Earl of Elgin.*

A VISIT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

My host, who came out to meet me, led me to an elevated platform in front of the village mosque, an unusually imposing edifice. Here, under the shade of a spreading mulberry-tree, were collected seven brothers, who represented the family, and about fifty other members of it. They were in the act of prayer when I arrived —indeed, they are renowned for their piety. Along the front of the terrace was a row of water-bottles for ablutions, behind them mats on which the praying was going forward, and behind the worshippers a confused mass of slippers. When they had done praying, they all got into their slippers. It was a marvel to me how each knew his own.

They led me to what I supposed was a place of honor, where soft coverlets had been spread near the door of the mosque. We formed the usual squatting circle, and were sipping coffee, when suddenly everyone started to his feet; a dark, active little man seemed to dart into the midst of us. Everybody struggled frantically to kiss his hand, and he passed through us like a flash to the other end of the platform, followed by a tall negro,

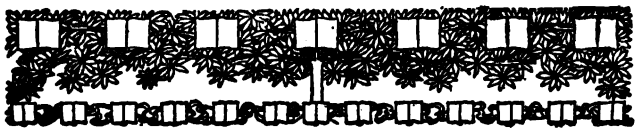
whose hand everybody, including my aristocratic host, seemed also anxious to kiss. I had not recovered from my astonishment at this proceeding, when I received a message from the new-comer to take a place by his side. I now found that he was on the seat of honor, and it became a question, until I knew who he was, whether I should admit his right to invite me to it, thus acknowledging his superiority in rank—etiquette in these matters being a point which has to be attended to in the East, however absurd it may seem among ourselves. I therefore for the moment ignored his invitation, and asked my host, in an off-hand way, who he was. He informed me that he was a mollah, held in the highest consideration for his learning and piety all through the country, upon which he, in fact, levied a sort of religious tax; that he was here on a visit, and that in his own home he was in the habit of entertaining two hundred guests a night, no one being refused hospitality. His father was a dervish, celebrated for his miraculous powers, and the mantle thereof had fallen upon the negro, who had been his servant, and who also was much venerated, because it was his habit to go to sleep in the mosque, and be spirited away, no one knew whither, in the night; in fact, he could become invisible almost at will.

Under these circumstances, and seeing that I should seriously embarrass my host if I stood any longer on my dignity, I determined to waive it, and joined the saint. He received me with supercilious condescension, and we exchanged compliments till dinner was announced, when my host asked whether I wished to dine alone or with the world at large. As the saint had been too patronizing to be strictly polite, I thought I would assert my right to be exclusive, and said I would dine alone, on which he, with a polite sneer, remarked that it would be better so, as he had an objection to eating with anyone who drank wine, to which I retorted that I had an equal objection to dining with those who ate with their fingers. From this it will appear that my relations with the holy man were getting somewhat strained.

I was, therefore, supplied with a pyramid of rice and

six or seven elaborately cooked dishes all to myself, and squatted on one mat, while a few yards off the saint, my host, and all his brothers squatted on another. When they had finished their repast their places were occupied by others, and I counted altogether more than fifty persons feeding on the mosque terrace at my host's expense. Dinner over, they all trooped in to pray, and I listened to the monotonous chanting of the Koran till it was time to go to bed. My host offered me a mat in the mosque, where I should have a chance of seeing the miraculous disappearance of the negro ; but as I had no faith in this, and a great deal in the snoring, by which I should be disturbed, I slept in a room apart as exclusively as I had dined.

I was surprised next morning to observe a total change in the saint's demeanor. All the supercilious pride of the previous evening had vanished, and we soon became most amiable to each other. That he was a fanatic hater of the Giaour I felt no doubt, but for some reason he had deemed it politic to adopt an entirely altered demeanor. It was another illustration of the somewhat painful lesson which one has to learn in one's intercourse with Orientals. They must never be allowed to outswagger you.—*Haifa.*



OLIPHANT, MARGARET (WILSON), a Scottish novelist and biographer, born at Wallyford, Midlothian, in 1828; died in London, June 25, 1897. She was of Scottish parentage, married into a Scottish family, and most of her earlier novels were Scottish in their scene and character. Her first novel, *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, appeared in 1849; this was followed for more than forty years by many others, among which are *Adam Græme of Mossgray* (1852); *Lilliesleaf* (1855); *Chronicles of Carlingford* (1866); *The Minister's Wife* (1869); *Squire Arden* (1871); *A Rose in June* (1874); *Young Musgrave* (1877); *He that Will Not When He May* (1880); *A Little Pilgrim* (1882); *The Ladies Lindores* (1883); *Oliver's Bride* (1886); in conjunction with T. B. Aldrich, *The Second Son* (1888); *Joyce* (1888); *Neighbors on the Green* and *A Poor Gentleman* (1889). Among her works in biography and general literature are *Life of Edward Irving* (1862); *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1869); *St. Francis of Assisi* (1870); *Memoir of Count Montalembert* (1872); *The Makers of Florence* (1876); *The Literary History of England during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries* (1886); *Foreign Classics for English Readers* (1887); *The Makers of Venice* (1887), and a *Biography of Laurence Oliphant* (1889).

The life of this remarkable woman seems to have been almost entirely devoted to her literary labors. Herself and her work were inseparable, inasmuch as even her intimates seldom found her when she was not writing a novel, finishing one, or arranging a plot. Her industry was phenomenal. It is doubtful if there ever lived a British writer who produced more novels than she. None of them was distinguished for its strength or intricacy of plot, or its power of expression, or of analysis, but they all had the virtue of containing as their heroes and heroines living, breathing human beings.

Her love of Scotland and her delineation of its people, her delicacy of appreciation of all their traits, endeared her books to the Queen, and Mrs. Oliphant had the dignity of being Victoria's favorite author, and the pleasure of being a life-long and close personal friend.

Throughout her long career as a writer she held consistently to one principle in the character of her work. She believed that fiction was lowered when the writer dealt with subjects or with characters that "would not be admitted into any family in the Empire." The result was that she never wrote anything about the criminal classes, avoided immorality as a subject as she would have avoided a contagion, and she came well into that classification of British authors who wrote for young men and women as their fathers or mothers might have done.

"She is in portraiture and observation an excellent humorist," says *The Academy*, "a master of

human character, and an adept in certain forms of human experience." "Her stories," says *The Saturday Review*, "take us into a world of their own, where we are in a common English country-town, among common people, and all is probable and consistent, and yet all is new. Her stories are rich in scenes on which the eye gladly lingers, and are like the people they portray, subtle in reasoning, shrewd and cunning in opinions, eloquent in feeling, very tender in natural and unstrained pathos."

AN ENGLISH RECTOR AND RECTORY.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years."

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. Damerel, the rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft, benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manner in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind, as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor people liked the curate best; but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottage and the curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely; and, alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill, or rather table-land, for in the front, toward the green, all is level

and soft, as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins toward the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance such as were the despair of every artist and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendors, the flying shadows, the soft, prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. "Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak," he was wont to say; "for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all Nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only those who have ears hear. I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance. My dear, you are always so practical; but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more."

Thus the rector would discourse. It was only a very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning, like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower; to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so delicately served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine; the ladies dressed as ladies should be; to have his wine—of which he took very little—always fine, of choice vintage, and with a *bouquet* which rejoiced the heart; to have plenty of new books; to have quiet, undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise which broke the harmony of Nature; and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required, and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light;

the very insects were subdued out of the buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was a grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out-of-doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug, in colors blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose—the Rose of my story—was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-colored ribbons here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, "a Rose in June," was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smiles, which went and came like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, were flowery, too—I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden-rose in its glory as of a bunch of wild roses, all blooming and smiling from the bough—here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy. Of course she was happy! Did she not live, and was not that enough?—*A Rose in June.*

EDWARD IRVING.

Chalmers and Irving were, with the exception of Robert Hall, the two greatest preachers of their day. Irving had passed a year or two as Chalmers's assistant at Glasgow before he went to London, in 1822, and where the world found him out, and in his obscure chapel he became almost the most noted of all the notabilities of town. Even now, when his story is well known, and his own journals and letters have proved the

nobleness and sincerity of the man, it is difficult for the world to forget that it once believed him—after having followed and stared at him as a prodigy—an impostor or a madman. And it is well known that the too lofty and unworldly strain of his great mind separated him from that homely standing-ground of fact upon which alone our mortal footsteps are safe; and from the very exaltation of his aspiring soul brought him down into humiliation, subjection to pettier minds, and to the domination of a sect created by his impulse, yet reigning over him.

The eloquence of Irving was like nothing else known in his day. Something of the lofty parallelism of the Hebrew, something of the noble English of our Bible, along with that solemn national form of poetic phraseology, "such as grave lovers do in Scotland use," composed the altogether individual style in which he wrote and spoke. It was no assumed or elaborated style, but the natural utterance of a mind cast in other moulds than those common to the men of the nineteenth century, and in himself at once a primitive prophet, a mediæval leader, and a Scotch Borderer, who had never been subject to the trimming and chopping influence of society. It is said that a recent publication of his sermons has failed to attract the public; and this is comprehensible enough, for large volumes of sermons are not popular literature. But the reader who takes the trouble to overcome the disinclination which is so apt to arrest us on the threshold of such a study, will find himself carried along by such a lofty simplicity, by such a large and noble manliness of tone, by the originality of a mind incapable of not taking God at His word, instinct with that natural faith in all things divine which is, we think, in its essence one of the many inheritances of genius—though sometimes rejected and disowned—that he will not grudge the pains. He who held open before the orphan that grand refuge of the "fatherhood of God," which struck the listening statesman with wondering admiration; he who, in intimating a death, "made known to them the good intelligence that our brother nas had a good voyage, so far as we could follow him or hear tidings of him," saw

everything around him with magnified and ennobled vision, and spoke of what he saw with the grandeur and simplicity of a seer—telling his arguments and his reasonings as if they had been a narrative, and making a great, poetic story of the workings of the mind and its labors and consolations.

In the most abstruse of his subjects this method continues to be always apparent. The sermon is like a sustained and breathless tale, with an affinity to the minute narrative of Defoe or of the primitive historians. The pauses are brief, the sentences long, but the interest does not flag. Once afloat upon the stream, the reader—and in his day how much more the hearer!—finds it difficult to release himself from the full, flowing tide of interest in which he looks for the accustomed breaks and breathing-places in vain.—*Literary History of England.*

SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

It was in the villa of Carregi, amid the olive-gardens, that Lorenzo lay, dying among the beautiful things he loved. As Savonarola took his way up the hill, with the old monk whose duty it was to accompany him, he told the monk that Lorenzo was about to die. This was, no doubt, a very simple anticipation, but everything Savonarola said was looked upon by his adoring followers as prophecy. When the two monks reached the beautiful house from which so often the Magnificent Lorenzo had looked out upon his glorious Florence, and in which his life of luxury, learned and gay, had culminated, the Prior was led to the chamber in which the owner of all these riches lay hopeless and helpless, in what ought to have been the prime of his days, with visions of sacked cities and robbed orphans distracting his dying mind, and no aid to be got from either beauty or learning. "Father," said Lorenzo, "there are three things which drag me back, and throw me into despair, and I know not if God will ever pardon me for them." These were the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and the massacre of the Pazzi. To this Savonarola answered by reminding his penitent of the mercy of God. The dramatic climax is wanting in the

account given by Politian; but we quote it in full from the detailed and simple narrative of Burlamacchi:

"Lorenzo," said Savonarola, "be not so despairing, for God is merciful to you, if you will do the three things I will tell you." Then said Lorenzo, "What are these three things?" The Padre answered, "The first is that you should have a great and living faith that God can and will pardon you." To which Lorenzo answered, "This is a great thing, and I do believe it." The Padre added, "It is also necessary that everything wrongfully acquired should be given back by you, in so far as you can do this, and still leave to your children as much as will maintain them as private citizens." These words drove Lorenzo nearly out of himself; but afterward he said, "This also will I do." The Padre then went on to the third thing, and said, "Lastly, it is necessary that freedom and her popular government, according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence." At this speech Lorenzo turned his back upon him, nor ever said another word. Upon which the Padre left him, and went away without other confession. . . .

We do not know where to find a more remarkable scene. Never before, as far as we can ascertain, had these two notable beings looked at each other face to face, or interchanged words. They met at the supreme moment of the life of one, to confer there upon the edge of eternity, and to part—but not in a petty quarrel—each great in his way; the Prince turning his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul; the Friar drawing his cowl over his head, solemn, unblessing, but not unpitiful. They separated after their one interview. The Prince had sought the unwilling Preacher in vain when all went well with Lorenzo; but the Preacher "grieved greatly," as he afterward said, "not to have been sooner" when at last they met; and Savonarola recognized in the great Medici a man worth struggling for—a fellow and peer of his own.

Thus Lorenzo died at forty-four, in the height of his days, those distracting visions in his dying eyes—the sacked city, the murdered innocents of the Pazzi blood, the poor maidens robbed in their orphanage. He had

been victorious and splendid all his days ; but the battle was lost at last ; and the prophet by the side of his princely bed intimated to him, in that last demand, to which he would make no answer, the subversion of all his work, the downfall of his family, the escape of Florence from the skilful hands which had held her so long. The spectator, looking on at this strange and lofty conflict of the two most notable figures of the time, feels almost as much sympathy for Lorenzo—proud and sad, refusing to consent to that ruin which was inevitable—as with the patriotic monk, lover of freedom as of truth, who could no more absolve a despot at his end than he could play a courtier's part during his life.

As that cowled figure traversed the sunny marbles of the loggia, in the glow of the April morning, leaving doubt and bitterness behind, what thoughts must have been in both hearts ! The one, sovereign still in Florence, reigning for himself and his own will and pleasure, proudly and sadly turned his face to the wall, holding fast his sceptre, though his moments were numbered. The other, not less sadly—a sovereign, too, to whom that sceptre was to fall, and who should reign for God and goodness—went forth into the Spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, and the fair City of Flowers lying before him, white campanile and red dome glistening in the early light—life with the one, death with the other ; but Nature, calm and fair, and this long-lived, everlasting Earth, to which men, great and small, are things of a moment, encircling both. Lorenzo de' Medici died, leaving, as such men do, the deluge after him, and a foolish and feeble heir to contend with Florence, aroused and turbulent, and all the troubles and stormy chances of Italian politics ; while the Prior of San Marco retired to his cell and his pulpit, from which for a few years thereafter he was to rule over his city and the spirits of men—a reign more wonderful than any which Florence ever saw.—*The Makers of Florence.*

OMAR KHAYYÁM, a Persian poet and astronomer, born at Nishapur, in Khorasan, about A.D. 1050; died about 1125. He was born when Edward the Confessor reigned in England, and was approaching manhood when William the Norman conquered the island. He lived through the English reigns of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen, and far into that of Henry II., the first English Plantagenet. *Khayyám* means "the Tent-maker," and it is probable that Omar maintained himself by that craft until the sun of fortune rose for him. He was in youth a pupil of the most famous philosopher of Khorasan; he and two of his fellow-students entered into a compact that if either of them rose to fortune he should share it with the others. Nizam-ul-Mulk, one of the three, came, in time, to be Vizier of the mighty Alp Arslan, and his successor, Malek, son and grandson of Togrul Beg, the Tartar founder of the Seljouk dynasty. He was not unmindful of the youthful compact, and proffered every advancement to the others. But Omar had no aspirations for political greatness. He devoted himself to study, especially of astronomy, and when the Vizier undertook to reform the confused Mohammedan calendar, Omar was one of those to whom the work was confided. The result of their labors is thus described by Gibbon: "The reign

of Malek was illustrated by the *Gelalæan era;* and all errors, whether past or future, were corrected by a computation of time which surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style."

Omar Khayyám was a speculative philosopher and poet, as well as an astronomer.

Of his Rubáiyát "Stanzas," only one manuscript, written at Shiras, in 1460, exists in England; it contains one hundred and fifty-eight quatrains, the first, second, and fourth lines usually, though not invariably, rhyming together. About two-thirds of this manuscript was translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald in 1872. A superb edition of this translation was published in 1884, at Boston, in a large folio volume, profusely illustrated by Elihu Vedder; the illustrations occupying some ten times as much space as the text. If we could conceive of the Greek Anacreon and the Roman Lucretius combined into one being, we should have something like the Persian Omar Khayyám. Of him and his poem, Mr. Fitzgerald says:

"Having failed of finding any Providence but destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the soul into acquiescence with things as he saw them than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be. . . . I have arranged *Rubdiyát* into a sort of Eclogue, with perhaps a little less than equal proportion of the 'Drink and make-merry,' which recurs over-frequently in the original. Either way, the result is sad enough. Saddest,

perhaps, when most ostentatiously merry; more apt to move sorrow than anger toward the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his steps from destiny, and to catch some glimpses of to-morrow, falls back upon to-day (which has outlasted so many to-morrows) as the only ground he has got to stand upon, however momently slipping from under his feet."

Mr. Vedder arranges the quatrains somewhat differently from Mr. Fitzgerald, whose order of enumeration we follow.

SELECTIONS FROM THE "RUBÁIYÁT."

I.

Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of Night,
  Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False-Morning died,
We thought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
  "When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III.

And as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted, "Open, then, the door!
  You know how little time we have to stay,
And once departed, may return no more."

XLI.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the kisses of
The Cypress-slender minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
Ends—in what all begins and ends—in "Yes!"
  Think, then, you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall be not less.

XLIII.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you at the river-brink,
  And offering his cup invite your Soul
Forth to your lip to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the dust aside
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a shame—were't not a shame for him
In the clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addrest,
  The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferbásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more.
  The Eternal Saki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us—and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but the long, long while the World shall last,
  Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the well amid the waste—

And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The *Nothing* it set out from. Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the Secret—quick about it, friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

L.

A Hair, perhaps, divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single letter were the clew—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And, peradventure, to the Master, too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
Running, quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,
Taking all shapes from Fish to Moon,
They change and perish all—but He remains,

LII.

A moment guessed; then back behind the fold,
Immured of darkness, round the Drama rolled,
Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself conclude, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening door
You gaze To-day, while You are *You*, how then
To-morrow You, when shall be *You* no more?

LIV.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none—or bitter fruit.

LV.

You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

LVI.

For *Is* and *Isn't* with rule and line,
And *Up-and-down* by logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but Wine.

LVII.

Ah! but my computations, people say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning. Nay,
'Twas only striking from the calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately by the Tavern-door agape
Came shining through the dark an Angel-shape,
Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and
He bade me taste of it: and 'twas the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape, that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that, in a truce,
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes.

LXIII.

Oh, threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—this Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies:
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,

Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too?

LXV.

The revelations of devout and learned,
Who rose before us and as prophets burned,
All are but stories which, awoke from sleep,
They told their fellows, and to sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

LXVII.

Heaven's but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumined lantern, held
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

Impotent Pieces of the game He plays,
Upon his checker-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves and checks and mates,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows, He knows.

LXXX.

The moving Finger writes—and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
  Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

LXXXI.

And that unveiled bowl they call the sky,
Whereunder crawling, cooped, we live and die,
  Lift not your hands to it for help—for *It*
As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXXII.

With the first clay they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed;
  And the first morning of Creation wrote
What the last dawn of Reckoning shall read.

XC.

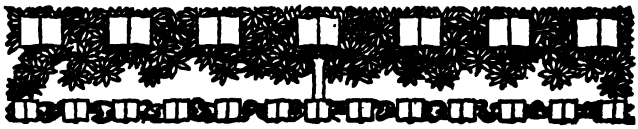
What! out of senseless *Nothing* to provoke
A conscious *Something* to resent the yoke
  Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties if broke!

XCI.

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to travel in,
  Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to Sin!

XCII.

O Thou, who Man of baser earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake,
  For all the sin wherewith the face of Man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take!



OPIE, AMELIA (ALDERSON), an English romance writer and poet, born at Norwich, November 12, 1769; died there, December 2, 1853. In 1798 she married John Opie, a painter, who died in 1807. She then returned to Norwich, where she spent the remainder of her life. She was brought up a Unitarian, but in 1827 became a member of the "Society of Friends." She did not commence her literary career until past thirty, when she put forth her *Father and Daughter* (1801). This book met with immense success, and the following year she issued a volume of poems. Her tales, generally grouped into series of three or four volumes, appeared at intervals until 1828, and were greatly admired in their day. Among these are *Simple Tales* (1806); *Temper* (1812); *New Tales* (1818); *Tales of the Heart* (1820); *Madeline* (1822); *Illustrations of Lying* (1825); *Detraction Displayed* (1828). She also published from time to time several volumes of verse not destitute of poetical merit.

"Her tales are natural and interesting, and contain a great deal of moral instruction," says the *London Literary Journal.* The *Edinburgh Review* finds in her work "truth and delicacy of sentiment, graceful simplicity in dialogue, and the art of presenting ordinary feelings and occurrences in a manner that irresistibly commands our sympathy and affection."

Professor Alexander, of Edinburgh, who visited her the year before she died, says that "the image of the beautiful, cheerful, clever old lady, as she reclined on her sofa and talked with all the vivacity of youth, in a bright, joyous room, with a sweet, joyous voice, remains on his memory as one of the loveliest it has been his good fortune to witness."

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale.
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

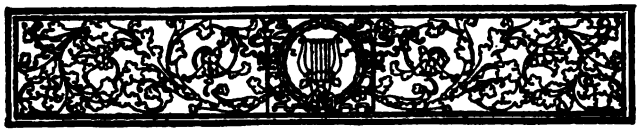
The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears.
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus?" said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me; and, with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"

And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy.
Oh, Lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide!—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! Ha! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, an Irish-American journalist and poet, born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844; died at Hull, Mass., August 10, 1890. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, and afterward entered a cavalry regiment in the British army. In 1866 he was tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for twenty years, and he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia. In 1869 he made his escape, by the aid of the captain of an American whaling-vessel. Taking up his residence at Boston, he became editor of the *Pilot*. He has published *Songs from the Southern Seas* (1872); *Songs, Legends, and Ballads* (1878); *Moondyne, a Story from the Under-World* (1879); *Statues in the Block* (1881); *The Ethics of Boxing* and *Stories and Sketches* (1888).

The *Critic* is of the impression that "he has considerable poetical talent. His *King of The Vapes* and *The Dukite Snake* are the best Australian poems in the language." "His poetry, as a rule," says Leslie Stephen, "is rugged in form, but shows considerable power."

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
  That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy waters fair
  And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
  Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
  Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
  But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
  And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues the myriad flowers,
  But left them scentless. Ah! their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers—
  To make so sweet, fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood,
  But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of fruit;
He looked, but said not that His work was good
  When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey. Every bell
  Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist,
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
  Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
  Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
  Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
  Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
  The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a falling horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the
    heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him.
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes
grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the
head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be
dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only
to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and
straps—
Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mis-
haps—
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps
awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease
to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy
street,
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying
feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of
men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and
sleep—and then—
Then for the prize!—a crowd in the street of ever-echo-
ing tread—
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
harness—dead!

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;

And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
  Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
  Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
  And left us yearning still for lands unknown.
And when we found one—for 'tis soon to find
  In thousand-isled Cathay another isle—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
  And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.

And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
  Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
  We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
  Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
  'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
  From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
  With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!
My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
  My land, that has no peer in all the sea,
For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf—
  If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
  Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles,
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed,
  Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

[From Poem at the Inauguration of the Plymouth Monument, August 1, 1889.]

Here, where the shore was rugged as the waves,
  Where frozen Nature dumb and lifeless lay,
  And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

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To conquer first the outer things ; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound ;
Their blood the mortar-building from the ground ;
Their cares the statutes, making all anew ;
To learn to trust the many, not the few ;
To bend the mind to discipline ; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class ; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt
That Nature pays to justice, love, and toil :
Here, on this Rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom not of Kings, but Men,
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink,
A New World reached and raised an Old World link,
When England's hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Norman brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
The ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the People equal-franchised met,
Where doom was writ of Privilege and Crown,
Where human breath blew all the idols down,
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were furled,
And Common Men began to own the world.

ORIGEN, a Father of the Church, respecting the exact place of whose birth and death there is some question. The most probable representation is that he was born at Alexandria, Egypt, in A.D. 185; and died at Tyre in 254. As he was of Greek descent, and wrote in Greek, he may properly be designated as a Grecian. He was by birth a Christian, and, his father having suffered martyrdom, he, with his mother and her seven children, was left in poverty. He in time opened a school at Alexandria, which became famous. He lived a life of the utmost austerity. After many and varied experiences, which need not here be detailed, he opened, in 231, what we may call a theological seminary at Cæsarea, in Palestine. When the Decian persecution broke out, in 251, Origen was imprisoned and put to torture; but was eventually released, and died soon afterward.

Origen has been styled "the father of Biblical criticism and exegesis." Jerome says of him: "He was a man of immortal genius, who understood logic, geometry, arithmetic, music, grammar, rhetoric, and all the sects of the philosophers." But the main subject of his labors belongs to the domain of theology, upon which he was a voluminous writer, even though the statement that he wrote 6,000 books may be set down as an exaggeration. His extant works (some of them

being fragments, and others existing only in an early translation into Latin) are the *Hexapla* ("Sixfold," because it contained, in parallel columns, the Hebrew text, written in Greek character, the Septuagint version, and those of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion); *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, and the treatises on *Principles*, on *Prayer*, on *Martyrdom*, and *Against Celsus*.

On certain speculative points Origen advanced views quite different from those which have come to be generally accepted throughout Christendom. To set these forth at length, and in the words of Origen, would require a volume. We shall therefore present the summaries as given by Cave (*History of Literature*) and Schaff (*Church History*).

UNENDING METEMPSYCHOSES AND PROBATIONS.

Origen was accused of maintaining that the death of Christ was advantageous not to men only, but to angels, devils, nay, even to the stars and other insensible things, which he supposed to be possessed of a rational soul, and, therefore, to be capable of sin; that all rational natures —whether devils, human souls, or any other—were created by God from eternity, and were originally pure intelligences, but afterward, according to the various use of their free-will, were dispersed among the various orders of angels, men, or devils. That angels and other supernatural beings were clothed with subtile and ethereal bodies, which consisted of matter, although in comparison with our grosser bodies they may be called incorporeal and spiritual. That the souls of all rational beings, after putting off one state, pass into another, either superior or inferior, according to their respective behavior. And that thus, by a kind of perpetual transmigration, one and the same soul may successively—and even often—pass through all the orders of rational beings. And that hence the souls of men were thrust into

the prison of bodies for offences committed in some former state; and that when loosed from hence, they will become either angels or devils as they shall have deserved. That, however, neither the punishment of men or devils, nor the joys of the saints, shall be eternal; but that all shall return to their original state of pure intelligences, to begin the same round over and over again.—CAVE, *History of Literature.*

THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Origen brings the Son as near as possible to the essence of the Father, not only making him the absolute personal Wisdom, Truth, Righteousness, Reason, but also expressly predicating eternity of him, and propounding the Church dogma of the Eternal Generation of the Son. This Generation he usually presents as proceeding from the Will of the Father; but he also conceives it as proceeding from his Essence; and hence, at least, in one passage, in a fragment on the Epistle to the Hebrews, he applies the term *homoousios* to the Son—thus declaring him co-equal in substance with the Father. This idea of Eternal Generation, however, has a peculiar form in him, from its close connection with his doctrine of an eternal creation. He can no more think of the Father without the Son than of an almighty God without creation, or of light without radiance. Hence he describes this generation not as a single instantaneous act, but, like creation, ever going on. But on the other hand, he distinguishes the Essence of the Son from that of the Father; speaks of a difference of Substance; and makes the Son decidedly inferior to the Father.

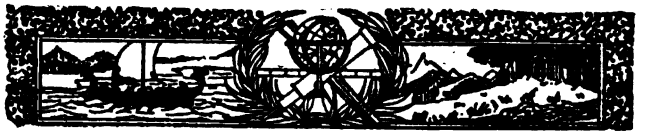
Origen ascribes to the Holy Ghost eternal existence; exalts him, as he does the Son, far above all creatures, and considers him as the source of all charisms—especially as the principle of all illumination and holiness of believers under the Old Covenant and the New. But he places the Spirit in essence, dignity, and efficiency below the Son, as far as he places the Son below the Father. And though he grants, in one passage, that the Bible nowhere calls the Holy Ghost a creature, yet, ac-

cording to another somewhat obscure sentence, he himself inclines to the view—which, however, he does not avow—that the Holy Ghost had a beginning (though, according to his system, not in time but from eternity), and is the first and most excellent of all things produced by the Logos.

In the same connection he adduces three opinions concerning the Holy Ghost: one, regarding him as not having an origin; another, ascribing to him no separate personality; and a third, making him a being originated by the Logos. The first of these opinions he rejects, because the Father alone is without origin. The second he rejects, because in Matt. xii. 32, the Spirit is plainly distinguished from the Son. The third he takes for the true and Scriptural view, because everything was made by the Logos.—SCHAFF, *Church History.*

ORIGEN'S THEOLOGICAL SYSTEM.

Following the direction which Justin Martyr, and especially Clement of Alexandria, had pursued, Origen sought to create, with the aid of the philosophy of his day, a science of Christian doctrine whose systematic structure should be equal to the systems of the philosophers. In doing this, he held very positively to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as they had been handed down and defined in opposition to the heretics, especially the Gnostic heretics. But he found truths in the philosophical systems, and tried to show that they were borrowed from the Bible, predicating, however, a general revelation of the Logos.—*Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*



ORTON, JAMES, an American physicist and explorer, born at Seneca Falls, N. Y., April 21, 1830; died on Lake Titicaca, among the Andes, in Peru, September 25, 1877. He was graduated at Williams College in 1855, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1858. After travelling in Europe he entered the Congregational ministry; but in 1867 he was made Instructor in Natural Science at Rochester University; in 1869 Professor of Natural Philosophy at Vassar College. In the latter year he headed a scientific expedition to South America, going first to Quito, thence descending the Amazon to its mouth, thus crossing the continent from west to east, nearly upon the line of the equator. In 1873 he headed a similar expedition, crossing the continent from east to west. In 1876 he undertook an exploration of the River Beni, by which the great Andean Lake Titicaca discharges its waters into the Amazon; but died while crossing that lake. His works are *Miners' Guide* (1849); *The Proverbialist and the Poet* (1852); *The Andes and the Amazon* (1870); *Underground Treasures* (1872); *Liberal Education of Women* (1873); *Comparative Zoölogy* (1875).

THE GENESIS OF THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

Three cycles ago an island rose from the sea where now expands the vast continent of South America. It was the culminating point of the highland of Guiana.

For ages this granite peak was the sole representative of dry land south of the Canada hills. In process of time a cluster of islands rose above the thermal waters. They were the small beginnings of the future mountains of Brazil. Long-protracted æons elapsed without adding a page to the geology of South America. All the great mountain-chains were at this time slumbering beneath the ocean. The city of New York was sure of its site, but huge dinotheri wallowed in the mire where now stand the palaces of Paris, London, and Vienna.

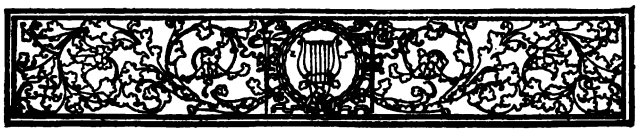
At length the morning breaks upon the last Day of Creation, and the fiat goes forth that the proud waves of the Pacific, which have so long washed the table-lands of Guiana and Brazil, shall be stayed. Far away toward the setting sun the white surf beats in long lines of foam against the low, winding archipelago—the western outline of the Western Continent. Fierce is the fight for the mastery between sea and land, between the denuding power of the waves and the volcanic forces underneath. But slowly—very slowly, yet surely—rises the long chain of islands by a double process. The submarine crust of the earth is cooling, and the rocks are folded up as it shrivels; while the molten material from within, pushed out through the crevices, overflows, and helps to build up the sea-defiant wall. A man's life would be too short to count even the centuries consumed in this operation. The coast of Peru has risen eighty feet since it felt the tread of Pizarro. Suppose the Andes to have risen at this rate uniformly and without interruption, 70,000 years must have elapsed before they reached their present altitude. But when we consider that, in fact, it was an intermitted movement—alternate upheaval and subsidence—we must add an unknown number of millennia.

Three times the Andes sank hundreds of feet beneath the ocean level, and again were slowly brought up to their present height. The suns of uncounted ages have risen and set upon these sculptured forms, though geologically recent, casting the same line of shadows century after century. A long succession of brute races roamed over the mountains and plains of South America, and died out ere man was created.

In those pre-Adamite times, long before the Incas ruled, the mastodon and the megatherium, the horse and the tapir, dwelt in the high valley of Quito; yet all these passed away before the arrival of the aborigines. The wild horses now feeding on the pampas of Buenos Ayres were imported three hundred and thirty years ago.

And now the Andes stand complete in their present gigantic proportions, one of the grandest and most symmetrical mountain-chains in the world. Starting from the Land of Fire, it stretches northward, and mounts upward, until it enters the Isthmus of Panama, where it bows gracefully to either ocean; but soon resumes, under another name, its former majesty, and loses its magnificence only where the trappers chase the fur-bearing animals over the Arctic plains. Nowhere else does Nature present such a continuous and lofty chain of mountains, unbroken for 8,000 miles, save where it is rent asunder by the Magellanic Straits and proudly tosses up a thousand pinnacles into the region of eternal snow. . . .

The moment the Andes rose, the great continental valley of the Amazon was stretched out and moulded in its lap. The tidal waves of the Atlantic were dashing against the Cordilleras, and a legion of rivulets were busily ploughing up the sides into deep ravines; the sediment, by this incessant wear and tear, was carried eastward, and spread out, stratum by stratum, till the shallow sea between the Andes and the islands of Guiana and Brazil was filled up with sand and clay. Huge glaciers (thinks Agassiz) afterward descending moved over the inclined plane, and ground the loose rock to powder. Eddies and currents, throwing up sand-banks as they do now, gradually defined the limits of the tributary streams, and directed them into one main trunk, which worked for itself a wide, deep bed, capable of containing the accumulated flood. Then and thus was created the Amazon.—*The Andes and the Amazon.*



OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT (LOCKE), an American poet, born in Boston, June 18, 1811; died at Hingham, Mass., May 12, 1850. Her poetic talent was early recognized by Lydia Maria Child, who was editor of *Juvenile Miscellany*. Miss Locke became a regular contributor to that periodical, and subsequently to others under the pen-name of Florence. In 1835 she married Samuel S. Osgood, a portrait-painter, with whom she shortly went to London, where they remained four years, during which she wrote for various magazines, and published *The Casket of Fate* and *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*. In 1840 they returned to America, taking up their residence in New York. She published *Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry* (1841); *Poems* (1846); *The Floral Offering* (1847), and an illustrated volume of *Poems* (1849). A complete edition of her poems was published in 1850. She also wrote a play, *The Happy Release, or The Triumphs of Love*. Shortly after her death a memorial volume was put forth by her friends, with a *Life* by Rufus W. Griswold. He says: "Of none of our writers has the excellence been more steadily progressive. Every month her powers have seemed to expand and her sympathies to deepen. With an ear delicately sensitive to the harmony of language and a light and pleasing fancy, she always wrote musically,

and often with elegance; but her later poems are marked by a freedom of style, a tenderness of feeling, and a wisdom of apprehension that the consideration to which she is entitled is altogether different in kind, as well as in degree, from that which was awarded to the playful, piquant, and capricious improvisatrice of former years."

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Labor is Rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from the world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow.
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is Health: Lo, the husbandman reaping.
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  Free as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides.
Labor is Wealth: In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee,
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
  Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:

Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is Worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is Worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower:
Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labor is Life: 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is Glory: The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark Future brightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

The following are the last verses written by Mrs. Osgood:

PASSING TO THE HEREAFTER.

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

May He who gave this lovely gift—
This love of lovely doings—
Be with you whereso'er you go,
In every hope's pursuings.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow:
Death's lovely angel bids me there,
And it is sweet to go.

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM, an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born in Fryeburg, Me., in 1841. She is a sister of James Ripley Osgood, the publisher. At an early age she contributed to magazines under the signature of Kate Putnam, and subsequently under her full name. In 1869 she went to Europe, where she studied and travelled until her return to this country in 1874. She is best known by her poem *Driving Home the Cows*, which was published in *Harper's Magazine* in March, 1865. This was widely copied, and was one of the few poems of worth suggested by the Civil War.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,

Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate
He saw them coming, one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue,
And worn and pale from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

OUT OF PRISON.

From crowds that scorn the mounting wings,
  The happy heights of souls serene,
I wander where the blackbird sings,
And over bubbling, shady springs,
  The beech-leaves cluster, young and green.

I know the forest's changeful tongue,
  That talketh all the day with me.
I trill in every bobolink's song,
And every brooklet bears along
  My greeting to the chainless sea!

The loud wind laughs, the low wind broods;
  There is no sorrow in the strain!
Of all the voices of the woods,
That haunt these houseless solitudes,
  Not one has any tone of pain.

In merry round my days run free,
  With slender thought for worldly things:
A little toil sufficeth me;
I live the life of bird and bee;
  Nor fret for what the morrow brings.

Nor care, nor age, nor grief have I,
  Only a measureless content!
So time may creep, or time may fly;
I reck not how the years go by,
  With Nature's youth forever blent.

They beckon me by day, by night,
  The bodiless elves that round me play!
I soar and sail from height to height;
No mortal, but a thing of light,
  As free from earthly clog as they.

But when my feet, unwilling, tread
  The crowded walks of busy men,
Their walls that close above my head
Beat down my buoyant wings outspread,
  And I am but a man again.

My pulses spurn the narrow bound !
  The cold, hard glances give me pain !
I long for wild, unmeasured ground,
Free winds that wake the leaves to sound,
  Low rustles of the summer rain !

My senses loathe their living death—
  The coffined garb the city wears !
I draw through sighs my heavy breath,
And pine till lengths of wood and heath
  Blow over me their endless airs.

OSGOOD, SAMUEL, an American clergyman and religious writer, born at Charlestown, Mass., August 30, 1812; died in New York, April 14, 1880. He was graduated at Harvard in 1832, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1835. After being minister of several Unitarian churches he, in 1849, succeeded Orville Dewey as minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York. In 1870 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, but did not assume any parochial charge. His principal works, besides numerous translations from the German, are *Studies in Christian Biography* (1851); *Milestones in Our Life-Journey* (1855); *Student Life* (1860), and *American Leaves*, consisting of papers originally published in periodicals (1867). He also wrote *History of the Passion, Human Life, God with Men;* translated *Olshausen on the Lord's Passion*, De Wette's *Practical Ethics*, and edited several religious periodicals.

OUR SCHOOL-MASTERS.

Our school-masters were great characters in our eyes, and the two who held successively the charge of the grammar department made a great figure in our way-side chat. The first of them was a tall, fair-haired man, with an almost perpetual smile, though it was not easy to decide whether this smile was the expression of his good-nature or the mask of his severity; he wore it much the same when he flogged an offender as when he

praised a good recitation. He seemed to delight in making a joke of punishment, and it was a favorite habit of his to fasten upon the end of his rattan the pitch and gum taken from the mouths of the masticating urchins, and then coming upon their idleness unaware, he would insert the glutinous implement in their hair, not to be withdrawn without an adroit jerk and the loss of some scalp-locks. Poor fellow! his easy nature probably ruined him, and he left school, not long to follow any industrious calling. When a few years afterward I met him in Boston, with marks of broken health and fortune in his face and dress, the sight was shocking to old associations, as if a dignity quite sacerdotal had fallen into the dust.—*Milestones in Our Life-Journey.*

OUR DOCTOR.

Our Doctor was a most emphatic character; a man of decided mark in the eye alike of friends and enemies. He was very impatient of questions, and very brief yet pithy in his advice. He lost his brevity, however, the moment that other subjects were broached, and he could tell a good story with a dramatic power that would have made him famous on the stage. He was renowned as a surgeon, and could guide the knife within a hair's breadth of a vital nerve or artery with his left hand quite as firmly as with his right. This ambi-dexterity extended to other faculties, and he was quite as keen at a negotiation as at an amputation. He was no paragon of conciliation, and many of the magnates of the profession appeared to have little liking for him, and sometimes called him a poor scholar, rude in learning and taste, but lucky in his mechanical tact. But he beat them out of this notion, as of many others, by giving an anniversary discourse before the State Medical Association, which won plaudits from his severest rivals for its classical elegance as well as its professional learning and sagacity. It was said that the wrong side of him was very wrong and very rough; but those of us who knew him as a friend, tender and true, never believed that he had any wrong side.—*Milestones in Our Life-Journey.*

OUR MINISTER.

Our Minister had the name of being the wise man of the town; and I do not remember to have heard a word of disparagement of his mind or motives, even among those who questioned the soundness of his creed. His voice has always been as no other man's to many of us, whether heard as for the first time at a father's funeral, as by me when a child of five years old, or in the pulpit from year to year. He came to the parish when quite young, and when theological controversy was at its full height. A polemic style of preaching was then common, and undoubtedly in his later years of calm study and broad and spiritual philosophizing, he would have read with some good-natured shakes of the head the more fiery discourses of his novitiate. There was always something peculiarly impressive in his preaching. Each sermon had one or more pithy sayings that a boy could not forget. It was evident that our Minister was a faithful student and indefatigable thinker. When the best books afterward came in our way, we found that the guiding-lines of moral and spiritual wisdom had already been set before us, and we had been made familiar with the well-winnowed wheat from the great fields of humanity. Every thought, whether original or from books, bore the stamp of the preacher's own individuality; and we may well endorse the saying, that upon topics of philosophic analysis and of prudent morals he was without a superior, if not without a rival, in our pulpits.—*Milestones in Our Life-Journey.*

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

The truly practical man, first of all, brings to his aid the forces of a sound judgment; and in its light he notes calmly and keenly the goods and the ills at stake, and studies carefully the best way to shun the ill and choose the good. He is strong at once from this very point of view: and because he is forewarned he is forearmed. His judgment, observant of substantial good, is wisdom; and, as studious of the best means to win that good, it is prudence. With wisdom and prudence

for his counsellors, he judges Fortune's threats and promises by a scale of substantial values, and measures the way to their true value by a scale of reasonable probabilities; so he escapes a multitude of tricks. Not in the gambler's madness nor the lounger's alarms, but with a firm yet cautious eye, he scans the prizes to be gained or lost, and chooses prudent means to wise ends. The great wilderness of uncertain chances is no longer a wilderness to him; for he knows to what point he is to travel, with wisdom for his star and compass, and with prudence for his pathfinder and guide. To him, thus wise and prudent, there is a gradual opening of the truth that there is over all chances a prevailing Law; and over the combination of events, as over the revolutions of the globe, there is a presiding purpose. Probabilities become to him clearer and clearer; and in his own vocation, as well as in the great mission of life, a light shines upon the road that he is to tread, until its dim shadows vanish into day.

He is not, indeed, infallible, for to err is human; but he has studied chances till he has found the main chance; and in his ruling policy the element of certainty is so combined with the element of risk that the risk serves to quicken and vitalize the whole combination, as the oxygen of the atmosphere — in itself so inebriating and consuming — gives spirit and life when mingled in moderate proportion with the more solid and nutritious nitrogen. To change the figure — he aims to live and work in the temperate zone of sound sense and solid strength, and he is not in danger of running off into tropical fevers or polar icebergs; for he is content to be warm without being burned, and to be cool without being frozen.—*American Leaves.*

THE AGE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AND OUR OWN.

Could the legend told of seven young men of that age, who came forth from a cave at Ephesus, where they had been immured by the pagan Emperor Decius, and whence they were said to have emerged, awakened from nearly two centuries of slumber, to revisit the scenes of their youth, and to behold with astonishment

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the cross displayed triumphant where once the Ephesian Diana reigned supreme—could this legend be virtually fulfilled in Augustine—dating the slumber from the period of his decease; could the great Latin Father have been saved from dissolution, and have sunk into a deep sleep in the tomb where Possidius and his clerical companions laid him, with solemn hymns and eucharistic sacrifice, while Geneseric and his Vandals were storming the city gate; and could he but come forth in our day, and look upon our Christendom, would he not be more startled than were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus?

There indeed roll the waves of the same great sea; there gleam the waters of the river on which so many times he had gazed, musing upon its varied path from the Atlas Mountains to the Mediterranean, full of lessons of human life; there stretches the landscape in its beauty, rich with the olive and the fig-tree, the citron and the jujube.

But how changed are all else! The ancient Numidia is ruled by the French, the countrymen of Martin and Hilary; it is the modern Algiers. Hippo is only a ruin, and near its site is the bustling manufacturing town of Bona. At Constantine, near by, still lingers a solitary church of the age of Constantine, and the only building to remind Augustine of the churches of his own day. In other places, as at Bona, the mosque has been converted into the Christian temple, and its mingled emblems might tell the astonished saint how the Cross had struggled with the Crescent, and it had conquered. Go to whatever church he would, on the 28th of August, he would hear a mass in commemoration of his death; and might learn that similar services were offered in every country under the sun, and in the imperial language which he so loved to speak.

Let him go westward to the sea-coast, and he finds the new city of Algiers; and if he arrived at a favorable time he might hear the cannon announcing the approach of the Marseilles steamer, see the people throng the shore for the last French news, and thus contemplate at once the mighty agencies of the world—powder, print, and steam. Although full of amazement, it would

not be all admiration. He would find little in the motley population of Jews, Berbers, and French, to console him for the absence of the loved people of his charge, whose graves not a stone would appear to mark.

Should he inquire into the state of theology through Christendom, in order to trace the influence of his favorite doctrines of Original Sin and Elective Grace, he would learn that they had never in their decided forms been favorites with the Catholic Church; that the imperial Mother had canonized his name and proscribed his peculiar creed; and that the principles that fell with the walls of the hallowed Port Royal had found their warmest advocates in Switzerland, in Scotland, and far America—beyond the Roman communion. He would recognize his mantle on the shoulders of Calvin and his followers—Knox of Scotland, and those mighty Puritans who, trusting in God and His foreseeing will, colonized our own New England.

The *Institutes* of Calvin would assure him that the modern age possessed thinkers clear and strong as he, and the work of Edwards *On the Will* would probably move him to bow his head, as before a dialectician of a logic more adamantine than his own, and make him yearn to visit the land of a divine who united an intellect so mighty with a spirit so humble and devoted. Should he come among us, he would find multitudes to accept his essential principles, though few, if any, his views of the doom of infants or of the limited offer of redemption. He would think much of our orthodoxy quite Pelagian, even when tested by the opinion of present champions of the ancient faith.—*Studies in Christian Biography.*

OSSOLI, SARAH MARGARET (FULLER), MARCHIONESS D', an American, born at Cambridgeport, Mass., May 23, 1810; died July 19, 1850. Her early education was conducted by her father, and she was taught Latin and Greek at an early age. Her father dying suddenly in 1835, she undertook the maintenance of her younger brothers and sisters, which she accomplished by teaching in schools, and subsequently by taking private pupils. In 1840 *The Dial*, a transcendental magazine, was established, of which she was for two years the editor. Near the close of 1844 she became literary critic of the *New York Tribune*. In 1846 she accompanied a party of her friends to Europe, taking up her residence the next year at Rome. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman of a somewhat impoverished family. During the siege of Rome by the French she devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The city having surrendered in June, 1849, she, with her husband and child, made her way to a village in the Abruzzi, and subsequently to Florence and Leghorn. At Leghorn, on May 17, 1850, the D'Ossolis took passage for the United States on board a small sailing-vessel, there being in all only five passengers. After a voyage of ten weeks they were off the coast of Long Island. A violent storm

sprang up, and the vessel was driven on the low sandy shore of Fire Island. She and her husband and child were drowned; and in the wreck was lost the manuscript of a work on *The Roman Republic.* Her writings include *Summer on the Lakes* (1843); *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1844), and *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846).

THE HEROIC IN THE ROMAN CHARACTER.

In accordance with this discipline in heroic commonsense was the influence of those great Romans whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during those plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the touch of Thought to show its lineaments, so marble-strong they gleamed in every light. Who that has lived with these men but admires the plain force of Fact, of Thought passed into Action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man, and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will; by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression.

Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled; and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excited. They did not grow; they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator.

The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to Heaven; if he is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more. The names which end in *-us* seem to speak with lyric cadence. That measured cadence, that tramp and march, which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other language, make Latin a study in itself of mighty in-

fluence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it; standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life; but by the force which he expresses, piercing to the centre.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ROMAN MANFULNESS.

We are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman Virtue," a "Roman Outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat unfulfilled in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but *Rome!* it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of Will, the dignity of a fixed Purpose, is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor. It is well that the Infallible Church should have been founded on this Rock; that the presumptuous Peter should hold the keys, as the conquering Jove did, before his thunder-bolts, to be seen of all the world. Apollo tends flocks with Admetus; Christ teaches by the lonely lake, or plucks wheat as he wanders through the fields some Sabbath morning. They n ver came to this stronghold; they could not have breathed freely where all became stone as soon as spoken; where divine youth found no horizon for its all-promising glance; but every Thought put on, before it dared to issue to the day in Action, its *toga virilis.* Suckled by this wolf, man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battle-fields; the wrinkles of councils well beseem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like a sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol by any other nation; it belonged to Rome.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF ROME.

The History of Rome abides in the mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use his pen; his life was in the day. The "Vaunting" of Rome, like that of the North American

Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells us who he is and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering God is there whose agent is his own right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say." It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life—his Roman life—felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of Man!—it has been expressed—fully expressed.

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood; and this is probably the cause why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans. Dante was far greater than any Roman; yet I feel he was right to make the Mantuan his guide through Hell, and to Heaven.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn,
Ask for the castle's king and queen—
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
In the dark beset thee round—
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home;
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

ORPHEUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the Poet can be wise,

Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living life too true,
For what he sought below has passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
Must search all nature with his own soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

OTIS, JAMES, an American Revolutionary patriot, born at Barnstable, Mass., February 5, 1725; died at Andover, Mass., May 23, 1783. He was graduated at Harvard in 1743, studied law, and in 1748 commenced practice at Plymouth. Two years afterward he removed to Boston, and soon rose to the first rank in his profession. His public career began about 1761, when he held the lucrative office of Advocate-General for the Crown. He resigned this position when called upon to defend certain royal revenue officers; and, declining to receive any fee, became counsel for the merchants of Boston who protested against the revenue-writs. In his plea, which was quite as much a political speech as a legal argument, Otis took the broad ground that the American people were not bound to yield obedience to laws in the making of which they had no share. John Adams, who heard this speech, afterward declared that on that day "the child Independence was born." In 1764 Otis put forth a bulky pamphlet entitled *The Rights of the Colonies Asserted and Proved*, which evinces how moderate were the demands of the most advanced Colonies, ten years before the outbreak of the Revolution, in which Otis himself was prevented from taking any prominent part. In the summer of 1769 he made a newspaper attack upon some of the royal reve-

OTWAY, THOMAS, an English dramatist, born at Trotton, Sussex, March 3, 1652; died at Tower Hill, London, April 14, 1685. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree, and went to London. In 1672 he made an unsuccessful appearance upon the stage, and never again appeared upon the boards. During the next five years he produced several dramas which met with good success. In 1677 he procured a place as cornet in a regiment of horse which was sent to Flanders. He was discharged in disgrace, returned to London in a state of extreme destitution, and began again to write for the stage. But his way of life was such that he was always in poverty. Besides some eight or ten dramas, he wrote a few poems. The only work of his which deserves remembrance is the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* (produced in 1682), which ranks high among our dramas of the second class, and still holds a place on the stage.

"His writings, even the best," says an English critic, "are disgraced by intolerable indecencies, which are the more to be regretted from their unnatural connection with so much eloquence, pathos, and beauty."

PIERRE (*in prison*) AND JAFFIER.

Pierre.—What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat?
That wouldst encroach on my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!
Jaf.—Not know me, Pierre!
Pierre.—No; know thee not! What art thou?
Jaf.—Jaffier, thy friend; thy once loved, valued friend!
Though now deservedly scorned and used most hardly.
Pierre.—Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest! The man so called my friend
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart;
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor in thy soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee, avoid; no longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful that my nature's chilled at.
Jaf.—I have not wronged thee; by these tears I have not.
Pierre.—Hast thou not wronged me? Darest thou call thyself
Jaffier—that once loved, valued friend of mine;
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonor but from thee, thou false one?
Jaf.—All's true. Yet grant me one thing, and I've done asking.
Pierre.—What's that?
Jaf.—To take thy life on such conditions
The council have proposed. Thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pierre.—Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,

Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs ; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

PARTING.

Where am I ? Sure I wander 'midst Enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia ! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence ?
Why turn'st thou from me ? I'm alone already !
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining ;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked !
Wilt thou not turn ? O could those eyes but speak !
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them !
They swell, they press their beams upon me still !
Wilt thou not speak ? If we must part forever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
—*The Orphan.*

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS, an English courtier and miscellaneous writer, born at Compton-Scorpion, Warwickshire, in 1581; poisoned in the Tower, September 15, 1613. He was a friend and adviser of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterward Earl of Somerset, the favorite of James I. He earnestly opposed the projected marriage of Rochester with the infamous Countess of Essex, and the guilty pair procured his committal, on a trumped-up charge, to the Tower, where he was secretly poisoned. The whole affair forms one of the most scandalous episodes in English history. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, *The Wife* and *The Choice of a Wife*, and several prose pieces, the best of which are *Characters*, being "Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons." In 1715 was printed a book named *Crumms Fal'n from King James' Table*, which was accredited to Overbury.

Hallam considers "The Fair and Happy Milkmaid," which is often quoted, the best of his *Characters.*

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

She is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of sight. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently as if they had stolen upon her without her knowl-

edge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she riseth, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year round, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers—but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they had not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dares tell them. Only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.—*Characters.*

A FRANKLIN.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms with the best gentlemen, and

never fee the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but, "Let us go;" and with his own eyes doth fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by Nature to be contented with a little. His own fold yields him both food and raiment. He is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospects; they are indeed his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs, nor uses cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipes, or pitfalls for the blackbirds; nor oppression but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock Monday and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hokey, or seed-cake—these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after the news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding of an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he holds by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he need not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.—*Characters.*

OVID (PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO), a Roman poet, born at Sulmo, about ninety miles north of Rome, in 43 B.C.; died in A.D. 18, at Tomi (the modern Kostendje), on the Black Sea, near the mouths of the Danube. His father, a man of noble descent but moderate fortune, sent Ovid, with a brother just a year older than himself, to Rome, to fit them for the profession of advocate.

Ovid, though somewhat against the grain, applied himself fairly well to his legal studies; but the bent of his mind was toward poetry. He says, "Whatever I sought to say was still in verse." When he was about twenty, his brother died; and the father consented that the remaining son, now sole heir of the estate, should devote himself to the cultivation of his poetical talents, making him a moderate allowance. He studied for a while at Athens, travelled for a year in Asia Minor and Sicily, and then returned to Rome. He did not, however, altogether give up the idea of public life, and held some minor official posts. On reaching his twenty-fourth year he became eligible to the quæstorship, the lowest grade in the magistracy. He declined to become a candidate, and entered upon his literary career.

His early poems—most of which he subsequently destroyed—were censured for their immorality. He himself declares that though his verse was

loose, his life was pure—an assertion by no means borne out by what he almost incidentally reveals. Up to the time when he was well advanced in middle age he seems to have lived the life of a "young man about town." He had been twice married. Of his first wife he says that she was "a good-for-nothing;" of the second, he merely observes that he had "no fault to find with her." He was close upon fifty when he married for the third time. This wife was of good family and had a kind of indirect connection with ladies of the imperial Court. He makes frequent mention of her in his later poems, and always in terms of the warmest affection. He had meanwhile come to be a prosperous man, having a city mansion near the Capitol and a country-seat.

He had just entered upon his forty-second year when he was surprised by a rescript from the Emperor Augustus, directing him to leave Rome and take up his abode at Tomi, on the extremest verge of the empire. The reason assigned was the alleged corrupting tendency of certain poems of his, the *Art of Love* being specially mentioned. But as the latest of these had been put forth more than ten years, this charge was a mere pretext. It seems clear that he had become cognizant of a matter disgracefully affecting some members of the family of the emperor. He writes, "Why did I see something? Why did I make my eyes guilty? Why did I become, all unwittingly, acquainted with guilt? Because my eyes unknowingly beheld a crime, I am punished. To have had the power of sight, this my sin." It has been plausibly

conjectured that he knew of the conduct of Julia, the profligate granddaughter of Augustus; and that his offence was that he had held his tongue about the matter; whence it was inferred that he was an accessory to the offence. It is a historical fact that almost coincident with the exile of Ovid, Julia was banished from Rome. Whatever was the offence of Ovid, it was one that rankled in the mind of Augustus as long as he lived, and was never forgotten or condoned, though Ovid over and over again begged that the sentence should be remitted, or at least, that some less unendurable place of exile should be assigned to him. One altogether inexplicable circumstance is that the punishment was limited to exile at Tomi. His property was not confiscated, the income of it being regularly transmitted to him; and he was allowed unrestricted communication with his friends at Rome. Nor was he sent under guard, but went by the route which he chose, and at such rate as suited him. He was simply ordered to go to Tomi, and to Tomi he went. He left Rome in December, and did not arrive at Tomi until September. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were passed. During all these years he never saw his wife, for she neither accompanied nor followed him.

Several works which Ovid mentions as having been written by him are lost, among which is the tragedy of *Medea*, of which Quintilian says that "it proves how much the author could have achieved if he had chosen to moderate rather than to indulge his cleverness." If more of his works

had perished the world would not have been a loser. His extant works are *The Epistles of Heroides*, *The Loves*, *The Remedies for Love*, *The Epistles from Pontus*, *The Art of Love*, *The Metamorphoses*, *The Fasti*, and *The Tristia*. Only the four last of these call for special mention.

The *Art of Love* may be assigned to Ovid's thirty-fifth year. Taken as a whole, it may be properly designated as an indecent poem, although, as in the case of Byron's *Don Juan*, it contains by way of episode many passages of great beauty. Ovid himself gave notice that no decent person—at least no modest woman—should read it. A considerable part of this poem has been very loosely translated by Dryden—loosely in a double sense, for Dryden has put additional grossness of his own into the grossest passages.

The *Fasti* may be designated as a sort of Handbook of the Roman Calendar, as a poetical Almanac, or as a Ritual in verse. Its composition undoubtedly ran through several years, being nearly completed at the time of Ovid's exile to Tomi, but revised, with perhaps some additions, there. It gives the seasons of every special religious worship and the reasons therefor. As we have it, it consists of six books, one for each of the six months from January to June. It is said, though not upon unquestionable authority, that there were six more books, one for each of the remaining months. If so, it is not easy to account for the loss of these, for the poem was undoubtedly a popular one, and must have had a "very wide circulation." Interspersed throughout the Calendar

proper are numerous episodes which relieve the necessarily dry details. Thus, under the month of January, the ancient god Janus is made to tell why his temple was open in time of war, and was closed when Rome was at peace with all the rest of the world—an event which is said to have occurred only three times during the Commonwealth, and which now occurred, as here recorded, about the time of the birth of our Saviour.

THE CLOSING OF THE TEMPLE OF JANUS.

"In war, all bolts drawn back, my portals stand,
Open for hosts that seek their native land;
In peace fast closed they bar the outward way,
And still shall bar it under Cæsar's sway,"
He spake. Before, behind, his double gaze
All that the world contained at once surveys,
And all was peace; for now with conquered wave
The Rhine, Germanicus, thy triumph gave.
Peace, and the friends of peace immortal make,
Nor let the lord of earth his work forsake.
—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

The Metamorphoses, also a work of years, was completed before Ovid's banishment. It is the longest of the poems of Ovid, and is upon the whole his best. The general scope of the poem is to tell of human forms changed into animals, plants, or lifeless shapes, as narrated in myth and legend. He tells how, in a fit of vexation, he undertook to destroy the whole poem. "As for the verses," he writes from Tomi, "which told of changed forms—an unlucky work which its author's banishment interrupted—these in the hour of my departure I put, sorrowing, as I put many

other of my good things, into the flames with my own hands; but," he added, "as they did not perish altogether, but still exist, I suppose there were several copies of them." A considerable portion of the *Metamorphoses* has been translated by Dryden in his best manner. The poem opens with an account of the primeval chaos, and its reduction to form.

THE PRIMEVAL CHAOS.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy which covers all,
Once was the face of Nature—if a face—
Rather a rude and undigested mass,
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor poised did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shore their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were as one.
Thus all was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest;
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.

But God or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from æthereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace,
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next the fire,
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters war,
And, rising in a ridge, insult the shore.

Thus when the God—whatever God was he—
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portion might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some parts in earth are swallowed up; the most
In ample oceans disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains and extended plains.
—*Translation of* DRYDEN.

After all other living creatures had been formed, Man—the ruler of all—comes into being.

THE ADVENT OF MAN.

Something yet lacked—some higher being, dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance of all besides; and Man
At last had birth, whether from seed divine
Of Him, the Artificer of all things, and Cause
Of the amended world; or whether earth,
Yet new, and late from æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighboring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground,
With downward aspect grovelling, gave to Man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted, took the novel form of Man.
—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

Ovid goes on to picture the four ages—the Golden, the Silver, the Brass, and the Iron—which successively ensued.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, which, uncompeld,
And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
As then there was nor punishment nor fear,
Nor threatening laws in brass prescribèd were;
Nor suppliant, crouching prisoners shook to see
Their angrie judge. . . .

In firm content
And harmless ease their happy days were spent;
The yet-free earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's unenforcèd food,
They gather wildings, strawberries of the wood,
Sour cornels what upon the brambles grow,
And acorns which Jove's spreading oaks bestow;
'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowers which, without setting, grew.
Forthwith the earth corn unmanured bears,
And every year renews her golden ears;
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd
And yellow honey from green elms distill'd.

—*Translation of* GEORGE SANDYS.

The translation of the *Metamorphoses* from which the foregoing passage is taken has a special interest as being the first book written in the North American colonies. It was printed in London in 1665, in a large folio dedicated to King Charles I. Captain John Smith's *True Relation* and his *Description of New England* were indeed printed some years earlier; but they are hardly more than pamphlets, and were probably written in England. George Sandys, born in 1561, died in 1629, was an

English gentleman who had won high reputation by his travels in the Levant and the Holy Land. In 1621 he came to Virginia as treasurer of the colony. In the dedication of the translation of the *Metamorphoses* he says that his work was "limned by that imperfect light that was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults. Dryden, long afterward, said that Sandys was "the best versifier of his age."

One of the best-told transformations in the *Metamorphoses* is that of Arachne into a spider. Arachne—so runs the legend—was a Lycian maiden, famous for her deftness in spinning, weaving, and embroidery. Some who see her handiwork aver that Pallas must have been her instructor; but she disdains such compliment, boasts that her skill is all her own, and only wishes that Pallas herself would enter into trial with her. Pallas, thus challenged, appears in the form of an aged woman, and warns the maiden to be content with excelling all mortal competitors, but to beware of entering into a trial of skill with the immortal gods. Arachne scouts at the kindly warning, and repeats her challenge. Whereupon the goddess resumes her proper shape, and the contest begins.

PALLAS AND ARACHNE AT THE LOOM.

The looms were set, the webs were hung;
Beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact,
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil

Itself was pleasure to the skilful hands
That knew so well their task. With Tyrian hue
Of purple blushed the texture, and all shades
Of color, blending imperceptibly
Each into each. So, when the wondrous bow—
What time some passing shower hath dashed the sun—
Spans with its mighty arch the vault of heaven,
A thousand colors deck it, different all,
Yet all so subtly interfused that each
Seems one with that which joins it, and the eye
But by the contrast of the extremes perceives
The intermediate change. And, last, with thread
Of gold embroidery pictured on the web,
Lifelike expressed, some antique fable glowed.
—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

Pallas had taken for the subject of her tapestry-picture her own contest with Neptune as to which should be the name-giver of the fair town which was to be forever known as Athens, from one of her appellations. Arachne, in scornful mood, had chosen to depict the immortal gods in their lowest sensual performances. Her work, however, was so perfect that Pallas herself could detect no imperfection, any more than in her own. Doubly enraged, at her own failure to surpass Arachne and at the gross insult that had been given to all the celestial hierarchy, Pallas smote her competitor over and over again full in the face. Arachne, stung beyond endurance by this ignominy, tried to hang herself. The result of all is thus told by Ovid:

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE.

The high-souled maid
Such insult not endured, and round her neck
Indignant twined the suicidal noose,
And so had died. But, as she hung, some ruth

Stirred in the breast of Pallas. The pendant form
She raised, and "Live!" she said; "but hang thou still
Forever, wretch; and through all future time,
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!"
And as she parted sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected, dropped her tresses; nose and ear
Were lost; her form, to smallest bulk compressed,
A head minutest crowned; to slenderest legs,
Jointed on either side her fingers changed;
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and with her ancient art
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web.
—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

The *Tristia*, or "Sorrows," of Ovid are a series of poems composed during the early years of his exile, and transmitted from time to time to his friends at Rome. They touch upon all sorts of topics, but running through all is a thread of supplication for a remission, or at least a mitigation, of his punishment, which he hoped would somehow reach the ears of the mighty Augustus. To us the most interesting parts of these poems are those in which he describes the wintry horrors of the region to which he had been exiled. These, we judge, are best expressed in the excellent prose translation of H. T. Riley. Making all due allowances for poetical exaggeration—though Ovid expressly avers that he wrote truthfully and from his own observation and experience—there can be no doubt that the climate of the region (now known as the Dobrudga) has greatly changed since Ovid's time. The mean temperature is about that of Spain, though in the winter it is much colder, by reason of the fierce winds which have swept over

the vast northern steppes. Neither the lower course of the Danube nor the Black Sea is now frozen over. The vine flourishes, grass abounds in summer, and large crops of grain are produced; whereas Ovid's description would well apply to Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, or the shores of Hudson Bay.

OVID'S PLACE OF BANISHMENT.

If anyone remembers the banished Naso, and if without me my name survives in "the City," let him know that I am living in the midst of barbarism, exposed under stars that never set in the ocean. The Sauromatæ—a savage race—the Bessi and the Getæ surround me: names how unworthy of my genius to mention!

When the air is mild we are defended by the intervening Danube, while it flows; by its waves it repels invasion. But when dire Winter has put forth his rugged face, and the earth has become white with ice—when Boreas is at liberty, and snow has been sent upon the regions under the Bear—then it is true that these nations are distressed by a shivering climate. The snow lies deep, and as it lies neither sun nor rains melt it; Boreas hardens it, and makes it endure forever. Hence, when the former ice has not melted, fresh succeeds; and in many places it is wont to last for two years.

So great is the strength of the north wind, when aroused, that it levels high towers to the ground, and roofs are borne away. The inhabitants poorly defend themselves from the cold by skins and sewed breeches; and of the whole body the face is the only part exposed. Often the hair, as it is moved, rattles with the pendent icicle, and the white beard shines with the ice that has been formed upon it. Liquid wine becomes solid, and preserves the form of the vessel. They do not drink draughts of it, but take bites.

Why should I mention how the frozen rivers become hard, and how the brittle water is dug out of the streams? The Danube itself—which is no narrower than the Nile

—mingles through many mouths with the vast ocean. It freezes as the wind hardens its azure streams, and it rolls to the sea with covered waters. Where ships had gone, men now walk on foot; and the hoof of the horse indents the waters hardened by freezing. Samaritan oxen drag the uncouth wagons along strange bridges as the waters roll beneath.

Indeed (I shall hardly be believed, but inasmuch as there is no profit in untruths, an eye-witness ought to receive full confidence) I have seen the vast sea frozen with ice, and a slippery crust covered the unmoved waters. To have seen is not enough. I have trodden upon the hardened ocean, and the surface of the water was under my foot, not wetted by it. The ships stand hemmed in by the frost as though by marble, and no oar can cleave the stiffened water.

When the Danube has been made solid by the drying Northern blasts, the barbarous enemy is carried over on his swift steed. An enemy, strong in horses, and in the arrow that flies from afar, depopulates the neighboring region far and wide. Some take to flight; and no one being left to protect the fields, the unguarded property becomes a prey. Some of the people are driven along as captives, with their arms fastened behind their backs, looking back in vain upon their fields and their homes; some die in torments, pierced by poisoned arrows. What the enemy cannot carry with them they destroy; and the flames consume the unoffending cottages.

Even when there is peace, there is alarm from the apprehension of war. This region either beholds the enemy, or is in dread of a foe which it does not behold. The earth, deserted, becomes worthless; left untilled in ruinous neglect. Here the luscious grape does not lie hidden under the shade of the leaves, and the fermenting new wine does not fill the deep vats. The country does not bear fruit. You may behold naked plains without trees, without herbage: places, alas! not to be visited by a fortunate man! Since the great globe is so wide, why has this land been found out for the purpose of my punishment?—*Translation of* RILEY.

OWEN, SIR RICHARD, an English anatomist, born at Lancaster, July 20, 1804; died in London, December 18, 1892. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Paris, and in 1826 commenced general practice at London; but having been appointed Assistant Curator of the Hunterian Museum, he devoted himself exclusively to the study of comparative anatomy. He rendered important service to palæontology, and exhibited remarkable skill in the anatomy and reconstruction of extinct animals. He discovered the dinoris, a gigantic fossil bird.

He was one of the first to use the microscope in the investigation of the structure of animals, and was the first who used the word homology or homologue in comparative anatomy. He admitted the mutability of species, but opposed the Darwinian theory of natural selection, for which he substituted his hypothesis of derivation. He says: "Every species changes in time, by virtue of inherent tendencies thereto. Natural selection holds that no such change can take place without the influence of altered external circumstances educing or selecting such change." Humboldt considered him the greatest anatomist of his age. In 1836 he succeeded Sir Charles Bell as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons; he resigned this position in 1856, on being

appointed Superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum. He has been especially active in all the great sanitary movements of his time. Of his numerous works in his special department of study we name but a few: *Odontography* (1840); *History of British Fossils* (1846); *History of British Fossil Reptiles* (1849–51); *Principles of Comparative Osteology* (1855); *On the Anatomy of Vertebrates* (1866); *The Fossil Reptilia of South Africa* (1876); *The Fossil Mammals of Australia, and the Extinct Marsupials of Great Britain* (1877). Besides these are numerous monographs upon various scientific subjects.

THE BRITISH MAMMOTH.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from the submerged drift near the coasts. In 1827 an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate; although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches. The outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling putty. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth. Captain Martin, in whose possession it is, describes its curvature as being equal to a semicircle turning outward on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler, by whom it was sawn into five sections; but the interior was found to be fossilized, and unfit for use. But the tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. . . .

Mr. Robert Bald has described a portion of a mam-

moth tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmains in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen and a half feet from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr. Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat. From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.—*History of British Fossils.*

OWEN, ROBERT DALE, an American social reformer, politician, and spiritualist, born in Glasgow, Scotland, November 9, 1801; died near Lake George, N. Y., June 17, 1877. He was the son of Robert Owen, the social reformer, with whom he came to America in 1823, and soon afterward took up his residence at New Harmony, Ind. In 1835 he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and in 1843 to Congress. In 1845 he introduced the bill organizing the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was made one of the regents, and chairman of its building committee. In 1853 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Naples, and 1855 was made Minister there. He wrote several books relating to education and social reforms; and became a believer in the doctrines of Spiritualism. His principal works relating to this subject are *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* (1860); *The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next* (1872); *Threading My Way*, an autobiography (1874).

His *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* is a collection of so-called spiritual manifestations; that is, of incidents and phenomena supposed to prove the existence around us of a spiritual world that occasionally reveals itself to our senses. He was a strong advocate of the credibility of spiritualism, and a clear and able writer. His last work was a novel, *Beyond the Breakers.*

ANTECEDENT PROBABILITY OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

If some Leverrier of Spiritual Science had taken note twenty-five years ago of certain perturbing agencies of which the effects were visible throughout the religious world, he might have made a prediction more important than that of the French astronomer in regard to the as yet undiscovered planet Uranus. For even then it could have been discovered—what, however, is much more evident to-day—that an old belief was about to disappear from civilized society: a change which brings momentous results in its train. This change is from belief in the Exceptional and the Miraculous to a settled conviction that it does not enter into God's economy, as manifested in His works, to deal except mediately through the instrumentality of Natural Laws; or to suspend or change those laws on special occasions, or—as men do—to make temporary laws for a certain age of the world, and discontinue these through a succeeding generation. In other words, the civilized world is gradually settling down to the assurance that the Natural Law is universal, invariable, persistent. If Natural Law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed to Christ and His disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles. If they were not performed, then Christ lent Himself to deception. This theory disparages His person, and discredits His teachings. But if they were performed under Natural Law, and if Natural Laws endure from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these signs and wonders occurred must exist still, we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time.

But an acute observer, looking over the whole ground, might have detected more than this. He would have found two antagonistic schools of religious opinion: the one, basing spiritual truth on the Miraculous and the Infallible, chiefly represented in a Church of vast power, fifteen hundred years old; the other, dating back three hundred and fifty years only, with less imposing antecedents, with fewer adherents, and, alas!

weakened in influence by a large admixture of Indifferentism, and still more weakened in influence by intestine dissensions on questions of vital moment, even on the religious *Shibboleth* of the day—the question of Uniform Rule or Miracle; many of the latter Church still holding to the opinion that to abandon the doctrine of the Miraculous is to deny the works of Christ. Apparently a very unequal contest—the outlook quite discouraging. Yet if our observer had abiding faith in the ultimate prevalence alike of the doctrine of Christianity and of Natural Law, he might have come upon a practical solution.

History would inform him that the works of Christ and his disciples, mistaken by the Jews for miracles, effectively arrested the attention of a semi-barbarous age, incapable of appreciating the intrinsic value and the moral beauty of the doctrines taught. An analogy might suggest to him that if phenomena more or less resembling these could be witnessed at the present day, and if they were not weighted down by claims to the miraculous, they might produce on modern indifference a somewhat similar impression. . . .

Guided by such premises as these, our supposed observer of twenty-five years since, though living at a time when the terms "Medium" and "Manifestation" (in their modern sense) had not yet come up, might have predicted the speedy appearance and recognition among us of Spiritual Phenomena resembling those which attended Christ's ministry and the Apostles' labors. . . .

The occurrence among us of Spiritual Phenomena under Law not only tends to reconcile Scripture and sound philosophy; not only helps to attest the doctrine of the universal reign of law; not only explains and confirms the general accuracy of the Gospel narrative — but it does much more than this. It supplies to a struggling religious minority, greatly in want of aid, the means of bringing to light even before unbelievers in Scripture, the great truth of Immortality; and it furnishes to that same minority, contending against greatly superior numbers, other powerful argumentative weapons urgently needed in society.—*The Debatable Land.*

OXENFORD, JOHN, an English dramatist, born at Camberwell, near London, in 1812; died February 21, 1877. He was admitted to the bar in 1833, and devoted much time to dramatic criticism for the press. He translated poems and wrote songs, which have been set to music. Among his works for the stage are *My Fellow Clerk* (1835); *A Day Well Spent* (1836); *Porter's Knot* (1869), and *£456 11s. 3d.* (1874). He published translations of the *Autobiography of Goethe;* the *Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe* (1850); the *Hellas of Jacob* (1855), and a collection of songs from the French entitled *The Illustrated Book of French Songs* (1855).

A CONVERSATION WITH GOETHE.

To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the first scene of the second act of "Faust." The effect was great, and gave me a high satisfaction. We are once more transported into Faust's study, where Mephistopheles finds all just as he had left it. He takes from the hook Faust's old study-gown, and a thousand moths and insects flutter out from it. By the directions of Mephistopheles as to where these are to settle down, the locality is brought very clearly before our eyes. He puts on the gown while Faust lies behind the curtain, in a state of paralysis, intending to play the doctor's part once more. He pulls the bell, which gives such an awful tone among the solitary convent-halls that the doors spring open and the walls tremble. The servant rushes in, and finds in Faust's seat Mephistopheles,

whom he does not recognize, but for whom he has respect. In answer to inquiries he gives news of Wagner, who has now become a celebrated man, and is hoping for the return of his master. He is, we hear, at this moment deeply occupied in his laboratory, seeking to produce a Homunculus. The servant retires and the Bachelor enters—the same whom we knew some years before as a shy young student, when Mephistopheles (in Faust's gown) made game of him. He is now become a man, and is so full of conceit that even Mephistopheles can do nothing with him, but moves his chair farther and farther, and at last addresses the pit.

Goethe read the scene quite to the end. I was pleased with his youthful productive strength and with the closeness of the whole. "As the conception," said Goethe, "is so old—for I have had it in my mind for fifty years—the materials have accumulated to such a degree that the difficult operation is to separate and reject. The invention of the whole second part is really as old as I say; but it may be an advantage that I have not written it down until now, when my knowledge of the world is so much clearer. I am like one who in his youth has a great deal of small silver and copper money, which in the course of his life he constantly changes for the better, so that at last the property of his youth stands before him pieces of pure gold."

We spoke about the character of the Bachelor. "Is he not meant," said I, "to represent a certain class of ideal philosophers?"

"No," said Goethe, "the arrogance which is peculiar to youth, and of which we had such striking examples after our war for freedom, is personified in him. Indeed, everyone believes in his youth that the world really began with him, and that all merely exists for his sake. Thus in the East there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him, and would not go to work until he commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command until the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing." Goethe remained awhile absorbed in silent thought; then he began as follows:

"When one is old one thinks of worldly matters other-

wise than when he is young. Thus I cannot but think that the demons, to tease and make sport with men, have placed among them simple figures which are so alluring that everyone strives after them, and so great that nobody reaches them. Thus they set up Raffaelle, with whom thought and act were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have approached him, but none have equalled him. Thus, too, they set up Mozart as something unattainable in music; and thus Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say against this thought, but I only mean natural character, the great innate qualities. Thus, too, Napoleon is unattainable. That the Russians were so moderate as not to go to Constantinople is indeed very great; but we find a similar trait in Napoleon, for he had the moderation not to go to Rome."

Much was associated with this copious theme; I thought to myself in silence that the demons had intended something of the kind with Goethe, inasmuch as he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, and too great to be reached.—***The Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe.***

OXENHAM, HENRY NUTCOMBE, an English clergyman and religious writer, born in 1829; died in 1888. His father, also a clergyman, was one of the masters at Harrow School, where the boy was prepared for the University. He took his degree of M.A. at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1854, and in the same year entered the Anglican priesthood, which he left in 1857 for that of Rome. He was later a professor in St. Edmund's College, Ware, and master in the Oratory School at Birmingham. Among his works are *Poems* (1854); *Church Parties* (1857); *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement* (1865), enlarged and revised in 1881; *Recollections of Ober Ammergau* (1872); *Moral and Religious Estimate of Vivisection* (1879); *Short Studies, Ethical and Religious* (1888). He translated from the German, Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Church* and *Lectures on Reunion of the Churches*, and Bishop Hefele's *History of the Councils of the Church*, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Contemporary*, *Church Quarterly*, *Academy*, and other English periodicals.

THE LAW OF HONOR.

Hallam tells us in the concluding chapter of his *State of Europe During the Middle Ages*, that "there are three powerful spirits which have from time to time moved over the surface of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments of mankind. These

are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honor.' He goes on to say that "it was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three," and that the results of the other two have at least been "equalled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved." And then he adds that, as the institution passed away, "the spirit of chivalry left behind it a more valuable successor. The character of knight gradually subsided into that of gentleman." And a scrupulous regard for the law of honor, it need hardly be observed, is supposed to constitute, if not the whole duty, the distinctive excellence of a gentleman as such.

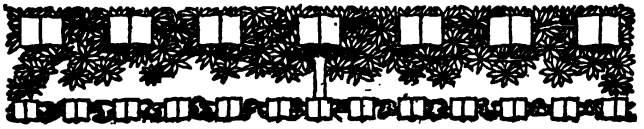
There are, however, besides the law of honor, three distinct standards, always separable in idea, though often not separated in fact, by some one or more of which men ordinarily endeavor to regulate their conduct; that is, of course, men who acknowledge some rule of life other than that of mere selfish inclination. These are the law of the land, the law of right or of conscience, and the precepts of a religion claiming to have divine authority. . . .

Now it is plain at a glance that the law of honor differs essentially in kind from all these three. Each of them affects to enjoin within its own limits a complete standard of duty, and, though civil legislation cannot include all moral obligations, it must at least sanction nothing immoral. But the law of honor enjoins at best certain duties only, arbitrarily selected, and belonging to a particular class; it may even prescribe as duties, and certainly often condones as blameless, what religion, or conscience, or the State, or all of them, condemns as vices. And thus we read of Sir Lancelot:

> His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
> And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

It constitutes, as was said before, the code of "a gentleman," while moral obligation holds good equally of a gentleman and a chimney-sweep. Truthfulness and courage, again, are the principal virtues which the law of honor requires of a man, chastity of a woman; but conscience and religion demand truthfulness and chas-

tity of both sexes alike. Or, in a wider sense, honor is the standard of a class, and thus there may be many diverse and incongruous standards of honor, as there is said to be "honor among thieves." And thus again there is a recognized standard of school-boy honor, which varies more or less at different times, and even in different schools; according to which, *e.g.*, formerly veracity was a duty owed to a school-fellow, but not to a master, some kinds of bullying were held legitimate, and fighting was obligatory under certain circumstances, as duelling was, till recently, held obligatory among men. Not, indeed, that a fight at school is at all the same thing morally as a duel, or open to the same condemnation on moral or religious grounds; far from it. It involves, generally speaking, no serious danger to the combatants, and neither implies nor engenders malice; boys shake hands before standing up to fight, and are all the better friends afterward. Still there is a certain analogy. In a word, the law of honor is not only imperfect, but sectional; and, according to the dominant spirit of the particular class concerned, it may become positively vicious, just as, not so very long ago, it prescribed duelling, and still prescribes it in some countries, though in this respect we have revised the code during the last half-century in England. It supplies, in short, what is essentially a conventional standard and only accidentally a moral one.—*Short Studies, Ethical and Religious.*



PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, an American writer of negro dialect stories, born at Oakland, Va., April 23, 1853. A great-grandson of Governor John Page of Virginia, his early life was passed on the estate which was part of the original grant of his maternal ancestor, Thomas Nelson. His education was received at Washington and Lee University, and he studied law, taking his degree from the University of Virginia in 1874. His stories are written in the negro dialect of Virginia, and are among the most successful of their kind. His writings include *Marse Chan* (*Century Magazine*, 1884); *In Ole Virginny* (1887); *Befo' de War* (in collaboration with A. C. Gordon, 1888); *Two Little Confederates* (1888); *Elsket* and *Other Stories* (1890); *On Newfound River* (1891); *Among the Camps* (1891); *The Old South* (essays, 1892); *Meh Lady* (1893); *Unc' Edinburgh*, *The Burial of the Guns*, *Polly*, *Pastime Stories* (1894); and *Thomas Nelson* (biography), for the *Makers of America* series.

The Critic considers his books "a series of *Black Classics*, wherein the color is an accident, the soul human and universal. All that Mr. Page has well done is to open a sympathetic and retentive ear, to reproduce in firm outlines what every-day life in Virginia abundantly provides, and to clothe the whole in a humorous dialect which is to the psychology what the salt is to the soup."

MARSE CHAN.

"Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles, an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon', an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, "Charge 'em!" an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I long wid de res') an' up de hill right to'ds de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyah (dey had a whole rigiment o' infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons); our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' bout to bre'k all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de fleg an' hollers, 'Foller me!' an' rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons. I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'y urr hoss, jes' like he use to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole regiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuver hear thunder! Fust thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels, and flung me up 'g'inst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin' over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn-pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt. I 'spects Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. O' co'se, Providence put de bank dyah, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan? When I look 'roun', de roan wuz layin dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone mos' th'oo him, an' our men hed done swep' dem on t'urr side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' 'mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyah,' says I, 'fo' Gord! I 'spects dey done kilt Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.' I jumped up an' run over de bank, in dyar, wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yet, under one o' de guns wid de fleg still in he han' an' a bullet right th'oo he' body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n him over and call 'im, 'Marse Chan!' but t'wan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' nuff. I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'm back jes' like I did dat dey when he wuz a baby, an' old master give 'im to me in my

arms, an' sez he could trust me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long as he lived. I kyar'd 'im 'way off the battle-field, out de way o' de balls, an' I laid 'im down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter awhile, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, an' put 'im in de coffin; but I did'n nail de top on strong, cause I knowed old missis 'd wan' see im; an' I got a' ambulance an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyah de next evenin' arfter travellin' all dat night an' all next day.

"Hit 'peared like somethin' had tole ole missis we wuz comin' so; for when we got home she waz waitin' for us—done drest up in her bes' Sunday clo'es, an' stan'in' at de head o' de big steps, an' ole marster settin' in his big cheer—ez we druv up de hill to'ds he house, I drivin' de ambulance an' de sorrel leadin' 'long behine wid de sturrips crost over de saddle. She come down to de gate to meet us. We took de coffin out de ambulance an kyar'd it right into de big parlor wid de pictures in it, whar dey use' to dance in old times when Marse Chan was a school-boy, an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin use' to come over an' go wid ole missis into her chamber an' tek her things off. In dyar we laid de coffin on two o' de cheers, an' ole missis never said a wud; she jes' looked so ole and white.

"When I had tell 'em all 'bout it, I tu'ned right 'round an' rid over to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, cause I knowed dat was what Marse Chan he'd a' wanted me to do. I didn't tell nobody whar I wuz gwin', 'cause yo' know none on 'em hadn' never speak to Miss Anne, not sence de duil, an' dey didn' know 'bout de letter.

"When I rid up in de yard, dyar wuz Miss Anne a-stan'in on de poach watchin' me ez I rid up. I tied my hoss to de fence, an' walked up de parf. She knowed by de way I walked dyar wuz somethin' de matter, an' she wuz mighty pale. I drapt my cap down on de een o' de steps an' went up. She nuver opened her mouf; jes' stan' right still an' keep her eyes on my face. Fust, I couldn' speak: den I cotch my voice, an' I say, 'Marse Chan, he done got he furlough!'

"Her face wuz mighty ashy, an' she sort of shook, but she didn' fall. She tu'ned round an' said, 'Git me de ker'ige!' Dat wuz all.

"When de ker'ige come roun', she had put on her bonnet, an wuz ready. Ez she got in she says to me, 'Hev yo' brought him home?' And we drove 'long, I ridin' behind.

"When we got home, she got out, an' walked up de big walk—up to de poach by herse'f. Ole missis had done fin' de letter in Marse Chan's pocket, wid de love in it, while I wuz 'way, an' she wuz a waitin' on de poach. Dey say dat wuz de fust time ole missis cry when she fin' de letter, an' dat she sut'n'y did cry over it, pintedly. . . .

"Well, we buried Marse Chan dyar in de ole grabeyard, wid de fleg wrapped roun' 'im, an' he face lookin' like it did dat mawnin' down in de lo groun's, wid de new sun shinin' on it so peaceful.

"Miss Anne she nuver went home to stay arter dat; she stay wid ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived. Dat warn' so mighty long, cause ole marster he died dat fall, when dey wuz follerin' fur wheat—I had jes married Judy den—an' ole missis she warn' long behine him. We buried her by him nex' summer. Miss Anne she went in de hospitals toreckly arfter ole missis died; an' jes' 'fo' Richmond fell she come home sick wid de fever. Yo' nuver would 'a' knowed her fur de same Miss Anne—she wuz light ez a piece o' peth, an' so white, 'cep' her eyes an' her sorrel hyar, an she kep' on gittin' whiter an' weaker. Judy she sut'n'y did nuss her faithful. But she nuver got no betterment! De fever an' Marse Chan's bein' kilt hed done strain her, an' she died jes' fo' de folks wus sot free.

"So we buried Miss Anne right by Marse Chan in a place whar ole missis hed tole us to leave, an' dey's bofe on 'em sleep side by side over in de ole grabeyard at home.

"An' will yo' please tell me, Marster? Dey tells me dat de Bible say dyar won' be marryin' nor givin' in marriage in heaven, but I don' b'lieve it signifies dat—does you?"

PAGET, VIOLET (*pseudonym*, VERNON LEE), an English literary and art critic, born in 1857. Since 1871 she has lived in Italy, where she has studied art and literature. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and has written several stories and novels under the pen-name of Vernon Lee.

Her *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (1880) was reviewed by the *Athenæum*, which said: "These studies show a wide range of knowledge of the subject, precise investigation, abundant power of illustration, and healthy enthusiasm." Her other books are *Belcaro, Essays on Æsthetical Questions* (1882); *The Prince of a Hundred Soups* (1883); *Ottilie: an Eighteenth Century Idyl* (1883); *Euphorion*, essays (1884); *The Countess of Albany* (1884); *Miss Brown* (1884); *Baldwin* (1886); *Juvenilia* (1887), and *Hauntings* (1890).

SEEKING NEW SCENES.

The next evening, among the lamentations of Mrs. Simson's establishment, Anne Brown set off for Cologne. This first short scrap of journey moved her very much: when the train puffed out of the station and the familiar faces were hidden by out-houses and locomotives, the sense of embarking upon unknown waters rushed upon Anne; and when, that evening, her maid bade her good-night at the hotel at Cologne, offering to brush her hair and help her to undress, she was seized with intolerable home-sickness for the school—the little room

she had just left—and she would have implored anyone to take her back. But the next few days she felt quite different: the excitement of novelty kept her up, and almost made it seem as if all these new things were quite habitual; for there is nothing stranger than the way in which excitement settles one in novel positions, and familiarizes one with the unfamiliar. Seeing a lot of sights on the way, and knowing that a lot more remained to be seen, it was as if there was nothing beyond these three or four days—as if the journey would have no end; that an end there must be, and what the end meant seemed a thing impossible to realize. She scarcely began to realize it when the ship began slowly to move from the wharf at Antwerp; when she walked up and down the deserted and darkened deck, watching the widening river under the clear blue spring night, lit only by a ripple of moonlight, widening mysteriously out of sight, bounded only by the shore-lights, with here and there the white or blue or red light of some ship, and its long curl of smoke, making her suddenly conscious that close by was another huge, moving thing, more human creatures in this solitude, till at last all was mere solitude, till at last all was mere moonlight-permeated mist of sky and sea. And only as the next day—as the boat cut slowly through the hazy, calm sea—was drawing to its close did Anne begin to feel at all excited. At first as she sat on the deck, the water, the smoke, the thrill of the boat, the people walking up and down, the children wandering about the piles of rope, and leaning over the ship's sides—all these things seemed the only reality. But later, as they got higher up the Thames, and the unwonted English sunshine became dimmer, a strange excitement arose in Anne—an excitement more physical than mental, which, with every movement of the boat made her heart beat faster and faster, till it seemed as if it must burst, and a lot of smaller hearts to start up and throb all over her body, tighter and tighter, till she had to press her hand to her chest, and sit down gasping on a bench.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and the river had narrowed; all around were rows of wharves and groups of ships; the men began to tug at the ropes.

They were in the great city. The light grew fainter, and the starlight mingled with the dull smoke-gray of London; and all about were the sad gray outlines of the old houses on the wharves, the water gray and the sky also, with only a faint storm-red where the sun had set. The rigging, interwoven against the sky, was gray, also; the brownish sail of some nearer boat, the dull red sides of some steamer hard by, the only color. The ship began to slacken speed and to turn, great puffs and pants of the engine running through its fibres; the sailors began to hallo, the people around to collect their luggage; they were getting alongside of the wharf. Anne felt the maid throw a shawl round her; heard her voice, as if from a great distance, saying "There's Mr. Hamlin, Miss;" felt herself walking along as if in a dream, and as if in a dream a figure came up and take her hand, and slip her arm through his, and she knew herself to be standing on the wharf in the twilight, the breeze blowing in her face, all the people jostling and shouting around her. Then a voice said, "I fear you must be very tired, Miss Brown." It was at once so familiar and so strange that it made her start: the dream seemed dispelled. She was in reality, and Hamlin was really by her side. . . .

It is sad to think how little even the most fervently loving among us are able to reproduce, to keep within recollection, the reality of the absent beloved; certain as we seem to be, living as appears the phantom which we have cherished, we yet always find, on the day of meeting, that the loved person is different from the simulacrum which we have carried in our hearts. As Anne Brown sat in the carriage which was carrying her to her new home, the feeling which was strongest in her was not joy to see Hamlin again, nor fear at entering on this new phase of existence, but a recurring shock of surprise at the voice which was speaking to her, the voice which she now recognized as that of the real Hamlin, but which was so indefinably different from the voice which had haunted her throughout those months of absence. Hamlin was seated by her side, the maid opposite. The carriage drove quickly through a network of dark streets, and then on, on, along miles of embank-

ment. It was a beautiful spring night, and the mists and fogs which hung over river and town were soaked with moonlight, turned into a pale-blue luminous haze, starred with the yellow specks of gas, broken into, here and there, by the yellow sheen from some open hall-door or lit windows of a party-giving house; out of the faint blueness emerged the unsubstantial outlines of things—bushes and overhanging tree-branches and distant spectral towers and belfries. . . .

"I hope," said Hamlin, when they had done discussing Vandyke and Rubens and Memling—"I hope you will like the house and the way I have had it arranged," and he added, "I hope you will like my aunt. She is rather misanthropic, but it is only on the surface."

His aunt! Anne had forgotten all about her; and her heart sunk within her as the carriage at last drew up in front of some garden railings. The house-door was thrown open, and a stream of yellow light flooded the strip of garden and the railings. Hamlin gave Anne his arm; the maid followed. A woman-servant was holding the door open, and raising a lamp above her. Anne bent her head, feeling that she was being scrutinized. She walked speechless, leaning on Hamlin's arm, and those steps seemed to her endless. It was all very strange and wonderful. Her step was muffled in thick, dark carpets; all about, the walls of the narrow passage were covered with tapestries, and here and there came a gleam of brass or a sheen of dim mirror under the subdued light of some sort of Eastern lamp, which hung, with yellow sheen of metal disks and tassels, from the ceiling. Thus up the narrow, carpeted, and tapestried stairs, and into a large, dim room, with strange-looking things all about. Some red embers sent a crimson flicker over the carpet; by the tall fireplace was a table with a shaded lamp, and at it was seated a tall, slender woman, with the figure of a young girl, but whose face, when Anne saw it, was parched and hollowed out, and surrounded by gray hair.

"This is Miss Brown, Aunt Claudia," said Hamlin.

The old lady rose, advanced, and kissed Anne frigidly on both cheeks.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she said, in a tone

which was neither cold nor insincere, but simply and utterly indifferent.

Anne sat down. There was a moment's silence, and she felt the old lady's eyes upon her, and felt that Hamlin was looking at his aunt, as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of her?" and she shrunk into herself.

"You have had a bad passage, doubtless," said Mrs. Macgregor after a moment, vaguely and dreamily.

"Oh, no," answered Anne, faintly, "not at all bad, thank you."

"So much the better," went on the old lady, absently. "Ring for some tea, Walter."—*Miss Brown.*

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT, an American poet, born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773; died in Boston, November 13, 1811. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His name was originally Thomas, but after he had reached man's estate it was legally changed, at his own petition, to that of his father, on the ground that "Thomas Paine," the name of the author of *The Age of Reason*, "was not a Christian name." He was graduated at Harvard in 1792, having already acquired reputation by his facility in verse-making. He was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a short time, having become enamored with the stage, and fallen in love with an actress, whom he married at the age of twenty-one. He afterward studied law, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar in Boston; but the irregular habits, which he had for some time abandoned, soon returned upon him, and were never again shaken off. He had already written several poems which were very popular in their day. That by which he is best known, the ode entitled *Adams and Liberty*, was written for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in 1799. It consists of nine stanzas, of which we give the first two and the last two. The immediate sale of this poem brought the author some $750—being more than nine dollars a line.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of solid Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade:
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with the point, every flash to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their Government sever;
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumber forever.

Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

EPILOGUE TO "THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Who delves to be a wit must own a mine,
In wealth must glitter ere in taste he shine;
Gold buys him genius, and no churl will rail,
When feasts are brilliant, that a pun is stale.
Tip wit with gold—each shaft with shouts is flown;
He drinks Champagne, and must not laugh alone.
The grape has point, although the joke be flat!
Pop! goes the cork!—there's epigram in that!
The spouting bottle is the brisk *jet d'eau*,
Which shows how high its fountain-head can throw!
See! while the foaming mist ascends the room,
Sir Fopling rises in the *vif perfume*.

But, ah! the classic knight at length perceives
His laurels drop with fortune's falling leaves.
He vapors cracks and clinches as before,
But other tables have not learned to roar.
At last, in fashion bankrupt as in pence,
He first discovers undiscovered sense—
And finds—without one jest in all his bags—
A wit in ruffles is a fool in rags.

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THOMAS PAINE.

PAINE, THOMAS, an Anglo-American patriot and freethinker, born in Norfolkshire, England, January 29, 1737; died in New York, June 8, 1809. His father, a member of the Society of Friends, was a stay-maker by trade, and the son was brought up to that occupation, which he followed at various places, until his twenty-fifth year, after which he was successively a school-teacher, an exciseman, and a tobacconist. In 1774 he went to London, where he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, then the Agent for the American Colonies, by whose advice he went to America, reaching Philadelphia early in 1775. He found employment with a printer and bookseller who was about to start a periodical, which Paine was to edit at a salary of £25 a year. In his introductory article he says: "This first number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say that like the early snow-drop, it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choice flowers are preparing to appear." The magazine was continued from January, 1775, to June, 1776. At the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, Paine wrote the pamphlet *Common Sense*, to meet the objections raised against a separation from the mother-country. This pamphlet, which appeared in February, 1776, produced a marked sensation,

and Paine always claimed that it was mainly owing to it that the independence of the Colonies was declared. For it the Pennsylvania Legislature voted him a grant of £500, and the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army, and was with it during the retreat from New York to the Delaware. On December 19, 1776, appeared the first of his series of brochures, entitled *The Crisis*, of which there were eighteen, the last appearing April 19, 1783, after peace had been finally attained. Paine's services as a writer were duly appreciated. In April, 1777, Congress appointed him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; in 1781 he accompanied Laurens in his successful mission to France to procure a loan from the Government. In 1785, Congress, at the suggestion of Washington, made him a grant of $3,000, Pennsylvania gave him £500, and New York presented him with a valuable confiscated estate of 300 acres at New Rochelle, not far from the city of New York. In 1787 he went to England, carrying with him the model of an iron bridge, which attracted much attention. In 1790 Burke put forth his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, to which Paine replied in his *Rights of Man* —the ablest of all his writings. In 1792 the French Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention, in the proceedings of which he took an active part. He voted for the condemnation of Louis XVI., but urged that he should not be put to death. "Let the United States,"

said he, "be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet." In December, 1793, he was arrested at the instigation of Robespierre, and condemned to the guillotine, from which he escaped by mere accident. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, when, after the downfall of Robespierre, he was set at liberty, through the intervention of Mr. Monroe, our Minister to France.

Paine's *Age of Reason*, the First Part of which was published in 1794, the Second Part in 1796, was at least in part written during this imprisonment. The work may properly be styled as "deistic," in contradistinction to "theistic" on one hand, and "atheistic" on the other. He did not return to the United States until 1802. His *Age of Reason* had brought him into great disfavor. and he had fallen into habits of gross irregularity. He was, moreover, soured by what he esteemed the neglect of the Government and the people to appreciate his great services. He had desired to be buried in the Quaker cemetery, but this being refused, his body was interred upon his farm at New Rochelle. The inscription on his gravestone read: "Here lies Thomas Paine, Author of *Common Sense*."

THE AMERICAN CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF 1776.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness

only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to *tax*, but to "*bind us in all cases whatsoever;*" and if being *bound* in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of this Continent was declared too soon or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument. My own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault—if it were one—was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great good is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover. I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to perish who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware. Suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued—frequently without rest, covering, or provisions—bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one—which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back.

Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made on General Washington; for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon cares. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I can see no real cause or fear. I know our situation well, and can see our way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is a great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys never had been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation; and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the choice of a large variety of evils: a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it!—and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.—*The Crisis, No. I.*

BURKE'S PATRICIANISM.

Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives—a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not afflicted by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of Art, and the genuine soul of Nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim, expiring in show; and not the real prisoner of misery sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon.—*The Rights of Man.*

PALEY, WILLIAM, an English theologian and philosopher, born at Peterborough in July, 1743; died May 25, 1805. He was graduated in 1763 as senior wrangler at Christ's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and lectured on Moral Philosophy and Divinity. In 1775 he became rector of Musgrave, and in 1782 was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. It is said that he would have received a bishopric had not King George III. taken offence at a paragraph on *Property*, which is hereinafter quoted, in one of his writings. The principal works of Paley are *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785); *Horæ Paulinæ* (1790); *A View of the Evidences of Christianity* (1794); *Natural Theology* (1802).

"On one great topic—that of Christian evidence—he has shed new light," says Channing in his *Discourses*. "By felicity of arrangement and illustration he has given an air of novelty to old arguments, while he has strengthened his cause by important original proofs. His *Horæ Paulinæ* is one of the few books destined to live. Paley saw what he did see through an atmosphere of light. He seized on the strong points of his subject with an intuitive sagacity, and has given his clear, bright thoughts in a style which has made them the property of his readers almost as perfectly as they were his own. He was character-

ized by the distinctness of his vision. He was not, however, equally remarkable for its extent. He was popular rather than philosophical. He was deficient in that intellectual thirst which is a chief element of the philosophical spirit. He had no irrepressible desire to sound the depths of his own nature, or to ascend to wide and all-reconciling views of the works and ways of God. Moral philosophy he carried backward; nor had he higher claims in religious than in ethical science. His sermons are worthy of all praise, not, indeed, for their power over the heart, but for their plain and strong expositions of duty and their awakening appeals to the conscience."

ON PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just what it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flocking upon it, tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of their labor spoiled;

and if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantage to account for an institution which, in the view given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following: 1. It increases the produce of the earth. 2. It preserves the products of the earth to maturity. 3. It prevents contests. 4. It improves the conveniency of living.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than they are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a great and manifest excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable.—*Moral and Political Philosophy.*

CREDIBILITY OF ST. PAUL.

Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him in the prosecution of this purpose travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of

perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death.

We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry; the ocular witnesses—or pretending to be such—of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find the same person referring, in his letters, to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances—if all or any of them be true—render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles—strictly and properly so called; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion.

The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books. But is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known it to be so?—*Horæ Paulinæ.*

THE WORLD MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, whichever side I turn my eyes,

myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing; swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify the joy and exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment. The whole insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution gratified—and perhaps equally gratified—by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Suppose each individual to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure we have before our view.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the uses of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk—or rather to

run, which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

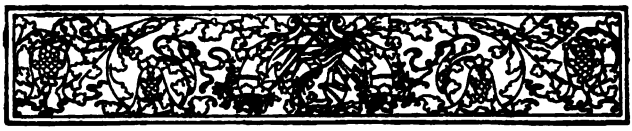
But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all—perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by the impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age quietness and repose become positive gratifications.

In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. In the species with which we are best acquainted—namely, our own—I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season; much less the only happy one.—*Natural Theology.*

DISTINCTIONS OF CIVIL LIFE LOST IN CHURCH.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever,

therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man views him with respect it is there; and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.—*Moral and Political Philosophy.*



PALFREY, JOHN GORHAM, an American publicist and historian, born in Boston, May 2, 1796; died at Cambridge, April 26, 1881. He was graduated at Harvard in 1815, and in 1818 became pastor of the Congregational Church in Brattle Square, Boston, as successor to Edward Everett. From 1831 to 1839 he was Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, and from 1835 to 1842 editor of the *North American Review*. He afterward took a prominent part in politics, acting with the opponents of slavery, and from 1861 to 1866 was postmaster at Boston. Besides sermons, magazine and newspaper essays, he published *Evidences of Christianity*, originally delivered as a course of Lowell Lectures (1843); *Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities* (1838–52); *The Relation between Judaism and Christianity* (1854), and a *History of New England* (the first three volumes 1858–64, the fourth 1875). The fifth volume, edited by his son, General Francis Winthrop Palfrey, appeared in 1890. In his preface to this volume, General Palfrey states that it is almost wholly printed from the author's manuscript as he left it, subject to careful revision. It brings the history down to the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial army in 1775.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

There was no question upon dogmas between Williams and those who dismissed him. The sound and generous principle of a perfect freedom of conscience in religious concerns can therefore scarcely be shown to have been involved in this dispute. At a later period he was prone to capricious changes of religious opinion; but as yet there was no development of this kind. As long as he was in Massachusetts he was no heretic, tried by the standard of the time and the place. He was not charged with heresy. The questions which he raised—and by raising which he provoked opposition—were questions relating to political rights and to the administration of government. He made an issue with his rulers and his neighbors upon fundamental points of their power and their property, including their power of self-protection against the tyranny from which they had lately escaped. Unintentionally, but effectually, he had set himself to play into the hands of the king and the archbishop; and it was not to be thought of by the sagacious patriots of Massachusetts that in the great work which they had in hand they should suffer themselves to be defeated by such random movements.

For his busy disaffection, therefore, Williams was punished; or, rather, he was disabled for the mischief it threatened by banishment from the jurisdiction. He was punished much less severely than the dissenters from the popular will were punished throughout the North American Colonies at the time of the final rupture with the mother-country. Virtually, the freemen said to him, "It is not best that you and we should live together, and we cannot agree to it. We have just put ourselves to great loss and trouble for the sake of pursuing our own objects uninterrupted; and we must be allowed to do so. Your liberty, as you understand it, and are bent on using it, is not compatible with the security of ours. Since you cannot accommodate yourself to us, go away. The world is wide, and it is as open to you as it was just now to us. We do not wish to harm you; but there is no place for you among us."

Banishment is a word of ill sound; but the banishment from one part of New England to another, to which, in the early part of their residence, the settlers condemned Williams, was a thing widely different from that banishment from luxurious Old England to desert New England to which they had condemned themselves. There was little hardship in leaving unattractive Salem for a residence on the beautiful shores of Narragansett Bay, except that the former had a very short start in the date of its first cultivation. Williams, involuntarily separated from Massachusetts, went with his company to Providence the same year that Hooker and Stone and their company, self-exiled, went from Massachusetts to Connecticut. If to the former the movement was not optional, it was the same that the latter chose when it was optional; and it proved advantageous for all parties concerned.—*History of New England.*

In 1872 and 1873 Mr. Palfrey put forth two supplementary volumes, less elaborate in details, entitled *A Compendious History of New England*, bringing the narrative down to the meeting of the first Congress of the American Colonies in 1765. In the preface to the concluding volume of the larger history he sums up what he had done, and intimates what he hoped, rather than expected, still to do, and which was in a measure accomplished in the *Compendious History.*

THREE CYCLES OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

The cycle of New England is eighty-six years. In the Spring of 1603 the family of Stuart ascended the throne of England. At the end of eighty-six years Massachusetts, having been betrayed to her enemies by Joseph Dudley, her most eminent and trusted citizen, the people on April 19, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart king, to the fort in Boston, which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed

to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on April 19, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the war of American Independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slave-holders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when on April 19, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the National Capital.

In the work now finished, which is accordingly a work in itself, I have traversed the first of these three equal periods relating to the history of New England, down to the time of her first revolution. If my years were fewer, I should hope to follow this treatise with another, on the history of New England under the Whig dynasties of Great Britain. But I am not so sanguine as I was when, six years ago, I proposed "to relate, in several volumes, the history of the people of New England." Nor can I even promise to myself that I shall have the resolution to attempt anything further of this kind. Some successor will execute the inviting task more worthily, but not with more devotion, than I have brought to this essay, nor I think, with greater painstaking.

As I part from my work, many interesting and grateful memories are awakened. I dismiss it with little apprehension, and with some substantial satisfaction of mind; for mere literary reputation, if it were accessible to me, would not now be highly attractive. My ambition has rather been to contribute something to the welfare of my country, by reviving the image of the ancient virtue of New England; and I am likely to persist in the hope that in an honest undertaking I shall not appear altogether to have failed.

THE AWAKENING.

A portion of the people of New England deplored the departure of what was, in their estimation, a sort of golden age. Thoughtful and religious men looked back to the time when sublime efforts of adventure and sac-

rifice had attested the religious earnestness of their fathers, and, comparing it with their own day of absorption in secular interests, of relaxation in ecclesiastical discipline, and of imputed laxness of manners, they mourned that the ancient glory had been dimmed. The contrast made a standing topic of the election sermons preached before the government from year to year, from the time of John Norton down. When military movements miscarried, when harvests failed, when epidemic sickness brought alarm and sorrow, when an earthquake spread consternation, they interpreted the calamity or the portent as a sign of God's displeasure against their backsliding, and appointed fasts to deprecate his wrath, or resorted to the more solemn expedient of convoking synods to ascertain the conditions of reconciliation to the offended Majesty of Heaven.—*A Compendious History of New England.*

His daughter, SARA HAMMOND PALFREY, born in 1823, has written several works, in prose and verse, usually under the *nom de plume* of E. Foxton. They are entitled *Prémices*, poems (1855); *Herman* (1866); *Agnes Winthrop* (1869); *The Chapel* (1880); *The Blossoming Rod* (1887).

His son, FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY, born in 1831, was graduated at Harvard in 1851, and at the Cambridge Law School in 1853. He served in the Civil War, rose to the rank of colonel, and having been severely wounded, was brevetted as brigadier-general, and in 1872 was made register in bankruptcy. Besides contributions to the "Military Papers of the Historical Society of Massachusetts," and to periodicals, he wrote a *Memoir of William F. Bartlett* (1879); *Antietam and Fredericksburg* (1882), and edited Vol. V. of his father's *History of New England.*

PALGRAVE, SIR FRANCIS, an English historian, born in London in July, 1788; died at Hampstead, near London, July 6, 1861. His family name was Cohen, which, at his marriage, he exchanged for that of his wife's mother. He was carefully educated at home, but, his father's fortunes failing, he was in 1803 articled as clerk to a firm of solicitors, with which he remained until 1822, when he was employed under the Record Commission. In 1827 he was admitted to the bar. He had then contributed articles to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and had, in 1818, edited a collection of *Anglo-Norman Chansons*. In 1831 he published a *History of England*, and in 1832 *The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* and *Observations of Principles of New Municipal Corporations*. In the latter year he was knighted. In 1837 he published *Merchant and Friar*. During the last twenty-three years of his life he held the office of Deputy-keeper of her Majesty's Records. In this capacity he edited *Curia Regis Records*, *Calendars and Inventories of the Exchequer*, *Parliamentary Writs*, and *Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland*. His greatest work is a *History of Normandy and of England*, of which the first volume appeared in 1851, the second in 1857, and the third and fourth after the author's death.

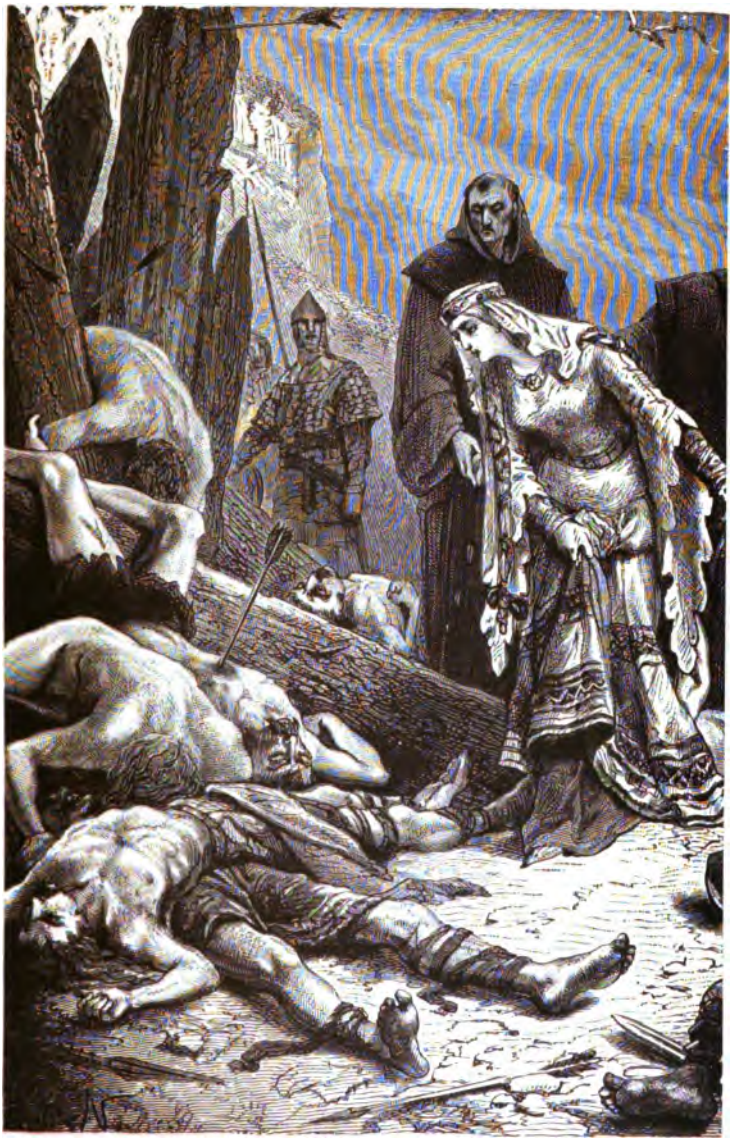
His son, FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, born at

London in 1824; died in October, 1897, wrote some very acceptable poetry. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford; was for five years Vice-principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters, and was subsequently appointed to a position in the educational department of the Privy Council. In 1886 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His principal poetical works are *Idyls and Songs* (1854); *Hymns* (1868); *Lyrical Poems* (1871). He compiled *The Golden Treasury of English Songs* (1861), and wrote *Essays on Art* (1866); *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1867); *The Visions of England* (1881 and 1889); *The Treasury of Sacred Songs* (1889).

THE FATE OF HAROLD.

The visitor is now installed; but what has become of the mortal spoils of his competitor? If we ask the monk of Malmesbury, we are told that William surrendered the body to Harold's mother, Githa, by whose directions the corpse of the last surviving of her children was buried in the Abbey of the Holy Cross. Those who lived nearer the time, however, relate in explicit terms that William refused the rites of sepulture to his excommunicated enemy. Guillielmus Pictarensis, the chaplain of the Conqueror, a most trustworthy and competent witness, informs us that a body of which the features were undistinguishable, but *supposed* from certain tokens to be that of Harold, was found between the corpses of his brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, and that William caused this corpse to be interred in the sands of the sea-shore. "Let him guard the coast," said William, "which he so madly occupied;" and though Githa had offered to purchase the body by its weight in gold, yet William was not to be tempted by the gift of the sorrowing mother, or touched by her tears.

In the Abbey of Waltham, they knew nothing of Githa. According to the annals of the Convent, the



QUEEN EDITHA FINDS THE DEAD BODY OF HAROLD.

Drawing by A. de Neuville.

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two Brethren who had accompanied Harold hovered as nearly as possible to the scene of war, watching the event of the battle; and afterward, when the strife was quiet in death, they humbly approached William, and solicited his permission to seek the corpse.

The Conqueror refused a purse, containing ten marks of gold, which they offered as the tribute of their gratitude; and permitted them to proceed to the field, and to bear away not only the remains of Harold, but of all who, when living, had chosen the Abbey of Waltham as their place of sepulture.

Amongst the loathsome heaps of the unburied, they sought for Harold, but sought in vain—Harold could not possibly be discovered—no trace of Harold was to be found; and as the last hope of identifying his remains, they suggested that possibly his beloved Editha might be able to recognize the features so familiar to her affections. Algitha, the wife of Harold, was not to be asked to perform this sorrowful duty. Osgood went back to Waltham, and returned with Editha and the two canons, and the weeping women resumed their miserable task in the charnel field. A ghastly, decomposing, and mutilated corpse was selected by Editha, and conveyed to Waltham as the body of Harold; and there entombed at the east end of the choir, with great honor and solemnity, many Norman nobles assisting in the requiem.

Years afterward, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew, there was a decrepit anchorite who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester, where Edgar celebrated his triumph. This recluse, deeply scarred, and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry I. once visited the aged Hermit, and had a long private discourse with him; and, on his deathbed, he declared to the attendant monks that the recluse was Harold. As the story is transmitted to us, he had been secretly conveyed from the field to a castle, probably of Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired.

The monks of Waltham loudly exclaimed against this rumor. They maintained most resolutely that Harold was buried in their Abbey: they pointed to the tomb sustaining his effigies, and inscribed with the simple and pathetic epitaph: *Hic jacet Harold infelix;* and they appealed to the mouldering skeleton, whose bones, as they declared, showed, when disinterred, the impress of the wounds which he had received. But may it not still be doubted whether Osgood and Ailric, who followed their benefactor to the fatal field, did not aid his escape?—They may have discovered him at the last gasp; restored him to animation by their care; and the artifice of declaring to William that they had not been able to recover the object of their search, would readily suggest itself as the means of rescuing Harold from the power of the Conqueror. The demand of Editha's testimony would confirm their assertion, and enable them to gain time to arrange for Harold's security; and whilst the litter, which bore the corpse, was slowly advancing to the Abbey of Waltham, the living Harold, under the tender care of Editha, might be safely proceeding to the distant fane, his haven of refuge.

If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. It is evident that the circumstances were not accurately known; and since those ancient writers who were best informed cannot be reconciled to each other, the escape of Harold, if admitted, would solve the difficulty. I am not prepared to maintain that the authenticity of this story cannot be impugned; but it may be remarked that the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and that the circumstances may be easily reconciled to probability. There were no walls to be scaled, no fosse to be crossed, no warder to be eluded; and the examples of those who have survived after encountering much greater perils are so very numerous and familiar, that the incidents which I have narrated would hardly give rise to a doubt if they referred to any other personage than a king.

In this case we cannot find any reason for supposing that the belief in Harold's escape was connected with any political artifice or feeling. No hopes were fixed

upon the usurping son of Godwin — no recollection dwelt upon his name, as the hero who would sally forth from his seclusion, the restorer of the Anglo-Saxon power. That power had wholly fallen — and if the humbled Englishman, as he paced the aisles of Waltham, looked around, and, having assured himself that no Norman was near, whispered to his son that the tomb which they saw before them was raised only in mockery, and that Harold still breathed the vital air—he yet knew too well that the spot where Harold's standard had been cast down was the grave of the pride and glory of England.—*History of Normandy and of England.*

FAITH AND SIGHT IN THE LATTER DAYS.

Thou sayest, "Take up thy cross,
O come and follow me!"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But oh, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space,
Then might we follow thee.

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change:
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see;
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee!

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is naught but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
  The whole of God's degree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
  And bid not follow thee?

Oh, heavy cross—of faith
  In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore,
  And help to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
  In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
  That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be;
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
  Go, Lord, we follow thee.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

TO A CHILD.

If by any device or knowledge
  The rose-bud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rose-bud forever,
  Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
  O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
  Completer while incomplete.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

PALGRAVE, WILLIAM GIFFORD, an English traveller, born at Westminster, January 24, 1826; died at Montevideo, Uruguay, September 30, 1888. He was a son of Sir Francis Palgrave. After graduation at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1846, he was appointed a lieutenant in the 8th Bombay Native Infantry. He subsequently became connected with the Order of the Jesuits, and entered the priesthood. He was sent to Syria and Palestine, where he acquired mastery over the Arabic language. In 1860 Napoleon III. summoned him to France to give an account of the Syrian disturbances and massacre, and in 1861 he returned to Palestine charged with the task of exploring Arabia in the service of the Emperor. He acquired such intimate acquaintance with the Arabs that on several occasions he was received into their mosques. Returning to England, he was sent out by the Government in 1861 on special service to release Consul Cameron and other prisoners in Abyssinia. From 1866 to 1876 he served as British Consul to several places and as Consul-General to Bulgaria (1878) and to Siam (1880). He was a Fellow of several scientific and literary associations, including the Royal Geographical and Royal Asiatic Societies. His works are *Narrative of a Year's Journey Through Central and Eastern Arabia in 1862–63* (2 vols., 1865); *Essays on*

Eastern Questions (1872); *Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative*, a novel (2 vols., 1872), and *Dutch Guiana* (1876). A posthumous work, *Ulysses: or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands*, appeared in 1890.

IN THE DESERT AT NIGHT.

When Moharib had ended his prayer, he took up his cloak, shook it, threw it over his shoulders, and then turned toward us with his ordinary look and manner, in which no trace of past emotion could be discerned. We all left the garden together; there was plenty of occupation for every one in getting himself, his horse, his weapons, and his travelling gear ready for the night and the morrow. Our gathering-place was behind a dense palm-grove that cut us off from the view and observation of the village; there our comrades arrived, one after another, all fully equipped, till the whole band of twelve had reassembled. The cry of the night prayers proclaimed from the mosque roof had long died away into silence; the last doubtful streak of sunset faded from the west, accompanied by the thin white crescent of the young moon; night, still cloudless and studded with innumerable stars, depth over depth, reigned alone. Without a word we set forth into what seemed the trackless expanse of desert, our faces between West and South; the direction across which the Emeer Daghfel and his caravan were expected to pass. More than ever did the caution now manifested by my companions, who were better versed than myself in adventures of the kind, impress me with a sense, not precisely of the danger, but of the seriousness of the undertaking. Two of the Benoo-Riah, Harith and Modarrib, whom the tacit consent of the rest designated for that duty, took the advance as scouts, riding far out ahead into the darkness, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left; in order that timely notice might be given to the rest of us, should any chance meeting or suspicious obstacle occur in the way. A third, Ja'ad-es-Sabāsib himself, acted, as beseemed his name, for guide; he rode immediately in front of our main body. The

rest of us held close together, at a brisk walking pace, from which we seldom allowed our beasts to vary; indeed, the horses themselves, trained to the work, seemed to comprehend the necessity of cautiousness, and stepped on warily and noiselessly. Every man in the band was dressed alike; though I retained, I had carefully concealed, my pistols; the litham disguised my foreign features, and to any superficial observer, especially at night, I was merely a Bedouin of the tribe, with my sword at my side and my lance couched, Benoo-Riah fashion, alongside of my horse's right ear. Not a single word was uttered by any one of the band, as, following Ja'ad's guidance, who knew every inch of the ground, to my eyes utterly unmeaning and undistinguishable, we glided over the dry plain. At another time I might, perhaps, have been inclined to ask questions, but now the nearness of expectation left no room for speech. Besides I had been long enough among the men of the desert to have learnt from them their habit of invariable silence when journeying by night. Talkative at other times, they then become absolutely mute. Nor is this silence of theirs merely a precaution due to the insecurity of the road, which renders it unadvisable for the wayfarer to give any superfluous token of his presence; it is quite as much the result of a powerful, though it may well be most often an unconscious, sympathy with the silence of nature around. Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upward from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins, the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze, and looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false, eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn; then vanishes.

Silent;—not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight; the Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first slant harbinger of day

in the east; the quiet progress of the black, spangled heavens is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech; the very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared forever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will; it is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black, giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they, also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white, ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid slopes of sand-hills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert in the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.—*Hermann Agha.*

PALMER, EDWARD HENRY, an English explorer and Orientalist, born at Cambridge, August 7, 1840; murdered by Bedouins in the desert near Suez, in August, 1882. He was graduated at the University of Cambridge in 1867, accompanied the Sinai Survey expedition in 1868–69, and explored the land of Moab and other regions of the East in 1869–70. In 1871 he was appointed Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He translated Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* into Persian, the Persian *History of Donna Juliana* into French, and various Persian poems into English. Among his prose writings are *The Negeb, or South Country of Scripture, and the Desert of Et-Tih* (1871); *The Desert of the Exodus, Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings*, and *Secret Sects of Syria* (1871); *History of the Jewish Nation* (1875); *The Song of the Reed and Other Poems* (1877); *Poems of Behà ed Din Zoheir of Egypt*, edited (1877). With Walter Besant he wrote a *History of Jerusalem* (1871). He also published *Haroun Alraschid* and several grammars and dictionaries of the Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani languages, an edition of the Koran, and a revision of the Persian *New Testament* for the Bible Society. He left Cambridge in 1881, and after writing for the London papers for about a year was sent to Egypt to secure the neutrality of the

Sheiks along the Suez Canal. From Jaffa he crossed the desert alone, and having accomplished his mission, he was appointed chief interpreter to the British forces. While on his way to Nakhl to meet an assemblage of Sheiks he was killed by a party of Bedouins acting, it is supposed, under orders from Arabi Pacha.

"The Biblical student will highly prize his works," says *The Saturday Review*, "for the strong light which they shed upon the most important portions of Scripture history, but they cannot be read without interest and delight by everyone who is capable of taking an intelligent interest in manners and customs widely removed from our own." Speaking of his *Haroun Alraschid*, the same authority says: "His character was an original one both for good and bad; and Mr. Palmer's fine delineation of it is a really valuable addition to the treasures of biography."

MOHAMMED AND THE JEWS.

Scarcely had the world settled down into comparative peace after the successive revolutions caused by the inroads of the Goths and Vandals, than another revolution burst forth and spread with lightning-like rapidity over the whole of the eastern world. Mohammed had raised a protest against the prevailing idolatry and corruption of his people, and the cry, "There is no god but God," rung through the valleys of the Hejjaz. Hitherto the Arab tribes had been divided into small communities, distracted by petty jealousies, and wasting their rude strength and warlike energies on border raids and cattle-lifting excursions. The eloquent enthusiast, with his striking doctrine, struck a new chord in their hearts, and a small number rallied round his standard, to fight, not for temporary possession of cov-

eted ground, nor revenge, but for an idea, for a conviction.

Small success begot confidence and increased conviction; and the little band fought more fiercely, more enthusiastically, than before. And then began to dawn upon them a great truth—they were a nation; they began to feel their own gigantic strength, and they recognized the fact that disunion and anarchy had alone prevented that strength from displaying itself before. Mohammed was just such a rallying-point as they needed. He himself was an Arab of the Arabs, and knew how to make his new doctrine agreeable to them, by clothing it in a purely Arab dress, and by stating it to be a simple reversion to the primary order of things.

His religion he declared to be that of Abraham, the father of the Semitic race, and he accordingly looked for support and credence from that kindred branch of Abraham's stock, the Jews. Of these large numbers had settled in Arabia, and had acquired considerable influence and power. Longing for a restoration of their former glory, it is not strange that the Jews were at first dazzled by Mohammed's proposals; for at the opening of his mission a good understanding existed between the prophet and the Jews, several of their learned men assisting him in the literary part of his undertaking. But both parties were deceived. Mohammed fought, perhaps unconsciously, not for the advancement of the Semitic race, or the faith of Abraham, but for the unity and aggrandizement of the Arabs. With this the Jews could never sympathize; as well might Isaac and Ishmael go hand in hand. Finding that his offers and pretensions were refused, Mohammed turned upon the Jews and persecuted them with great rancor.

The Jewish tribe of Kainoka at Medina were the first summoned to profess the new faith, or submit to death. Though unaccustomed to the use of arms, they made a brave resistance for fifteen days, but were at last beaten, plundered, and driven to seek an asylum in Syria. Other tribes presently shared the same fate, and Judaism ceased to exist in Arabia Proper, although traces of a Jewish origin may still be noted in certain of the

Bedawi tribes, particularly in the neighborhood of Kheibar, the last stronghold of which Mohammed dispossessed them.—*History of the Jewish Nation.*

MUSIC AND WINE.

But yestere'en upon mine ear
  There fell a pleasing, gentle strain,
With melody so soft and clear
That straightway sprung the glistening tear,
  To tell my rapturous inward pain.

For such a deep, harmonious flood
  Came gushing as he swept each string,
It melted all my harsher mood,
Nor could my glance, as rapt I stood,
  Fall pitiless on anything.

To make my growing weakness weak,
  The Sáki crossed my dazzled sight,
Upon whose bright and glowing cheek,
And perfumed tresses, dark and sleek,
  Was blended strangely day with night.

"Fair maid!" I murmured as she passed,
  "The goblet which thy bounty fills
Such magic spell hath on me cast,
Methinks my soul is free at last
  From human life and human ills."
—*Songs from Hafiz, in The Song of the Reed.*

FALSEHOOD.

Who looks on beauty's treacherous hue,
  Allured by winsome smiles,
And deems it true as well as fair,
His simple faith erelong must rue.
  But ah! what fowler's net beguiles
A bird when naught but chaff is there?
—*Songs from Hafiz, in The Song of the Reed.*

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON, an American physician, war correspondent, and miscellaneous writer, born at Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1825. His father was Dr. James C. Palmer, fleet-surgeon on board the Union flag-ship "Hartford" in the battle of Mobile Bay. After graduation at the University of Maryland, he studied medicine. In 1849 he went to California, and was the first city physician in San Francisco. Two years later he went to India, where he was appointed surgeon of the East India Company's ship "Phlegethon," in the Burmese war (1851–52). His experience in California and India resulted in papers contributed to *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in two books, *The Golden Dagon: or Up and Down the Irrawaddi* (1853), and *The New and the Old: or California and India in Romantic Aspects* (1859). He also wrote *The Queen's Heart*, a successful comedy (1858). In 1863 Dr. Palmer became Confederate war correspondent to the New York *Tribune*. In 1872 he removed to New York. Besides the works already mentioned, he has published several collections of poetry, *The Beauties and the Curiosities of Engraving* (1879); *A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings* (1882), and a novel, *After His Kind* (1886), under the pen-name of "John Coventry." He translated Michelet's works *L'Amour* and *La Femme* into English, accomplish-

ing the translation of the latter in seventy-two hours. Of his poems the best known are *For Charlie's Sake* and *Stonewall Jackson's Way.*

ASIRVADAM THE BRAHMIN.

Simplicity, convenience, decorum, and picturesqueness distinguish the costume of Asirvadam the Brahmin. Three yards of yard-wide fine cotton envelop his loins in such a manner that, while one end hangs in graceful folds in front, the other falls in a fine distraction behind. Over this a robe of muslin, or piña-cloth—the latter in peculiar favor by reason of its superior purity for high-caste wear—covers his neck, breast, and arms, and descends nearly to his ankles. Asirvadam borrowed this garment from the Mussulman; but he fastens it on the left side, which the follower of the Prophet never does, and surmounts it with an ample and elegant waistband, besides the broad Romanesque mantle that he tosses over his shoulder with such a senatorial air. His turban, also, is an innovation—not proper to the Brahmin—pure and simple, but, like the robe, adopted from the Moorish wardrobe for a more imposing appearance in Sahib society. It is formed of a very narrow strip, fifteen or twenty yards long, of fine stuff, moulded to the orthodox shape and size by wrapping it, while wet, on a wooden block; having been hardened in the sun, it is worn like a hat. As for his feet, Asirvadam, uncompromising in externals, disdains to pollute them with the touch of leather. Shameless fellows, Brahmins, though they be of the sect of Vishnu, go about without a blush in thonged sandals, made of abominable skins; but Asirvadam, strict as a Gooroo, when the eyes of his caste are on him, is immaculate in wooden clogs.

In ornaments, his taste, though somewhat grotesque, is by no means lavish. A sort of stud or button, composed of a solitary ruby, in the upper rim of the cartilage of either ear, a chain of gold, curiously wrought, and intertwined with a string of small pearls, around his neck, a massive bangle of plain gold on his arm, a richly

jewelled ring on his thumb, and others, broad and shield-like, on his toes, complete his outfit in these vanities.

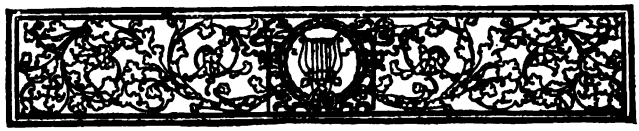
As often as Asirvadam honors us with his morning visit of business or ceremony, a slight yellow line, drawn horizontally between his eyebrows, with a paste compound of ground sandal-wood, denotes that he has purified himself externally and internally by bathing and prayers. To omit this, even by the most unavoidable chance, to appear in public without it, were to incur a grave public scandal; only excepting the season of mourning, when, by an expressive Oriental figure, the absence of the caste mark is accepted for the token of a profound and absorbing sorrow, which takes no thought even for the customary forms of decency. . . . When Asirvadam was but seven years old he was invested with the triple cord by a grotesque, and in most respects absurd, extravagant, and expensive ceremony called the *Upanayana*, or Introduction to the Sciences, because none but Brahmins are freely admitted to their mysteries. This triple cord consists of three thick strands of cotton, each composed of several finer threads. These three strands, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are not twisted together, but hang separately from the left shoulder to the right hip. The preparation of so sacred a badge is intrusted to none but the purest hands, and the process is attended with many imposing ceremonies. Only Brahmins may gather the fresh cotton; only Brahmins may card, spin, and twist it; and its investiture is a matter of so great cost, that the poorer brothers must have recourse to contributions from the pious of their caste to defray the exorbitant charges of priests and masters of ceremonies. It is a noticeable fact in the natural history of the always insolent Asirvadam, that, unlike Shatrya, the warrior, Vaishya, the cultivator, or Shoodra, the laborer, he is not born into the full enjoyment of his honors, but, on the contrary, is scarcely of more consideration than a Pariah, until, by the *Upanayana*, he has been admitted to his birthright. Yet, once decorated with the ennobling badge of his order, our friend became from that moment something superior, something exclusive, something supercilious, arrogant, exacting—Asirvadam, the high

Brahmin—a creature of wide strides without awkwardness, towering airs without bombast, Sanscrit quotations without pedantry, florid phraseology without hyperbole, allegorical illustrations and proverbial points without sententiousness, fanciful flights without affectation, and formal strains of compliment without offensive adulation.

Asirvadam has choice of a hundred callings, as various in dignity and profit as they are numerous. Under native rule he makes a good cooly, because the officers of the revenue are forbidden to search a Brahmin's baggage, or anything he carries. He is an expeditious messenger, for no man may stop him; and he can travel cheaply for whom there is free entertainment on every road. In financial straits he may teach dancing to nautch-girls; or he may play the mountebank or the conjurer, and, with a stock of mantras and charms, proceed to the curing of murrain in cattle, pips in chickens, and short-windedness in old women, at the same time telling fortunes, calculating nativities, finding lost treasures, advising as to journeys and speculations, and crossing out crosses in love for any pretty dear who will cross the poor Brahmin's palm with a rupee. He may engage in commercial pursuits; and, in that case, his bulling and bearing at the opium sales will put Wall Street to the blush. He may turn his attention to the healing art; and allopathically, homœopathically, hydropathically, electropathically, or by any other path run amuck through many heathen hospitals. The field of politics is full of charm for him, the church invites his tastes and talents, and the army tempts him with opportunities for intrigue—but, whether in the shape of Machiavelisms, miracles, or mutinies, he is forever making mischief; whether as messenger, dancing-master, conjurer, fortune-teller, speculator, mountebank, politician, priest, or Sepoy, he is ever the same Asirvadam, the Brahmin, —sleekest of lackeys, most servile of sycophants, expertest of tricksters, smoothest of hypocrites, coolest of liars, most insolent of beggars, most versatile of adventurers, most inventive of charlatans, most restless of schemers, most insidious of Jesuits, most treacherous of confidants, falsest of friends, hardest of masters, most

arrogant of patrons, cruelest of tyrants, most patient of haters, most insatiable of avengers, most gluttonous of ravishers, most infernal of devils—pleasantest of fellows.

Superlatively dainty as to his fopperies of orthodoxy, Asirvadam is continually dying of Pariah roses in aromatics pains of caste. If, in his goings and comings, one of the "lilies of Nelufar" should chance to stumble upon a bit of bone or rag, a fragment of a dish, or a leaf from which someone has eaten; should his sacred raiment be polluted by the touch of a dog or a Pariah, —he is ready to faint, and only a bath can revive him. He may not touch his sandals with his hand, nor repose in a strange seat, but it is provided with a mat, a carpet, or an antelope's skin, to serve him as a cushion in the houses of his friends. With a kid glove you may put his respectability in peril, and with your patent-leather pumps affright his soul within him.



PALMER, RAY, an American hymnologist, born in Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808; died in Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887. After graduation at Yale in 1830, he taught in New York and in New Haven. He was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association of Congregational Ministers in 1832, ordained in 1835, and settled in Bath, Me. In 1850 he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he preached for sixteen years. In 1866 he became secretary of the Congregational Union, holding this post until 1878. The degree of D.D. was given to him by Union College in 1852. He contributed to religious periodicals and journals, and published several books, including *Spiritual Improvement, or Aid to Growth in Grace* (1839), republished as *Closet Hours* (1851); *Remember Me* (1855); *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions* (1860); *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* (1865); *Hymns of My Holy Hours* (1866); *Home, or the Unlost Paradise* (1868); *Earnest Words on True Success in Life* (1873); *Complete Poetical Works* (1876), and *Voices of Hope and Gladness* (1880). Dr. Palmer ranks among the best of American hymn-writers. His first hymn, *My Faith Looks up to Thee*, written in 1831, but not published until later years, has been translated into twenty languages. Among his other hymns are *Fount of Everlasting Love* (1832); *Thou Who Roll'st the Year Around* (1832); *Away from Earth My Spirit Turns* (1833);

Wake Thee, O Zion! Thy Mourning Is Ended (1834); *And Is There, Lord, a Rest?* (1843), and *Lord, Thou on Earth Did'st Love Thine Own* (1864).

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Jesus! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those that find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know.

THE CHORUS OF ALL SAINTS.

Suggested while hearing Haydn's Imperial Mass.

The choral song of a mighty throng
Comes sounding down the ages;
'Tis a pealing anthem borne along,
Like the roar of the sea that rages;
Like the shout of winds when the storm awakes
Or the echoing distant thunder,
Sublime on the listening ear it breaks,
And enchains the soul in wonder.

And in that song as it onward rolls
There are countless voices blended—
Voices of myriads of holy souls
Since Abel from earth ascended;
Of patriarchs old in the world's dim morn,
Of seers from the centuries hoary,
Of angels who chimed when the Lord was born—
"To God in the highest, glory!"

Of the wise that, led by the mystic star,
Found the babe in Bethlehem's manger,
And gifts, from the Orient lands afar,
Bestowed on the new-born stranger;
Of Mary, the Blessed of God Most High;
Of the Marys that watch were keeping
At the cross where He hung for the world to die,
And stood by the sepulchre weeping.

THE SOUL'S CRY.

"I cry unto thee daily."—Psalms, lxxxvi. 3.

Oh, ever from the deeps
Within my soul, oft as I muse alone,
Comes forth a voice that pleads in tender tone;
As when one long unblest
Sighs ever after rest;
Or as the wind perpetual murmuring keeps.

I hear it when the day
Fades o'er the hills, or 'cross the shimmering sea;
In the soft twilight, as is wont to be,
Without my wish or will,
While all is hushed and still,
Like a sad, plaintive cry heard far away.

Not even the noisy crowd,
That, like some mighty torrent rushing down,
Sweeps clamoring on, this cry of want can drown;
But ever in my heart
Afresh the echoes start:
I hear them still amidst the tumult loud.

Each waking morn anew
The sense of many a need returns again;
I feel myself a child, helpless as when
I watched my mother's eye,
As the slow hours went by,
And from her glance my being took its hue.

I cannot shape my way
Where nameless perils ever may betide,
O'er slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide;
Some mighty hand I crave,
To hold and help and save,
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

There is but One, I know,
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet;
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet;
My God, thy hand can feed
And day by day can lead
Where the sweet streams of peace and safety flow.

I SAW THEE.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw Thee."

I saw thee, when as twilight fell,
  And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
  The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
  Where drooping branches thick o'erhung
Thy still retreat, to all unknown,
  Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
  Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
Kneeling as if on holy ground,
  Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
  And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
  For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
  Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
  Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above
  Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
  With smiles to thy rapt soul given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
  With firm and peaceful spirit depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee—doubt it not—
  And read the secrets of thy heart.

PALMER, WILLIAM PITT, an American poet, born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1805; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2, 1884. After graduation at Williams, in 1828, he taught in New York City, studied medicine, and became a journalist. He was president of the Manhattan Insurance Company, and on its failure, owing to the Boston and Chicago fires, he was made vice-president of the Irving Insurance Company. He was the author of several poems, including the *Ode to Light*, *Orpheus in Hades*, *The Smack in School*, and *Hymn to the Clouds*. These were published with others in 1880, under the title, *Echoes of Half a Century*.

"Some of his poems," says Griswold, "have much tenderness and delicacy; and they are generally very complete and polished." "His poetry," says *The North American Review*, "is far superior in diction and imagery to a large portion of our miscellaneous poetry."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

'Mid Berkshire hills, not far away,
A district school one winter's day
Was humming with the wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;

When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose, sharp and clear, a rousing *smack*,
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thur," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanneh Peathe!"

With frown to make a statue thrill,
The magnate beckoned: "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: "I'm amazed
That *you*, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude—
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put thou to't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not;
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

LINES TO A FRIEND.

With some Chinese Chrysanthemums.

The sunlight falls on hill and dale
With slanter beam and fainter glow,
And wilder on the ruthless gale
The wood-nymphs pour their sylvan woe.

Yet these fair forms of Orient race
  Still graced my garden's blighted bowers,
And lent to Autumn's mournful face
  The charm of Summer's rosy hours.

When shivering seized the dying year,
  They shrunk not from the icy blast;
But stayed, like funeral friends, to cheer
  The void from which the loved had passed.

PARDOE, JULIA, an English miscellaneous writer, born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1806; died in 1862. She put forth a volume of poems at the age of fourteen, and a novel two years later. She wrote voluminously in many departments of literature. In 1859 she received from the Crown a pension of £100. Among her works of travel are *The City of the Sultan* (1836); *The River and the Desert* (1838); *The Beauties of the Bosphorus* (1839); *The City of the Magyar* (1840). Among her novels are *The Mardyns and the Daventrys* (1835); *The Hungarian Castle* (1842); *Confessions of a Pretty Woman* (1846). Among her historical works are *Louis XIV. and the Court of France* (1847); *The Court of Francis I.* (1849); *The Life of Marie de Medici* (1852); *Pilgrimages in Paris* (1858); *Episodes of French History During the Consulate and the Empire* (1859).

"Her pictures of French history," says Tuckerman, "are as charming as a novel." "In her numerous works," says Mr. Jeaffreson in his *Novels and Novelists*, "she has shown herself capable of constructing ingenious plots, of charmingly lively and, at times, gorgeously colored narrative, and of giving an attractive and novel exposition of history."

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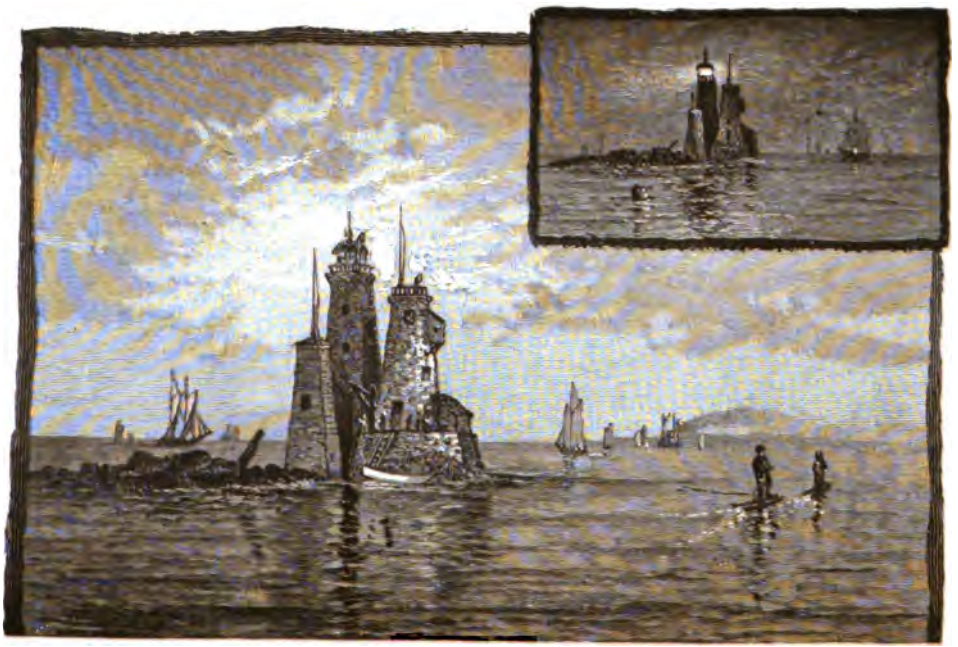

THE BEACON.

"And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope—
That star of life's tremulous ocean."

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for the grave,
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.
And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore:

How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar,
When not a star had shown from far,
By its pale light to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's Star,
With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

CHARACTER AND TRAINING OF LOUIS XIV.

From his earliest youth Louis XIV. exhibited great discernment, and gave evidences of that correct judg-

ment which led him in after years to show favor to men who were distinguished for high and noble qualities, but even while he lauded and appreciated the courage or the intellect which must hereafter tend to illustrate his reign, he began, even while yet a boy, to show himself jealous of those social qualifications in which he believed himself capable of excelling, and wherein he was aware that he could not brook any rivalry. Reared in the conviction that he would be the handsomest man of his court, and without dispute the most idolized, he, as a natural consequence, soon learned to distrust and dislike all those who, by their personal beauty, their wit, or their intellect, threatened him with even a far-off competition. Nor was this weakness combated by Anne of Austria, who, far from seeking to teach him contempt for so ignoble a feeling, shared it with him to its fullest extent, and soon looked chillingly upon such of the young nobles about her son as appeared likely to become his rivals.

The greatest misfortune attached to a regency is the effort made by those in authority to prolong to its utmost extent the infancy and helplessness of the royal minor. The least guilty of these exalted guardians content themselves by maintaining their charge in a perfect state of ignorance concerning those duties whose knowledge is imperative to individuals hereafter to be intrusted with the government of a state and the welfare of a people; and in order to carry this point they are not only careful to avoid every opportunity of mooting questions likely to lead to such a knowledge, but also to remove from about the persons of their royal pupils all such companions as are likely to inspire a taste for study and inquiry.

This was precisely the position of Louis XIV. With the exception of his devotional exercises, sufficient military skill to review his troops, and a perfect familiarity with court etiquette, the young monarch, when he took possession of the throne of France, was utterly ignorant, and could not have competed with the most shallow school-boy of his age. This effect the Regent and her Minister had been anxious to accomplish. Louis, as we have elsewhere said, "enacted the king"

to perfection; his personal grace entranced the populace; his polished self-possession was the proverb of the court; and his innate pride prevented all assumption of equality on the part of his customary associates; while in every question of state he was a cipher, helpless and dependent upon the intellect and energy of others; and, although possessed of a strong will, which under other circumstances might have enabled him to throw off with a bound the shackles that had been wound about him, so conscious of his own deficiencies that he could not command sufficient courage to trust in his mental resources, such as they were.—*Louis XIV. and the Court of France.*

PARK, ANDREW, a Scottish poet, born at Renfrew, March 7, 1807; died at Glasgow, December 27, 1863. He was educated in the parish school and at Glasgow University; and in his fifteenth year he entered a commission house in Paisley. Later he became a salesman in a hat manufactory in Glasgow, and finally started in business for himself. He was unsuccessful; so he went to London and tried literature. In 1841 he bought a book-store in Glasgow, but failed. In 1856 he made an Oriental tour, and the next year he published his *Egypt and the East.* It was while a lad that he published a sonnet sequence entitled *The Vision of Mankind;* and in 1834 appeared *The Bridegroom and the Bride,* which greatly enhanced his reputation. The graceful and effective poem *Silent Love* was issued in 1843 under the pseudonym "James Wilson, druggist, of Paisley," and was reissued in 1845, with illustrations by Sir J. Noel Paton. It was translated into French by the Chevalier de Chatelain, and was very popular in the United States and Canada. *Veritas,* a poem which appeared in 1849, is autobiographical in character. A collective edition of Park's works, with a quaint preface descriptive of a dream of the Muses, was published in London in 1854. Though somewhat lacking in spontaneity and ease of movement, several of his lyrics have been set to music by Auber, Donizetti, and other famous composers.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
  By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
  The earth with crimson beam;
When island-clouds that wandered far
  Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some glittering star
  Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home
  That loved the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
  Now sing their vesper lay;
All hurry to their leafy beds
  Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
  Her splendor o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
  As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
  And charms the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay,
  Smile vernal o'er the scene—
And all is balmy as the May,
  All lovely and serene.

PARK, MUNGO, Scottish explorer in Africa, born near Selkirk, September 20, 1771; died in Equatorial Africa, probably in 1806. He studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh and made a voyage to Sumatra as assistant surgeon on an East Indiaman. Upon his return he offered his services to the African Association for an exploration of the River Niger, sailing from Portsmouth in May, 1795. After undergoing numerous hardships, he reached, late in July, 1796, the banks of the Quorra or Joliba, one of the main streams which make up the Niger. Here occurred the touching incident of the hospitality extended to him by an African woman. He was obliged to desist from any further advance into a country occupied by hostile Mohammedan tribes. At length he succeeded in making his way to the coast, and reached England in December, 1797. Soon afterward he married, and commenced the practice of medicine at Peebles, in Scotland. In 1805 he undertook a second journey to the Niger under the auspices of the British Government. The expedition, of which Park was commander, consisted in all of forty-four men, of whom thirty-four were soldiers of the British garrison at Goree. Before reaching the Niger thirty-one of the party had died from the pestilential climate. About the middle of November the remnant of

the party, now reduced to six men, again set out. Nothing further was heard of him until 1810, when some particulars of his fate were ascertained. At a narrow pass in the river they were attacked by the natives, and all the party were either shot down in the canoe, or were drowned while attempting to swim ashore. Park's expeditions really accomplished next to nothing in ascertaining the real course of the Niger, which he supposed to be identical with the Congo. A monument in honor of Park was erected at Selkirk in 1859.

THE COMPASSIONATE AFRICAN WOMAN.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river [the Joliba], during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Manzongo, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself.

This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree. The night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain ; and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood that I should be under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and

had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her.

Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me that I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said that she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed toward a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress —pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing upon me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs—one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—

"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn (Chorus). Let us pity the white man—no mother has he to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn."

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.—*Park's Travels.*

PARKER, FRANCIS WAYLAND, an American educator, born in Bedford, N. H., October 9, 1837; died in Chicago, Ill., on March 2d, 1902. He was educated in the public schools and at the University of Berlin. He taught school until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in the fourth regiment of New Hampshire volunteers, but at the close of the war had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel. When mustered out of service in 1865, he resumed teaching and became supervisor of the Boston public schools, and subsequently superintendent of the Quincy, Mass., public schools. In 1880 he was made principal of the Cook County Normal School at Englewood, Ill. In 1886 Dartmouth conferred upon him the degree of M.A. He is the author of *Talks on Teaching* (1883); *Pictures for Language Lessons* (1886); *How to Study Geography* (1889); *Talks in Pedagogics* (1894); *Theory of Concentration* (1895). "Concentration based on the philosophic unity of all knowledge is a distinctly American contribution to the theory of education."

MOTIVE.

There is but one question in this world: How to make man better; and but one answer: Education. Education presents the conditions for man's complete development. To find the highest law of human growth, that law which determines the highest function of the human being, is the central problem in the *philosophy* of

education ; to train and develop that function in each and every human being, and, as an essential sequence, to develop each and every power of the mind and soul is the central problem in the *art* of education. Man was made for man, and his one God-like function is to take knowledge from the eternity of truth and put it into the eternity of human life. There is a perfect reconciliation between the application of unlimited altruism and the most complete education of the being who holds and fully applies it : for the knowledge of the needs of man, and the human acts which supply those needs, are in turn the essential means of the all-sided development of each human being. It is self-evident that the knowledge of the needs of man embraces all knowledge, and the application of that knowledge all proper human activities.

The explanation of human life, then, is that *it gives*, and just in proportion to the value of that which it gives *it grows*.

All we have to know are the needs of mankind ; all we have to do is to supply those needs.

True education concentrates upon the development of the highest motive.

Upon this basis, the absolute and relative value of any branch of knowledge, the fundamental reasons for its teaching, the proportion of time and effort given to it, must be determined by the influence of such knowledge upon the human being in the outworking of its design into character.

The knowledge of life comprehends all knowledge, and therefore the study of life comprehends all studies. Inorganic or inanimate matter is the material basis of all animated organisms, and the purpose of the study of all the sciences that pertain to inorganic matter is to gain a knowledge of the preparation for life, its substantial basis, and the explanation of the laws and conditions of life. From the lowest germ of the plant up to the highest development of human consciousness, life is in itself a unit of evolution.—*How to Study Geography.*

PARKER, THEODORE, an American clergyman, born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He worked on his father's small farm until the age of seventeen, when he began to teach during the winter in a district school. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, but studied at home, only being present at the college for examinations. In 1831 he opened a flourishing private school at Watertown, Mass. In 1834 he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. He had already mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, and Spanish; he now added Arabic, Syriac, Danish, and Swedish to the list. In 1837 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, Mass. But the views which he had formed in regard to the inspiration of the Bible and some other subjects were not in accord with those held by the denomination, and led to a sharp controversy, which in 1845 resulted in the formation of a new religious society at Boston that took the name of the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society." His labors as minister to this Society were brought to a close in January, 1859, by a sudden attack, while in the pulpit, of bleeding at the lungs. He went to the island of Santa Cruz in February; thence sailed for Europe, passing the winter at Rome; whence, in April, 1860, he proceeded to

Florence, where he died on May 10th, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery outside the walls.

Mr. Parker published several translations from the German, the most important of which is that, with additions, of De Wette's *Introduction to the Old Testament* (1843). He contributed to *The Dial* and other magazines; and from 1847 to 1850 was editor of *The Massachusetts Quarterly*. A collected edition of his *Works*, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, in twelve volumes, was put forth at London in 1865; and another, in ten volumes, edited by H. B. Fuller, in 1870. The volume *Historic Americans*, first published in 1870, was first delivered as a series of popular lectures. His *Life and Correspondence*, edited by John Weiss, was published in 1864, and his *Life*, by O. B. Frothingham, in 1874.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON.

In his person Washington was six feet high and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large; his chest broad and full; his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty: his forehead rather low and retreating; the nose large and massy; the mouth wide and firm; the chin square and heavy; the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous; he required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States; but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk.

He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not

always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body; and while all was calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life.

He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style; and after the Revolution, carefully corrected the letters he had written in the French War, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

Washington was no democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the Judicial and Executive departments than of the Legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. In his administration as President he attempted to unite the two parties—the Federal party, with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought the Government was already too strong. There was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over the mind of Washington, who was beginning at the age of sixty-four to feel the effects of age; and he inclined more to severe laws and consolidated power; while, on the other part, the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled the Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the State that bore him. He is not Southern in many particulars. In character he is as much a New Englander as either Adams. Yet, wonderful to tell, he never understood New England.

The slave-holder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes, and have no pay; their families should not be provided for by the State. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separated from the soldier. He never understood New England, never loved it, and never did it full justice.

It has been said that Washington was not a great soldier. But certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials; out-generalled all that Britain could send against him; and in the midst of poverty and distress organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, and victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright"—which Franklin says is "hard."

Some men command the world, or hold its admiration, by their Ideas or by their Intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply cultured mind. He commands us by his Integrity, by his Justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would have made him a King. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous act of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington was the first man of his type; when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence. Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness as Washington, or given us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot; nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was

clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble.

God be thanked for such a man. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it upon a slave-pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "The Father of his Country." The people are his memorial.—*Historic Americans.*

THE HIGHER GOOD.

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense;
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth—myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
A seeing sense that knows eternal right,
A heart with pity filled, and gentle ruth,
A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of those that cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still farther on such as Thy kingdom seek.

IMMORTALITY.

Immortality is a fact of man's nature; so it is a part of the universe, just as the sun is a fact in the heavens and a part of the universe. Both are writings from God's hand; each therefore a revelation from Him, and of Him, only not miraculous, but natural, regular, normal. Yet each is just as much a revelation from Him as if the great Soul of all had spoken in English speech to one of us and said, "There is a sun there in the heavens and thou shalt live forever." Yes, the fact is more certain than such speech would make it, for this fact speaks always—a perpetual revelation, and no words can make it more certain. As a man attains consciousness of himself, he attains consciousness of

his immortality. At first he asks proof no more of his eternal existence than of his present life; instinctively he believes both. Nay, he does not separate the two; this life is one link in that golden and electric chain of immortality; the next life another and more bright, but in the same chain. Immortality is what philosophers call an ontological fact; it belongs essentially to the being of man. To my mind this is the great proof of immortality: The fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the circle, and extension on matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is thus in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification is to represent Him not as the father of all, but as only a deceiver. I feel the longing after immortality, a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of immortality; that I am not to die; no, never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father and the Father of the nations. Can the Almighty deceive His children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my immortality. I ask no argument from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and, rising forth from their honored tombs, stood here before me, the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live, I could only say, "I knew all this before, why waste your heavenly speech?" I have now indubitable certainty of eternal life. Death, removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty.—*From a Sermon on Immortal Life.*

PARKHURST, CHARLES HENRY, an American divine and reformer, was born at Framingham, Mass., in 1842. He studied theology at Halle and Leipsic, and in 1874 was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Mass. In 1880 he was called to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York. He succeeded Dr. Crosby as President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Crime; and became an active agent in the ferreting out and exposure of political corruption and the reformation of the city government. His published works, besides many magazine articles, include *Forms of the Latin Verb, Illustrated by Sanscrit* (1870); *The Blind Man's Creed, and Other Sermons* (1883); *Pattern in the Mount, and Other Sermons* (1885). *Our Fight with Tammany* (1895) is an intensely interesting account of his struggle for reform. It was mainly through his efforts that the political organization of Tammany Hall was defeated in New York in 1895. His well-grounded charges of official corruption and public immorality in New York City were a surprise and cause for indignation to many citizens, who expressed their approval of Dr. Parkhurst's work in the election of the reform candidate for Mayor at the succeeding election.

STRUGGLING FOR RIGHT AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

We are not thinking just now so much of the world at large as we are of the particular part of the world that it is our painful privilege to live in. We are not saying that the times are any worse than they have been; but the evil that is in them is giving most uncommonly distinct tokens of its presence and vitality, and it is making a good many earnest people serious. They are asking, What is to be done? What is there that I can do? In its municipal life our city is thoroughly rotten. Here is an immense city reaching out arms of evangelization to every quarter of the globe; and yet every step that we take looking to the moral betterment of the city has to be taken directly in the teeth of the damnable pack of administrative bloodhounds that are fattening themselves on the ethical flesh and blood of our citizenship.

We have a right to demand that the Mayor and those associated with him in administering the affairs of this municipality should not put obstructions in the path of our ameliorating endeavors; and they do. There is not a form under which the devil disguises himself that so perplexes us in our efforts, or so bewilders us in the devising of schemes, as the polluted harpies that, under the pretence of governing this city, are feeding day and night on its quivering vitals. They are a lying, perjured, rum-soaked and libidinous lot. . . .

Gambling-houses flourish on all these streets almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a sly and constant menace to all that is choicest and most vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving on to the field of action. If we try to close up a gambling-house, we, in the guilelessness of our innocent imaginations, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well-intentioned citizens in turn-

ng up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man for keeping a gambling hell in this town you have got to do it in spite of the authorities and not by the aid of the authorities.

. . . . . .

The great fact remains untouched and uninvalidated, that every effort that is made to improve character in this city, every effort to make men respectable, honest, temperate, and sexually clean is a direct blow between the eyes of the Mayor and his whole gang of lecherous subordinates in this sense, that while we fight iniquity they shield and patronize it; while we try to convert criminals they manufacture them; and they have a hundred dollars invested in manufacturing machinery to our one invested in converting machinery. And there is no scheme in this direction too colossal for their ambition to plan and push. At this very time, in reliance upon the energies of evil that predominates the city, there is being urged at Albany the passage of a bill that will have for its effect to leave the number of liquor licenses unrestricted, to forbid all attempts to obtain proof of illicit sales, to legalize the sale of liquor after one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and indeed to keep open bar 160 out of 168 hours of every week. Sin never gets tired; never is low-spirited; has the courage of its convictions; never fritters away its power and its genius pettifogging over side-issues. What voluminous lessons the saints might learn from the sinners!

. . . . . .

Say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, every step in the history of ameliorated civilization has cost just so much personal push. You and I have something to do about it. If we have a brain, or a heart, or a purse, and sit still and let things take their course, making no sign, uttering no protest, flinging ourselves into no endeavor, the times will eventually sit in judgment upon us and they will damn us. Christianity is here for an object. The salt is here for a purpose. If your Christianity is not vigorous enough to help save this country and this city, it is not vigorous enough to

do anything toward saving you. Reality is not worn out. The truth is not knock-kneed. The incisive edge of bare-bladed righteousness will still cut. Only it has got to be righteousness that is not afraid to stand up, move into the midst of iniquity and shake itself. The humanly incarnated principles of this Gospel were able in three centuries to change the moral complexion of the whole Roman Empire; and there is nothing the matter with Christianity here except that the incarnations of it are lazy and cowardly, and think more of their personal comfort than they do of municipal decency, and more of their dollars than they do of a city that is governed by men who are not tricky and beastly. . . .—*From a sermon delivered in Madison Square Church, New York, Sunday morning, February 14, 1892.*

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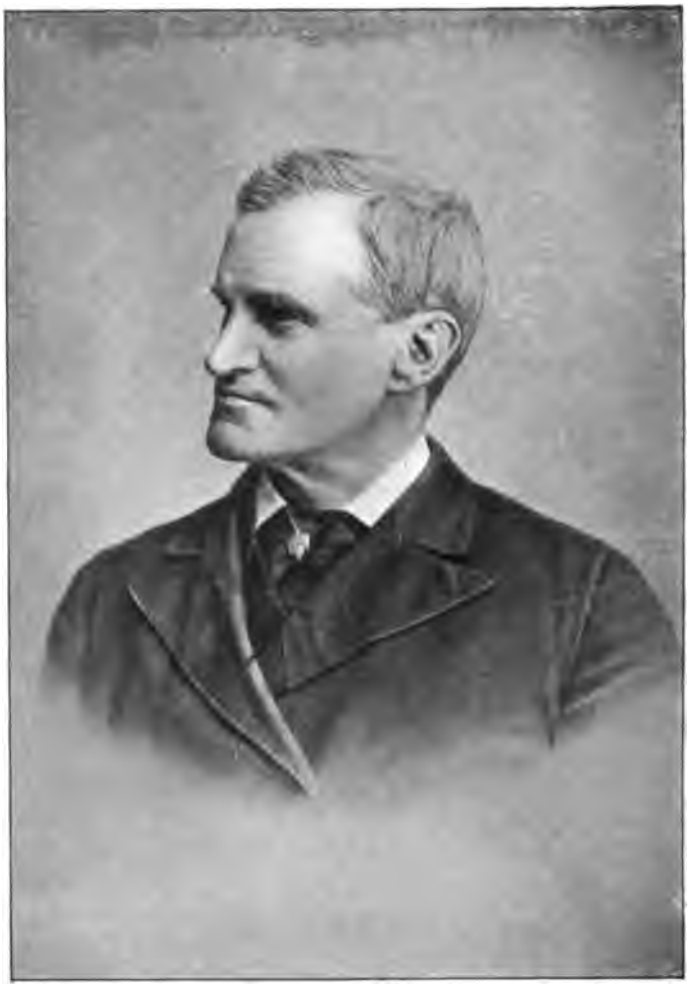


FRANCIS PARKMAN.

PARKMAN, FRANCIS, an American historian, born in Boston, September 16, 1823; died at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, November 8, 1893. He was graduated at Harvard in 1844; studied law for about two years, then travelled for a year in Europe. Early in 1844, and again in 1846, he set out to explore the Rocky Mountain region. During the last expedition he lived for several months among the Dakota Indians and other tribes still more remote, suffering hardships and privations, which permanently impaired his health, and before long resulted in partial blindness. He gave an account of his explorations in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. These papers were subsequently published in a volume entitled *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849). Notwithstanding his enfeebled health and impaired vision he resolved to devote himself to historical labors involving laborious research, the subject chosen being the doings of the Rise and Fall of the French Dominion in North America, with special reference to the efforts of the early Catholic missionaries. The volumes are in a series of monographs, and they were produced without special reference to the chronological order of events. At various times (in 1858, 1868, 1872, 1880, and 1884) he went to France in order to examine the French archives bearing upon his historical labors. The volumes

of the "New France" series appeared in the following order: *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851); *Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865); *Jesuits in North America* (1867); *Discovery of the Great West* (1869); *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874); *Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV.* (1877); *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892).

LOUIS XV. AND POMPADOUR.

The manifold ills of France were summed up in King Louis XV. He did not want understanding, still less the graces of person. In his youth the people called him "The Well-beloved," but by the middle of the century they so detested him that he dared not pass through Paris lest the mob should execrate him. He had not the vigor of a true tyrant; but his languor, his hatred of all effort, his profound selfishness, his listless disregard of public duty, and his effeminate libertinism, mixed with superstitious devotion, made him no less a national curse. Louis XIII. was equally unfit to govern, but he gave the reins to the Great Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XV. abandoned them to a frivolous mistress, contented that she should rule on condition of amusing him. It was a hard task; yet Madame de Pompadour accomplished it by methods infamous to him and to her. She gained and long kept the power that she coveted; filled the Bastile with her enemies; made and unmade ministers; appointed and removed generals. Great questions of policy were at the mercy of her caprices. Through her frivolous vanity, her personal likes and dislikes, all the great departments of government changed from hand to hand incessantly; and this at a time of crisis, when the kingdom needed the steadiest and surest guidance. The King stinted her in nothing. First and last, she cost him thirty millions of francs—answering now to more than as many million dollars.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

The four northern colonies were known collectively as New England; Massachusetts may serve as a type of all. It was a mosaic of little village republics, firmly cemented together, and formed into a single body politic through representatives sent to the "General Court" at Boston. Its government, originally theocratic, now tended toward democracy, ballasted as yet by strong traditions of respect for established worth and ability, as well as by the influence of certain families prominent in affairs for generations. Yet there were no distinct class-lines, and popular power, like popular education, was widely diffused.

Practically Massachusetts was almost independent of the mother-country. Its people were purely English, of good yeoman stock, with an abundant leaven drawn from the best of the Puritan gentry; but their original character had been somewhat modified by changed conditions of life. A harsh and exacting creed, with its stiff formalism, and its prohibition of wholesome recreation; excess in the pursuit of gain—the only resource left to energies robbed of their natural play: the struggle for existence on a hard and barren soil; and the isolation of a narrow village life—joined to produce in the meaner sorts qualities which were unpleasant, and sometimes repulsive.

Puritanism was not an unmixed blessing. Its view of human nature was dark, and its attitude was one of repression. It strove to crush out not only what is evil, but much that is innocent and salutary. Human nature so treated will take its revenge, and for every vice that it loses find another instead. Nevertheless, while New England Puritanism bore its peculiar crop of faults, it also produced many sound and good fruits. An uncommon vigor, joined to the hardy virtues of a masculine race, marked the New England type. The sinews, it is true, were hardened at the expense of blood and flesh—and this literally as well as figuratively; but the staple of character was a sturdy conscientiousness, an understanding courage, patriotism, public sagacity and a strong good sense.

The New England colonies abounded in high examples of public and private virtue, though not always under prepossessing forms. There were few New Englanders, however personally modest, who could divest themselves of the notion that they belonged to a people in an especial manner the object of divine approval; and thus self-righteousness—along with certain other traits—failed to commend the Puritan colonies to the favor of their fellows. Then, as now, New England was best known to her neighbors by her worst side.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

The great colony of Virginia stood in strong contrast to New England. In both the population was English; but the one was Puritan, with "Roundhead" traditions; and the other, so far as concerned its governing class, was Anglican, with "Cavalier" traditions. In the one, every man, woman, and child could read and write. In the other, Sir William Berkeley once thanked God that there were no free schools, and no prospect of any for a century. The hope had found fruition. The lower classes of Virginia were as untaught as the warmest friend of popular ignorance could wish. New England had a native literature more than respectable under the circumstances, while Virginia had none; numerous industries, while Virginia was all agriculture, with a single crop. New England had a homogeneous society and a democratic spirit, while her rival was an aristocracy.

Virginian society was distinctly stratified. On the lowest level were the negro slaves, nearly as numerous as all the rest together. Next, the indentured servants and the "poor whites," of low origin; good-humored, but boisterous, and sometimes vicious. Next, the small and despised class of tradesmen and mechanics. Next, the farmers and lesser planters, who were mainly of good English stock, who merged insensibly into the ruling class of the great land-owners.

It was these last who represented the colony and made the laws. They may be described as the English

country squires transported to a warm climate, and turned slave-masters. They sustained their position by entails, and constantly undermined it by the reckless profusion which ruined them at last. Many of them were well-born, with immense pride of descent, increased by the habit of domination. Indolent and energetic by turns; rich in natural gifts, and often poor in book-learning; high-spirited, generous to a fault; keeping open house in their capacious mansions, among vast tobacco-fields and toiling negroes; and living in a rude pomp where the fashions of St. James were somewhat oddly grafted on the roughness of the plantation.

What they wanted in schooling was supplied by an education which books alone would have been impotent to give—the education which came with the possession and exercise of political power; and the sense of a position to maintain, joined to a bold spirit of independence and a patriotic attachment to the "Old Dominion." They were few in number; they raced, gambled, drank, and swore; they did everything that in Puritan eyes was most reprehensible, and in the day of need they gave to the United Colonies a body of statesmen and orators which had no equal on the continent.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE COLONY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania differed widely from both New England and Virginia. She was a conglomerate of creeds and races, English, Irish, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes; Quakers, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Romanists, Moravians, and a variety of nondescript sects. The Quakers prevailed in the eastern districts: quiet, industrious, virtuous, and serenely obstinate. The Germans were strongest toward the centre of the colony, and were chiefly peasants; successful farmers, but dull, ignorant, and superstitious. Toward the west were the Irish, of whom some were Celts, always quarrelling with their German neighbors, who detested them; but the greater part were Protestants of Scotch descent, from Ulster; a vigorous border population.

Virginia and New England had a strong, distinctive

character; Pennsylvania, with her heterogeneous population, had none but that which she owed to the sober, neutral tints of Quaker existence. A more thriving colony there was not on the continent. Life, if monotonous, was smooth and contented; trade and the arts grew. Philadelphia, next to Boston, was the largest town in British America and intellectual centre of the middle and southern colonies. Unfortunately for her credit in the approaching French and English war, the Quaker influence made Pennsylvania non-combatant. Politically, too, she was an anomaly; for though utterly unfeudal in disposition and character, she was under feudal superiors in the persons of the representatives of William Penn, the original grantee.—*Montcalm and Wolfe.*

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW FRANCE.

New France was all head. Under king, noble, and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories and hordes of savage retainers.

Along the borders of the sea an adverse power was strengthening and widening, with slow but steadfast growth, full of blood and muscle—a body without a head. Each had its strength, each its weakness, each its own modes of vigorous life; but the one was fruitful, the other barren; the one instinct with hope, the other darkening with shadows of despair.

By name, local position, and character, one of these communities of freemen stands forth as the most conspicuous representative of this antagonism—Liberty and Absolutism, New England and New France.—*Pioneers of France in the New World.*

PARNELL, THOMAS, an Irish poet, born at Dublin in 1679; died at Chester, England, in 1718. He was educated at the College of Dublin, took orders, and was made Archdeacon of Clogher in 1705; but the greater part of his mature life was passed in England, where he became intimate with Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, whom he assisted in the translation of the *Iliad*. A selection from his *Poems*, edited by Pope, appeared in 1722. His best pieces are two odes, *A Night-piece on Death*, *The Hymn to Contentment*, and *The Hermit*, which has been pronounced to form "the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry of England." This, however, is fulsome praise, for *The Hermit* is not original, but an English adaptation of the Roman tale *Gesta Romanorum* tricked up with reflections in the elevated diction of his brilliant contemporaries.

"His praise," says Johnson, "and with justice, must be derived from the easy sweetness of his style; in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes; everything is proper, yet everything seems casual. He ranks simply as a minor Queen Anne poet."

In *The Hermit* a venerable recluse leaves his cell, and sets out to survey the busy world. On his journey he falls in with a youth who perpe-

trates various acts which excite the indignation of the Hermit; but the youth suddenly assumes his proper form of an Angelic Messenger and, addressing the Hermit, explains his mysterious proceedings.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately caught my wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draught of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost,
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run,

But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry that struck the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail.
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high
His Master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow, too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

—*From The Hermit.*

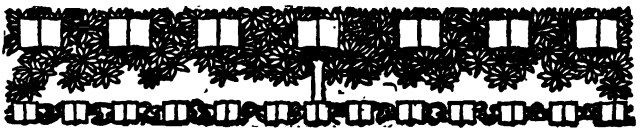
HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives

Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks—as I have vainly done—
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sang my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved.
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spake: "Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along

To please my ear and tune my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me.
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss.
Or own the next begun in this.

—*From Hymn to Contentment.*



PARR, HARRIET (HOLME LEE, *pseud.*), an English novelist, born in York in 1828. Her many stories and novels have been very popular. Among them are *Maud Talbot* (1854); *Gilbert Massenger* (1854); *Thorney Hall* (1855); *Kathie Brande* (1856); *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* (1858); *Against Wind and Tide* (1859); *Hawksview* (1859); *The Worthbank Diary* (1860); *The Wonderful Adventures of Tuflongbo and His Elfin Company in Their Journey with Little Content Through the Enchanted Forest* (1861); *Warp and Woof; or, The Reminiscences of Doris Fletcher* (1861); *Annis Warleigh's Fortunes* (1863); *In the Silver Age: Essays* (1864); *The Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc, Called the Maid* (1866); *Mr. Wynward's Ward* (1867); *Basil Godfrey's Caprice* (1868); *Contrast; or, The Schoolfellows* (1868); *M. and E. de Guèrin* (1870); *For Richer, For Poorer* (1870); *Her Title of Honor* (1871); *The Beautiful Miss Barrington* (1871); *Country Stories, Old and New, in prose and verse* (1872); *Echoes of a Famous Year: the Story of the Franco-German War* (1872); *Katherine's Trial* (1873); *The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax* (1874); *This Work-a-day World* (1875); *Ben Miller's Wooing* (1876); *Straightforward* (1878); *Mrs. Denys of Cote* (1880); *A Poor Squire* (1882), and *Loving and Serving* (1883). "Her books," says *The London Reader*, "are full of bright painting, which gains in purity by the shadow that it casts."

JOAN'S HOME.

Joan's time was her own for two hours of an afternoon, and she always spent them upstairs with her books alone. Her room told something of her life. The bare floor, the old clothes-chest, the pallet bed, with a thin, hard mattress, and shell-patterned coverlet, white as driven snow, her last winter's night handiwork, knitted as she read, were the outward signs of her peasant condition. Her tastes, modest and intellectual, appeared in the garland of small-leaved ivy twisted round the frame of her misty, oval looking-glass, in the woodcuts of good pictures fastened on the walls, and in the books ranged on the mantle-shelf, on the window-sills, and a few, the most precious, on two hanging-shelves edged with scarlet cloth, another gift from her cousin Nicholas. . . .

This afternoon when her book was laid by, the shadow of her self-reproach soon passed. She had a great gift of being happy: of enjoying those good things of earth which nobody envies and nobody covets because they are common to all. Her childhood was a bright, a blessed background to look forward from into life. She stood at her open lattice, gazing over the wide meadows by the Lea, where red herds of cattle were feeding. She saw the blue sky far away, the sweep of distant hills, the darkness of thick woods, and they were pleasure to her. She had a mind free to receive all new impressions of beauty: but her heart was steadfast and strong in keeping its best affection for old types.

. . . . . .

At sixteen we all look for a happy life. Joan fell into a dream of one as she stood, and was quite rapt away. The minutes passed swiftly, unconsciously. She did not hear her mother call from the stair's-foot, "Joan, father's got home from Whorlstone." She did not even hear her chamber-door open; and her mother entered, and observed her air and attitude of total abstraction without disturbing her.

"Joan, has thou fallen asleep standing, like the doctor's horse at a gate?" said she, and laid a hand on her

shoulder. Then Joan came back to herself, and started into laughing life.

"I don't know what I've been dreaming about, mother—it's a drowsy day, I think;" and drawing a long breath, she stretched her arms above her head, then flung them wide to shake off her lethargy.

"And thou's not dressed, my love. Father'll like to see thee dressed. Make haste, or they'll be here from Ashleigh afore thou's ready."

"Stay and help me then, mother," pleaded Joan, who dearly liked to be helped by her mother.

"What o' the cakes in the oven? They'll burn if they're not watched. I'll step down an' look at 'em, an' come back—only don't lose any more time, joy, father's asked for thee twice."

Joan's was not a coquettish toilette. To be clean as a primrose was its first principle. Her hair, coax it as she would, had a rufflesome look at the best, being curly and not uniform in tint, but brown in meshes and golden in threads, like hair that maturity darkens. The fashion of it, braided above the ear, and knotted in a large coil at the back of her head, was according to Mrs. Paget's instructions, and was never varied. The style and material of her dresses were also according to her godmother's orders—washing-prints, rather short in the skirt, for stepping clear over the ground, high to the throat and loose in the sleeve—lilac, as most serviceable, for every-day wear, and pink or blue spotted for summer Sundays. She put on now a new pink spot that had quite a look of May. Her mother fastened it at the neck, and retiring a pace or two to view the effect, pronounced it very neat, only a trifle too short.

"Short skirts an' cardinal capes won't keep you a bairn much longer, Joan; you'll be a woman soon in spite o' godmother," said she, and kissed her tenderly.

"That must have been what I was dreaming of," replied Joan, and as she spoke, again the far-away, abstracted gaze came into her eyes.

But her mother would not let her relapse into musing. She heard voices and feet at the gate; and there were the cousins from Ashleigh.—*Basil Godfrey's Caprice.*

PARSONS, THEOPHILUS, an American legal and religious writer, born at Newburyport, Mass., May 17, 1797; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 26, 1882. He was the son of Theophilus Parsons, a noted jurist of Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard in 1815, studied law, and practised in Taunton and Boston. For several years he engaged in literary pursuits and founded and edited the *United States Free Press.* From 1847 to 1882 he was Dane Professor of Law in Harvard, which gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1849. He published a memoir of his father (1859), and several works on Swedenborgianism, including three volumes of *Essays* (1845); *Deus Homo* (1867); *The Infinite and the Finite* (1872), and *Outlines of the Religion and Philosophy of Swedenborg* (1875). His law-books include *The Law of Contracts* (1853; 5th ed., 1864); *Elements of Mercantile Law* (1856); *Laws of Business for Business Men* (1857); *Maritime Law* (1859); *Notes and Bills of Exchange* (1862); *Shipping and Admiralty* (1869), and *The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States* (1875).

"The spirit of his books," says the *London Athenæum,* "is that of devotional philosophy. He has views of his own, and brings to their exposition a certain amount of ingenious illustration." Edward Everett considered him "a gentleman of

great discernment and of the highest intelligence." "We regard the treatise on *The Law of Contracts*," says *The American Law Register*, "taken as a whole, clear in statement, diligent in citation, accurate in detail, commendable in research, excellent in learning, simple in style, and altogether the most carefully considered and best prepared exhibition of the comprehensive law of contracts that has ever yet been presented in the English language."

THE SEA.

I have spoken of the perpetual swell and heaving of the sea; there is also its tide. Shakespeare tells us that there is a tide in the affairs of men. Certainly there is a tide in the minds of men. He must be very unobservant of himself who does not know that the mind rises and falls, that it swells into fulness and strength, and then fades into emptiness and weakness, we know not how, we know not why. Formerly the tides of the sea were also a great mystery. Slowly did observation disclose that they were under the influence of the moon, and, still later, of the sun. Science, accepting this fact as the basis of its inquiry, has, for years, been engaged in the investigation of the tides, and cannot yet answer all the questions presented by their flow and ebb. So with the tides of the mind. The philosophy of mind has been occupied with them from the beginning of thought, and has made little or no progress. We, however, are taught now, that the ever-flowing and ebbing tides of the mind are caused and governed by our faith and by our love; first and most, or most directly, by our faith, which has most to do with intellectual things, and which the moon, that gives light only, represents; and also by our love, which the sun, that is the source of heat, represents. Let the science of mind accept this truth as the law of its inquiry, and it may wisely and successfully employ itself in the investigation of the tides of the mind. We have seen that the perpetual motion of the sea tends to preserve it in

a healthful condition. Once I was becalmed in mid-ocean for a few days only, and during all of them the great swell of the ocean rose and fell. But in this short time the smooth surface of the sea seemed to put on an oily aspect; unwholesome patches became visible here and there, and in spots it looked thick and turbid. A great poet, with all the truth of poetry, which is sometimes truer than science, has thus described a long, unbroken calm and its effect. Coleridge represents his ancient mariner as reaching a tropical sea, and there—

> Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of that sea.
>
> All in a hot and copper sky,
> The bloody sun at noon
> Right up above the mast did stand,
> No bigger than the moon.
>
> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> The very deep did rot; O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon that slimy sea!

As I read this word-painting, it presents to me a picture of a mind which the sweet influences of heaven, the sun, the moon, and wind of the spirit, are wholly unable to move or stir into any activity. And in that poetry I see how such a mind must stagnate, and putrefy, until "slimy things do crawl upon that slimy sea."

But not this motion only tends to preserve the waters of the sea in their healthy condition, so that they may nourish the immeasurable amount of life which they contain, and continue fit to bear men safely across their surface. For it is the salt in the sea which is its great preservative.

We all know that to keep food eatable for a great

length of time we salt it down. But salt is just as necessary and useful for food we daily consume. The reason of this, or the effect of salt upon the digestion and health, is not yet fully understood. . . .

Nor let us forget, that it has already been discovered by these physical investigations, that in the depths of the sea, and at their very bottom, there also is life. For it may teach us that, far down in the depths of the human mind, far beyond our reach or our consciousness, there may be forms and modes of life which may be the beginning of the intellectual life and the earliest links of that series which comes up afterward before our consciousness, and gradually constitutes the wide world of our knowledge.—*Essays.*

PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAMS, an American poet, born in Boston, August 18, 1819; died at Scituate, Mass., September 3, 1892. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, and in 1836 visited Italy, where he made Dante a special study. In 1853 he took the degree of M.D. at Harvard; and for several years practised dentistry at Boston. In 1843 he published a translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, and the remaining cantos in 1867. His original works are *Ghetto di Romo*, a volume of poems (1854); *The Magnolia* (1867); *The Old House at Sudbury* (1870); *The Shadow of the Obelisk* (1872); *Circum Præcordia* (1892).

Griswold says, in his *Poets of America:* "Parsons's translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno* is the most successful reproduction of the spirit and power of the *Divina Commedia* in the English language. His *Hudson River* is the noblest tribute any stream on this continent has received from a poet, and his lines *On the Death of Daniel Webster* are far better than anything else ever written in verse on the death of an American statesman."

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
  Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
  The father was of Tuscan song.

There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that Anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight,
Who could have guessed that visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe;
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once forlorn he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was Rest.

Peace dwells not here: this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose,
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When Hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth·

Baron and Duke, in hold and hall,
  Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth.
  He used Rome's Harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
  But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose judgments mock our own,
  The only righteous Judge art thou:
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
  Is Latium's other Virgil now:
  Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcels of mankind,
  Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I watched the swans in that proud Park
  Which England's Queen looks out upon,
I sat there till the dewy dark—
  And every other soul was gone;
  And sitting, silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say:
  Be calm—the night is; never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
  Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,
  To bring them back no prayer hath power.
  'Tis the world's law: and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
  True 'tis a bitter word—"No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
  Thou feelest in thy inmost heart
Thou art not clay—thy soul hath wings;
  And what thou seest is but part.
  Make this thy medicine for the smart
Of every day's distress; be dumb.
  In each new loss, thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

DIRGE.

For one who fell in battle.

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

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JAMES PARTON.

PARTON, JAMES, an American biographer, born at Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822; died at Newburyport, Mass., October 17, 1891. At the age of five he was brought to America; was educated at the public schools in and near New York; and after teaching for a while, he entered upon journalism. His first published book was the *Life of Horace Greeley*. He subsequently devoted himself mainly to biographical works. Up to 1875 he resided at New York, and subsequently at Newburyport, Mass. His principal works are *Life of Horace Greeley* (1855); *Life and Times of Aaron Burr* (1857); *Life of Andrew Jackson* (1860); *General Butler at New Orleans* (1863); *Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin* (1864); *Famous Americans of Recent Times* (1867); *Life of Thomas Jefferson* (1874); *Caricature and Comic Art* (1877); *Life of Voltaire* (1881); *Captains of Industry* (1884–91). He also wrote numerous brief biographical sketches, originally published in periodicals, and afterward in separate volumes.

"He is a painstaking, honest, and courageous historian, ardent with patriotism, but unprejudiced," says *The London Athenæum*. "Much credit is due him for the completeness of his books, the industry with which he has gathered materials from sources both public and private, and the judicious use which he has made of stories, old and new." "His biographies," says

Blackwood's Magazine, "do not transmute the faults, nor exaggerate inordinately the merits, of their heroes."

HENRY CLAY.

It must be confessed that Henry Clay, who was for twenty-eight years a candidate for the Presidency, cultivated his popularity. Without ever being a hypocrite, he was habitually an actor; but the part which he enacted was Henry Clay exaggerated. He was naturally a courteous man; but the consciousness of his position made him more elaborately and universally courteous than any man ever was from mere good-nature.

There was a time when almost every visitor to the city of Washington desired above all things to be presented to three men there—Clay, Webster, and Calhoun —whom to have seen was a distinction. When the country member brought forward his agitated constituent on the floor of the Senate chamber, and introduced him, Daniel Webster, the Expounder, was likely enough to thrust a hand at him without so much as turning his head or discontinuing his occupation, and the stranger shrank away, painfully conscious of his insignificance. Calhoun, on the contrary, besides receiving him with civility, would converse with him, if opportunity favored, and treat him to a disquisition on the nature of government, and the "beauty" of nullification, striving to make a lasting impression on his intellect.

Clay would rise, extend his hand with that winning grace of his, and instantly captivate him by his all-conquering courtesy. He would call him by name, inquire respecting his health, the town whence he came, how long he had been in Washington, and send him away pleased with himself and enchanted with Henry Clay. And what was his delight to receive a few weeks after, in his distant village, a copy of the Kentuckian's last speech, bearing on its cover the frank of "H. Clay!" And, what was still more intoxicating, Mr. Clay—who had a surprising memory—would be likely on meeting this same individual two years after the introduction to address him by name.

There was a gamey flavor in those days about Southern men which was very pleasing to the people of the North. Reason teaches us that the barnyard fowl is a more meritorious bird than the gamecock; but the imagination does not assent to the proposition. Clay was at once gamecock and domestic fowl. There was a careless, graceful ease in his movements and attitudes like those of an Indian chief; but he was an exact man of business, who docketed his letters, and who could send from Washington to Ashland for a document, telling in what pigeon-hole it could be found.

The idea of education is to tame men without lessening their vivacity; to unite in them the freedom, the dignity, the prowess of a Tecumseh, with the serviceable qualities of the civilized man. This happy union is said to be sometimes produced in the pupils of the great public schools of England, who are savages on the play-ground and gentlemen in the school-room. In no man of our knowledge has there been combined so much of the best of the forest chief with so much of the good of the trained man of business as in Henry Clay. This was one secret of his power over classes so diverse as the hunters of Kentucky and the manufacturers of New England.—*Famous Americans.*

PRIVATIONS AND HEROISM.

When the Mayflower left for England, not one of these heroic men and women desired to leave the land of their adoption. They had now a government; they had a church covenant; they had a constitution under which their rights were secured, and each one, according to his individual merit, could be respected and honored. So dear to them were these privileges that all the privations they had suffered, the sickness and death which had been in their midst, the gloomy prospect before them, could not induce them to swerve from their determination to found a State where these blessings should be the birthright of their children.—*Concise History of the American People.*

PARTON, SARA PAYSON (WILLIS), *pseud.*, Fanny Fern, an American essayist and story-writer, born at Portland, Me., July 9, 1811; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 10, 1872. In 1837 she married Mr. Charles Eldridge of Boston, who died in 1846, leaving her with two children, and in straitened circumstances. In 1851 she began to write for periodicals. Her sketches became popular, and in 1854 she contracted with the editor of the *New York Ledger* to furnish a paper every week, which she continued to do for fourteen years without a single intermission. In 1856 she married Mr. James Parton, then connected with the New York *Home Journal*, of which her brother, N. P. Willis, was editor. With the exception of two novels, *Ruth Hall*, partly based on incidents of her own life (1854), and *Rose Clark* (1857), her writings consist of essays and short tales which originally appeared in periodicals. Several volumes made up of these have been published, among which are *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* (1853); *Fresh Leaves* (1855); *Folly as It Flies* (1868); *Ginger Snaps* (1870); *Caper Sauce* (1872). Shortly after her death, her husband put forth *Fanny Fern: a Memorial Volume*, containing a *Memoir* and selections from her writings.

FATHERHOOD.

To my eye, a man never looks so grand as when he bends his ear patiently and lovingly, to the lisping of a little child. I admire that man whom I see with a baby in his arms. I delight on Sunday, when the nurses are set free, to see the fathers leading out their little ones in their best attire, and setting them right end up about fifty times a minute. It is as good a means of grace as I am acquainted with. Now that a man should feel ashamed to be seen doing this, or think it necessary to apologize, even jocularly, when he meets a male friend, is to me one of the unaccountable things. It seems to me every way such a lovely, and good, and proper action in a father, that I can't help thinking that he who would feel otherwise is of so coarse and ignoble a nature as to be quite unworthy of respect. How many times have I turned to look at the clumsy smoothing of a child's dress, or settling of its hat, or bonnet, by the unpractised fingers of a proud father! And the clumsier he was about it the better I have loved him for the pains he took. It is very beautiful to me, this self-abnegation, which creeps so gradually over a young father. He is himself so unconscious that he, who had for many years thought first and only of his own selfish ease and wants, is forgetting himself entirely whenever that little creature with *his* eyes and *its mother's lips*, reaches out coaxing hands to go here or there, or to look at this or that pretty object. Ah, what but this heavenly love could bridge over the anxious days and nights of care and sickness, that these twain of one flesh are called to bear? *My* boy! *My* girl! There it is! *Mine!* Something to live for—something to work for—*something to come home to;* and that last is the summing up of the whole matter. "Now let us have a good love," said a little three-year-older, as she clasped her chubby arms about her father's neck when he came in at night. "Now let us have a good love." Do you suppose that man walked with slow and laggard steps from his store toward that bright face that had been peeping for an hour from the nursery window to watch his coming?

Do you suppose when he got on all-fours to "play elephant" with the child, that it even crossed his mind that he had worked very hard all that day, or that he was not at that minute "looking dignified?" Did he wish he had a "club" where he could get away from home evenings, or was that "*good love*" of the little creature on his back, with the laughing eyes and the pearly teeth, and the warm clasp about his neck, which she was squeezing to suffocation, sweeter and better than anything that this world could give?

Something to go home to! That is what saves a man. Somebody there to grieve if he is not true to himself. Somebody there to be sorry if he is troubled or sick. Somebody there, with fingers like sunbeams, gilding and brightening whatever they touch; and all for him. I look at the busiest men of New York at nightfall, coming swarming "up-town" from their stores and counting-rooms; and when I see them, as I often do, stop and buy one of those tiny bouquets as they go, I smile to myself; for although it is a little attention toward a wife, I know how happy that rose, with its two geranium leaves and its sprig of mignonette, will make her. He thought of *her* coming home! Foolish, do you call it? Such folly makes all the difference between stepping off, scarcely conscious of the cares a woman carries, or staggering wearily along till she faints disheartened under their burthen. *Something to go home to!* That man felt it and by ever so slight a token wished to recognize it. God bless him, I say, and all like him, who do not take home-comforts as stereotyped matters of course, and God bless the family estate; I can't see that anything better has been devised by the wiseacres who have experimented on the Almighty's plans. "There comes *my* father!" exclaims Johnny, bounding from out a group of "fellows" with whom he was playing ball; and sliding his little, soiled fist in his, they go up the steps and into the house together; and again, God bless them! I say there's one man who is all right at least. That boy has got him, safer than Fort Lafayette.—***Folly as It Flies.***

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PASCAL.

PASCAL, BLAISE, a French philosopher and geometrician, born at Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme, June 19, 1623; died in Paris, August 19, 1662. He early manifested genius of a high order, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, and wrote several treatises in these departments. As a youth he was so precocious that books had to be denied him for a time, but, notwithstanding the restraints put upon his mental activity, he invented geometry anew when only twelve years of age, and at seventeen he achieved renown with his *Traité des Sections Coniques.* Later on he undertook and carried on successfully the solution of the most difficult problems. The so-called "Port-Royalists" were the upholders of the teachings of Jansenius in opposition to those of the Jesuits. Pascal renounced the world in 1654 and espoused the cause of the Port-Royalists. He rose to the highest literary excellence in setting forth and defending the doctrines of Jansenius against those of the Jesuits. In 1655 Antoine Arnauld was expelled from the Sorbonne on account of a letter which he had written in defence of Jansenism. Pascal soon after came out in a series of eighteen letters, commonly designated as *The Provincial Letters.* These and his *Thoughts upon Religion* (1670) are the works by which Pascal is best known.

OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely concerns us, that we must utterly have lost our feeling to be altogether cold and remiss in our inquiries about it. It requires no great elevation of soul to observe that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual, and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must in the compass of a few years—perhaps a few days—put us into the eternal condition of happiness or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed but life—the most brittle thing in all nature. And the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether we have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left but the miserable chance of annihilation or of hell. There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which can have greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can, yet we see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth. It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination. It subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being forever nothing or forever miserable. We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain may well be esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes; but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it without struggling for deliverance. To sit down with some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression, and they who live with such a disposition ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they grow

wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination:

"Who has sent me," they say, "into the world I know not, nor what I am myself. I know not what my body is, nor what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon everything else, and even upon itself, yet is a mere stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I feel myself enchained to one corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this seat rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live was assigned rather at such a point than any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or of all that is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom. . . . The sum of my knowledge is that I must shortly die; but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death which I feel unable to decline. As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world I must either fall forever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. It is possible I might find someone to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to run without fear or foresight upon the trial of the great event, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition."

But the main scope of the Christian faith is to establish these two principles: The corruption by nature and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers—if they are of no use toward demonstrating the truth of the redemption by the sanctity of their lives—yet are at least admirably useful in showing the corruption of nature by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.—*Thoughts upon Religion.*

PATER, WALTER, an English critic of the æsthetic school, born in London, August 4, 1839; died at Oxford, July 30, 1894. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1862 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College in that university. His first contribution to periodical literature was published in 1866, in the *Westminster Review*. His books include *The Renaissance* (1873); *Marius, the Epicurean*, a story of ancient Rome (1885); *Imaginary Portraits* (1887); a later edition of *The Renaissance* (1888); *Appreciations* (1890), and *Plato and Platonism*, lectures (1893). His stand-point is that of the Epicurean, and his plea is "art for art's sake." Clement K. Shorter, in his *Victorian Literature*, calls Pater a great critic and classes him with Matthew Arnold, at the same time declaring that "his *Marius, the Epicurean*, and *Imaginary Portraits* should have ranked him with writers of imagination, were it not that criticism is his dominant faculty." Pater is said to have been the "most rhythmical of English prose writers, and his *Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry*, and his *Appreciations* give him a very high place among the writers of his time." Upon Pater's death the general consensus of English critical opinion was even more laudatory. He was pronounced to have been the greatest master of English of his day—

no man surpassed him in choosing the word necessary for the illustration of the exact idea or shade of meaning he wished to convey to the reader's apprehension. And his superiority did not end there, for the words chosen with such sympathetic precision were woven into a narrative so compact and forceful, and yet so lucid, as to be the envy of all other stylists and the delight of his readers. Pater's brain has been compared by someone to a cabinet filled with many little drawers, which, on being opened, would be found to contain words which had been examined, brooded over, and finally put away as unresponsive to the absolute precision of their master's thought. And yet his writings, in their smooth flow, bear no trace of the enormous labor he expended upon them. His was, indeed, "the art that conceals art." But when we have praised Pater as a great stylist we must stop. This is an age of material civilization, but it is doubtful if an Epicurean philosophy can make lasting headway even under the conditions that such an epoch produces, or if it is well for the mass of men who must fight the battle of life that it should; and the instinctive realization of this fact is perhaps one of the unacknowledged reasons why his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, though an elaborate, refined, and thoughtful work, has been severely criticised.

JOURNEYING TO ROME.

The opening stage of his journey, through the firm golden weather, for which he had lingered three days beyond the appointed time of starting—days brown

with the first rains of autumn—brought him, by the by-ways among the lower slopes of the Apennines of Luna, to the town of Luca, a station on the Cassian Way; travelling so far, mainly on foot, the baggage following under the care of his attendants. He wore a broad felt hat, in fashion not very unlike a modern pilgrim's, the neat head projecting from the collar of his gray *paenula*, or travelling mantle, sewed closely together over the breast, but with the two sides folded back over the shoulders, to leave the arms free in walking; and was altogether so trim and fresh that, as he climbed the hill from Pisa, by the long, steep lane through the olive-yards, and turned to gaze where he could just discern the cypresses of the old school garden, like two black lines upon the yellow walls, a little child took possession of his hand, and, looking up at him with entire confidence, paced on bravely at his side, for the mere pleasure of his company, to the spot where the road sank again into the valley beyond. From this point, leaving his servants at a distance, he surrendered himself, a willing subject, as he walked, to the impressions of the road, and was almost surprised, both at the suddenness with which evening came on, and the distance from his old home at which it found him.

And at the little town of Luca he felt that indescribable sense of a welcoming in the mere outward appearance of things which seems to mark out certain places for the special purpose of evening rest, and gives them always a peculiar amiability in retrospect. Under the deepening twilight, the rough-tiled roofs seem to huddle together side by side, like one continuous shelter over the whole township, spread low and broad over the snug sleeping-rooms within; and the place one sees for the first time, and must tarry in but for a night, breathes the very spirit of home. The cottagers lingered at their doors for a few minutes as the shadows grew larger, and went to rest early; though there was still a glow along the road through the shorn cornfields, and the birds were still awake about the crumbling gray heights of an old temple: and yet so quiet and air-swept was the place, you could hardly tell where

the country left off in it, and the field-paths became its streets. Next morning he must needs change the manner of his journey. The light baggage-wagon returned, and he proceeded now more quickly, travelling a stage or two by post, along the Cassian Way, where the figures and incidents of the great high-road seemed already to tell of the capital, the one centre to which all were hastening, or had lately bidden adieu. That *Way* lay through the heart of the old, mysterious and visionary country of Etruria; and what he knew of its strange religion of the dead, reinforced by the actual sight of its funeral houses scattered so plentifully among the dwellings of the living, revived in him for a while, in all its strength, his old, instinctive yearning toward those inhabitants of the shadowy land he had known in life. It seemed to him that he could half divine how time passed in those painted houses on the hill-sides, among the gold and silver ornaments, the wrought armor and vestments, the drowsy and dead attendants: and the close consciousness of that vast population gave him no fear, but rather a sense of companionship, as he climbed the hills on foot behind the horses, through the genial afternoon.

The road, next day, passed below a town as primitive it might seem as the rocks it perched on—white rocks, which had been long glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough, white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theatre, the grass-grown seats of which had been hollowed out in the turf; and Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place —all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer, for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming, like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners.— ***Marius, the Epicurean.***

A DISCOURSE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe.

Marcus Aurelius who, though he had little relish for them himself, had been ever willing to humor the taste of his people for magnificent spectacles, was received back to Rome with the lesser honors of the *Ovation;* conceded by the Senate, so great was the public sense of deliverance, with even more than the laxity which had become habitual to it under imperial rule, for there had been no actual bloodshed in the late achievement. Clad in the civic dress of the chief Roman magistrate, and with a crown of myrtle upon his head, his colleague similarly attired walking beside him, he passed on foot in solemn procession, along the Sacred Way up to the Capitol, to offer sacrifice to the national gods. The victim, a goodly sheep, whose image we may still see, between the pig and the ox of the *Suovetaurilia*, filletted and stoled almost like ancient canons, on a sculptured fragment in the Forum, was conducted by the priests, clad in rich white vestments, and bearing their sacred utensils of massy gold, immediately behind a company of flute-players, led by the great master, or *conductor*, of that day; visibly tetchy or delighted, according as the instruments he ruled with his training-rod rose, more or less perfectly, amid the difficulties of the way, to the dream of perfect music in the soul within him. The vast crowd, in which were mingled the soldiers of the triumphant army, now restored to wives and children, all alike in holiday whiteness, had left their houses early in the fine, dry morning, in a real affection for "the father of his country," to await the procession, the two princes having spent the preceding night outside the walls, in the old *Villa of the Republic*. Marius, full of curiosity, had taken his position with much care; and stood, to see the world's masters pass by, at an angle from which he could command the view of a great part of the processional route, sprinkled with fine yel-

low sand, and carefully guarded from profane footsteps.

The coming of the procession was announced by the clear sound of the flutes, heard at length above the acclamations of the people—*Salve Imperator!—Dii te servent!*—shouted in regular time over the hills. It was on the central figure, of course, that the whole attention of Marius was fixed from the moment the procession came in sight, preceded by the lictors with gilded *fasces*, the imperial image-bearers, and pages carrying lighted torches; a band of knights, among whom was Cornelius in complete military array, following. Amply swathed about in the folds of a richly worked toga, in a manner now long since become obsolete with meaner persons, Marius beheld a man of about five-and-forty years of age, with prominent eyes—eyes which, although demurely downcast during this essentially religious ceremony, were by nature broadly and benignantly observant. He was still, in the main, as we see him in the busts which represent his gracious and courtly youth, when Hadrian had playfully called him, not *Verus*, after his father, but *Verissimus*, for that candor of gaze and the bland capacity of the brow, which below the brown hair, clustering as thickly as of old, shone out low, broad, and clear, and still without a trace of the trouble of his lips. It was the brow of one who, amid the blindness or perplexity of the people about him, understood all things clearly; with that dilemma, to which his experience so far had brought him, between Chance with meek resignation and a Providence with boundless possibilities and hope, for him at least distinctly defined.

That outward serenity which, as a point of expression or manner not unworthy the attention of a public minister, he valued so highly (was it not an outward symbol of the inward religious serenity it was his constant effort to maintain?) was increased to-day, by his sense of the gratitude of his people—that his life had been one of such gifts and blessings as made his person seem indeed divine to them. Yet the trace of some reserved internal sorrow, passing from time to time into an expression of effort and fatigue, of loneliness amid the shouting multitude, as if the sagacious hint of one

of his officers — "The soldiers can't understand you; they don't know Greek"—were applicable generally to his relationships with other people, might have been read there by the more observant. The nostrils and mouth seemed capable even of peevishness; and Marius noted in them, as in the hands, and in the spare body as a whole, what was new in his experience—something of asceticism, as we say—of a bodily gymnastic, in which, although it told pleasantly in the clear blue humors of the eye, the flesh had scarcely been an equal gainer with the spirit. It was hardly the expression of "the healthy mind in the healthy body," but rather of a sacrifice of the body to the soul, its needs and aspirations, that Marius seemed to divine in this assiduous student of the Greek sages—a sacrifice, indeed, far beyond the demands of their very saddest philosophy of life.

Dignify thyself, with modesty and simplicity for thine ornaments!—had been a maxim with this dainty and high-bred Stoic; who still thought *manners* a true part of *morals*, according to the old sense of the term, and who regrets, now and again, that he cannot control his thoughts equally well with his countenance. That outward composure was deepened during the solemnities of this day by an air of pontifical abstractedness; which, though very far from being pride, and a sort of humility, rather, yet gave to himself an aspect of unapproachableness, and to his whole proceeding, in which every minutest act was *considered*, the character of a ritual. Certainly, there was no haughtiness, social, moral, or philosophic even, in Aurelius, who had realized, under more difficult circumstances perhaps than anyone before him, that no element of humanity could be alien to him. Yet, as he walked to-day, the centre of ten thousand observers, with eyes discreetly fixed on the ground, veiling his head at times and muttering very rapidly the words of the "supplications," there was something which many a spectator must have noted again as a new thing; for, unlike his predecessors, Aurelius took all that with absolute seriousness. The doctrine of the sanctity of kings, that, in the words of Tacitus, Princes are as Gods —*principes instar deorum esse*—seemed to have taken a new and true sense. For Aurelius, indeed, the old leg-

end of his descent from Numa—from Numa who had talked with the gods—meant much. Attached in very early years to the service of the altars, like many another noble youth, he was "observed to perform all his sacerdotal functions with a constancy and exactness unusual at that age; was soon a master of the sacred music; and had all the forms and ceremonies by heart." And now, as the emperor, who had not only a vague divinity about his person, but was actually the chief religious functionary of the state, recited from time to time the formulas of invocation, he needed not the help of the prompter, or *ceremoniarius*, who then approached, to assist him by whispering the appointed words in his ear. It was that pontifical collectedness which now impressed itself on Marius as the leading outward characteristic of Aurelius; and to him alone, perhaps in that vast crowd of observers, it was no strange thing, but a thing he had understood from of old.

Some fanciful writers have assigned the origin of these triumphal processions to the mythic pomps of Dionysus, after his conquests in the East; the very word *triumph* being, according to this supposition, only *Thriambos*—the Dionysiac Hymn. And certainly the yôunger of the two imperial "brothers," who, with the effect of a strong contrast, walked beside Aurelius, and shared the honors of the day, might well have reminded many of the delicate Greek god of flowers and wine. This new conqueror of the East was now about thirty-six years old, but with his punctilious care for all his advantages of person, and his soft, curling beard powdered with gold, looked many years younger. . . .

He certainly had to the full that charm of a constitutional freshness of aspect which may defy for a long time extravagant or erring habits of life; a physiognomy healthy-looking, cleanly, and firm, which seemed unassociable with any form of self-tormenting, and made one think of the nozzle of some young hound or roe, such as human beings invariably like to stroke—with all the goodliness, that is, of the finer sort of animalism, though still wholly animal. It was the charm of the blond head, the unshrinking gaze, the warm tints—neither more nor less than one may see every Eng-

lish summer in youth, manly enough, and with the stuff in it which makes brave soldiers, in spite of the natural kinship it seems to have with playthings and gay flowers.

He was all himself to-day: and it was with much wistful curiosity that Marius regarded him. For Lucius Verus was, indeed, but a highly expressive type of a class—the true son of his father, adopted by Hadrian. Lucius Verus the elder, also, had had that same strange capacity for misusing the adornments of life with a masterly grace; as if such misusing were, indeed, the quite adequate occupation of an intelligence, powerful, but distorted by cynical philosophy or some disappointment of the heart. It was almost a sort of genius, of which there had been instances in the imperial purple: it was to ascend the throne, a few years later, in the person of one, now a hopeful little lad in the palace, and it had its following, of course, among the wealthy youth of Rome, who concentrated a very considerable force of shrewdness and tact upon minute details of attire and manner as upon the one thing needful. But what precise place could there be for Verus, and his charm, in that *Wisdom*, that Order of Reason, "reaching from end to end, sweetly and strongly disposing all things;" from the vision of which Aurelius came down, so tolerant of persons like him—a vision into which Marius also was competent to enter. Yet noting his actual perfection after his kind, his undeniable achievement of the select, in all minor things, Marius felt, with some suspicion of himself, that he entered into, and could understand, Lucius Verus, too. There was a voice in that theory which he had brought to Rome with him which whispered "nothing is either great nor small;" as there were times in which he could have thought that, as the "grammarian's," or the artist's ardor of soul may be satisfied by the perfecting of the theory of a sentence or the adjustment of two colors, so his own life also might have been filled by an enthusiastic quest after perfection—say, in the flowering and folding of a toga.

The emperors had burned incense before the image of Jupiter, arrayed in his most gorgeous apparel, amid sudden shouts from the people of *Salve Imperator!*

turned now from the living princes to the deity, as they discerned his countenance through the great opened doors. The imperial brothers had deposited their crowns of myrtle on the richly embroidered lap-cloth of the image; and, with their chosen guests, had sat down to a public feast in the temple itself. And then followed, what was, after all, the great event of the day; an appropriate discourse—a discourse almost wholly *de contemptu mundi*—pronounced in the presence of the assembled Senate by the emperor Aurelius; who had thus, on certain rare occasions, condescended to instruct his people, with the double authority of a chief pontiff and a laborious student of philosophy. In those lesser honors of the *ovation*, there had been no attendant slave behind the emperors, to make mock of their effulgence as they went; and it was as if, timorous, as a discreet philosopher might be, of a jealous Nemesis, he had determined himself to protest in time against the vanity of all outward success.

It was in the vast hall of the *Curia Julia* that the Senate was assembled to hear the emperor's discourse. The rays of the early November sunset slanted full upon the audience, and compelled the officers of the Court to draw the purple curtains over the windows, adding to the solemnity of the scene. In the depth of those warm shadows, surrounded by her noble ladies, the empress Faustina was seated to listen. The beautiful Greek statue of Victory, which ever since the days of Augustus had presided over the assemblies of the Senate, had been brought into the hall, and placed near the chair of the emperor; who, after rising to perform a brief sacrificial service in its honor, bowing reverently to the assembled fathers left and right, took his seat and began to speak.

There was a certain melancholy grandeur in the very simplicity or triteness of the theme; as it were the very quintessence of all the old Roman epitaphs of all that was monumental in that city of tombs, layer upon layer of dead things and people. As if in the very fervor of disillusion, he seemed to be composing—ὥσπερ ἐπιγραφὰς χρόνων καὶ ὅλων ἐθνῶν—the sepulchral titles of ages and whole peoples—nay! the very epitaph of the living

Rome itself. The grandeur of the ruins of Rome—heroism in ruin—it was under the influence of an imaginative anticipation of that that he appeared to be speaking. And though the impression of the actual greatness of Rome on that day was but enhanced by this strain of contempt falling with an accent of pathetic conviction from the emperor himself, and gaining from his pontifical pretensions the authority of a religious intimation, yet the curious interest of the discourse lay in this, that Marius, as he listened, seemed to foresee a grass-grown Forum, the broken ways of the Capitol, and the Palatine hill itself in humble occupation: and this impression connected itself with what he had already noted of an actual change that was coming over Italian scenery.

The emperor continued: "Art thou in love with men's praises, get thee into the very soul of them, and see!—see what judges they be, even in those matters which concern themselves. Wouldst thou have their praises after death, bethink thee that they who shall come hereafter, and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name, will be put as these, whom here thou hast found so hard to live with. For of a truth, his soul who is aflutter upon renown after death presents not this aright to itself, that of all whose memory he would have each one will likewise very quickly depart, and thereafter, again, he also who shall receive that from him, until memory herself be put out, as she journeys on by means of such as are themselves on the wing but for a while, and are extinguished in their turn—making so much of those thou wilt never see! It is as if thou wouldst have had those who were before thee discourse fair things concerning thee.

"To him, indeed, whose wit hath been whetted by true doctrine, that well-worn sentence of Homer sufficeth, to guard him against regret and fear—

> "Like the race of leaves
> The race of man is:—
> The wind in autumn strows
> The earth with old leaves: then the spring the woods with new endows—

Leaves! little leaves!—thy children, thy flatterers, thine

enemies! Leaves in the wind, those who would devote thee to darkness, who scorn or miscall thee here, even as they also whose great fame shall outlast them. For all these, and the like of them, are born indeed in the spring season—ἔαρος ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη—and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood peopleth itself again with another generation of leaves. And what is common to all of them is but the littleness of their lives: and yet wouldst thou love and hate as if these things should continue forever. In a little while thine eyes also will be closed, and he on whom thou perchance hast leaned thyself be himself a burden upon another.

"Bethink thee often of the swiftness with which the things that are, or are even now coming to be, are swept past thee: that the very substance of them is but the perpetual motion of water; that there is almost nothing which continueth: and that bottomless depth of time, so close at thy side. Folly! to be lifted up, or sorrowful, or anxious, by reason of things like these! Think of infinite matter, and thy portion—how tiny a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will.

"As one casting a ball from his hand, the nature of things hath had its aim with every man, not as to the ending only, but the first beginning of his course, and passage thither. And hath the ball any profit of its rising, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble, as it groweth or breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp, from the beginning to the ending of its brief history?

"All but at this present that future is, in which nature, who disposeth all things in order, will transform whatsoever thou now seest, fashioning from its substance somewhat else, and therefrom somewhat else in its turn, lest the world should grow old. We are such stuff as dreams are made of—disturbing dreams. Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is, in comparison with that erewhile it seemed to thee.

"Consider how quickly all things vanish away—their bodily structure into the general substance of things;

the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life—a pygmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this with thyself, and let nothing seem great to thee.

"Let death put thee upon the consideration both of thy body and thy soul—what an atom of all matter hath been distributed to thee; what a little particle of the universal mind. Turn thy body about, and consider what thing it is, and that which old age, and lust, and the languor of disease can make of it. Or come to its substantial and casual qualities, its very type: contemplate that in itself, apart from the accidents of matter, and then measure also the span of time for which the nature of things, at the longest, will maintain that special type. Nay! in the very principles and first constituents of things corruption hath its part—so much dust, humor, stench, and scraps of bone! Consider that thy marbles are but the earth's callosities, thy gold and silver its fæces; this silken robe but a worm's bedding, and thy purple an unclean fish. Ah! and thy life's breath is not otherwise; as it passes out of matters like these into the like of them again.

"If there be things which trouble thee thou canst put them away, inasmuch as they have their being but in thine own notion concerning them. Consider what death is, and how, if one does but detach from it the notions and appearances that hang about it, resting the eye upon it as in itself it really is, it must be thought of but as an effect of nature, and that man but a child whom an effect of nature shall affright. Nay! not function and effect of nature only; but a thing profitable also to herself.

"To cease from action—the ending of thine effort to think and do: there is no evil in that. Turn thy thought to the ages of man's life—boyhood, youth, maturity, old age: the change in every one of those also is a dying, but evil nowhere. Thou climbedst into the ship, thou hast made thy voyage and touched the shore: go forth now! Be it into some other life; the divine breath is everywhere, even there. Be it unto forgetfulness forever; at least thou wilt rest from the

beating of sensible images upon thee, from the passions which pluck thee this way and that like an unfeeling toy, from those long marches of the intellect, from thy toilsome ministry to the flesh.

"Art thou yet more than dust and ashes and bare bone—a name only, or not even that name, which, also, is but whispering and a resonance, kept alive from mouth to mouth of dying objects who have hardly known themselves; how much less thee, dead so long ago!

"When thou lookest upon a wise man, a lawyer, a captain of war, think upon another gone. When thou seest thine own face in the glass, call up there before thee one of thine ancestors—one of those old Cæsars. Lo! everywhere, they double before thee! Thereon, let the thought occur to thee: And where are they? anywhere at all, forever? And thou, thyself—how long? Art thou blind to that thou art?—thy matter, thy function, how temporal—the nature of thy business? Yet tarry, at least, till thou hast assimilated even these things to thine own proper essence, as a quick fire turneth into into heat and light whatsoever be cast upon it.

"Thou hast been a citizen in this wide city—count not for how long, nor complain; since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant; but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, 'I have not played five acts.' True! but in human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Retire with a good will; for that, too, hath, perchance, a good will which dismisseth thee from thy part."

The discourse ended almost in darkness, the evening having set in somewhat suddenly, with a heavy fall of snow. The torches which had been made ready to do him a useless honor were of real service now, as the emperor was solemnly conducted home; one man rapidly catching light from another—a long stream of moving lights across the white Forum, up the great stairs, to the palace. And, in effect, that night winter began, the hardest that had been known for a life-

time. The wolves came from the mountains; and, led by the carrion scent, devoured the dead bodies which had been hastily buried during the plague, and emboldened by their meal, crept, before the short day was well past, over the walls of the farm-yards of the *Campagna*. The eagles were seen driving the flocks of the smaller birds across the wintry sky. Only, in the city itself the winter was all the brighter for the contrast, among those who could pay for light and warmth. The habit-makers made a great sale of the spoil of all such furry creatures as had escaped wolves and eagles, for presents at the Saturnalia; and at no time had the winter roses from Carthage seemed more lustrously yellow and red.

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early, and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in bric-a-brac. It was not a monotonous display after the manner of the Parisian dealer of a stock-in-trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognize a provincial taste in various relics of the housekeeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the churches and religious houses of the neighborhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest quality in color and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type; and it was clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighboring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for suspension in church, and designed to portray the whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion. Next afternoon, accordingly, I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building, part, perhaps, of an ancient manor-house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower-garden and potager

in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths —many-colored asters, begonias, scarlet-beans, and the old-fashioned parsonage flowers. The courteous owner showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlor and staircase by way of a background for the display of other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapestries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments—fifes, cymbals, long, reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ, just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now; whereas, in certain of the woven pictures the heavens appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series—giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all, perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presentations of the oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-colored glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes well-nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre.

PATMORE, COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON, an English poet, born at Woodford, Essex, July 23, 1823; died at Lymington, Hampshire, December 26, 1896. From 1846 to 1868 he was an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems, which was republished in 1853, with large additions, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower, and Other Poems.* His principal work, *The Angel in the House*, appeared in four parts: *The Betrothal* (1854); *The Espousal* (1856); *Faithful Forever* (1860); *The Victories of Love* (1862). *The Unknown Eros* appeared in 1877, *Amelia* and a memoir of Barry Cornwall, 1878. A collection of his poems was published in one volume (1886).

"His *Angel in the House*," says Ruskin, "is a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling." In proof of the sincerity of his praise Ruskin quotes liberally from Patmore in his own *Sesame and Lilies.*

Shorter questions the sincerity of the sentiment of *The Angel in the House*, and calls attention to the importance attached to *The Unknown Eros* by a certain ecstatic band of admirers, who he charges spoilt Patmore by adulation, and encouraged him to hope for fame in the verdict of posterity, which, however, has failed to materialize.

COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY WEDDED HUSBAND.

"Now, while she's changing," said the Dean,
"Her bridal for her travelling-dress,
I'll preach allegiance to your Queen!
Preaching's the trade which I profess;
And one more minute's mine! You know
I've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She's yours; but I love her more than yet
You can: such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms of novel nearness; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.

"Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves
Like holy rocks by Druids poised;
The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem. Beware
Of finding fault. Her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her nobler nature move
To make your utmost wishes true."

—*The Espousal.*

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed,
With hard words and unkissed,
(His mother, who was patient, being dead.)
Then, fearing lest excess of grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,

With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys—
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good—
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—*The Victories of Love.*

PAIN.

O Pain, Love's mystery,
Close next of kin
To Joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin,
Angel, whom even they that will pursue
Pleasure with hell's whole gust
Find that they must
Perversely woo,
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
And bright'nest my dull view,

Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
And my roused spirit is
Another fire of bliss,
Wherein I learn
Feelingly how the pangful, purging fire
Shall furiously burn
With joy, not only of assured desire,
But also present joy
Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
Of luxury, sloth and hate
Evaporate :
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,
The mirror merely of God's smile.
Herein O Pain, abides the praise
For which my song I raise ;
But even the bastard good of intermittent ease
How greatly doth it please !
With what repose
The being from its bright exertion glows,
When from thy strenuous storm the senses sweep
Into a little harbor deep
Of rest ;
When thou, O Pain,
Having devour'd the nerves that thee sustain,
Sleep'st till thy tender food be somewhat grown again ;
And how the lull
With tear-blind love is full !
What mockery of a man am I express'd
That I should wait for thee
To woo !
Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.
How shameful, too,
Is this :
That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid
Of thy fierce kiss,
Like a young maid :
And only trust thy charms
And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.
And when thou partest, what a fickle mind
Thou leav'st behind.

That, being a little absent from mine eye,
It straight forgets thee what thou art,
And ofttimes my adulterate heart
Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.
O, for the learned spirit without attaint
That does not faint,
But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
And ventures many a spell,
Unlawful but for them that love so well,
To call thee back.

—*The Unknown Eros.*

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Lo, when the Lord made North and South,
And sun and moon ordained, He
Forth bringing each by word of mouth
In order of its dignity,
Did man from the crude clay express
By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He formed the woman; nor might less
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out,
Marred less than may by mortal fall,
Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical.
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,
But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
On noonday's azure permanence.

Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride.

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose

Under the protest of a cheek
  Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
  How artless in her very art!
How candid in discourse! how sweet
  The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent
  And woman's very nature harm),
How amiable and innocent
  Her pleasure in her power to charm!
How humbly careful to attract,
  Though crowned with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
  Diversity that never tires!

PATTEN, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American poet, born at Newport, R. I., on Christmas-day, 1808; died at Houlton, Me., April 28, 1882. He was educated at Brown University and at the National Military Academy. He served in the Seminole War, and on frontier duty, and became a captain in 1846. He lost his left hand while storming the Heights of Cerro Gordo; and at the end of the Mexican War he declined a captaincy and went on leave of absence; returning to duty in 1850. During the Civil War he served on several military commissions; and was retired for disability, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Patten was known as the "poet laureate of the army." His published works include an *Army Manual* (1860); *Infantry Tactics, Bayonet Drill and Small-Sword Exercise* (1861); *Artillery Drill* (1861); *Cavalry Drill and Sabre Exercise* (1863); an edition of Cooke's *Cavalry Tactics* (1863); a collection of fugitive poems entitled *Voices of the Border* (1867). Among his best verses are *The Seminole's Reply* and *Joys That We've Tasted.*

"Very few of our amateur wooers of the Muses," said the *American Literary Gazette* for October 15, 1857, "could produce more or better evidence of the success of their suit than Colonel Patten."

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow:
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain,
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain,
I scorn your proffered treaty, the pale face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "Blood" my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend theirall;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream,
And struggling thro' the Everglades your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you: Come not here!

Think ye to find my homestead?—I give it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have and good;
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with my eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter, till I sink beneath its wave!

PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE, an American statesman, poet, and historian, born at Nine-Partners, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 22, 1779; died at Hyde Park in the same county, April 6, 1860. At the age of nineteen he went to New York, and in 1807 he, with Washington Irving, began the issue of *Salmagundi*, a semi-weekly journal designed to satirize in prose and verse the follies of the town. This was discontinued in less than a year, but was revived, with indifferent success, by Paulding in 1819. In 1825 he was appointed Navy Agent at the port of New York, and resigned the position in 1837 to become Secretary of the Navy in the Administration of President Van Buren. In 1841 he retired from public life to a beautiful home which he had purchased on the banks of the Hudson. Paulding's works were numerous, and of very unequal merit. Among them are *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1812); *Koningsmarke* (1823); *The Three Wise Men of Gotham* (1826); *The New Mirror for Travellers* (1828); *Chronicles of the City of Gotham* (1830); *The Dutchman's Fireside*, his best novel (1831); *Westward Ho!* (1832); *Life of George Washington* (1835); *The Book of St. Nicholas* (1837); *A Gift from Fairy Land* (1838); *The Old Continental* (1846); *The Puritan and His Daughter* (1849). A collection of his *Select Works*, edited by his son, in four volumes, was published in 1868.

JOHN BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great millpond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man—an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small-beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest, as times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was a very quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of it, so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country-people, his neighbors—one of those grumbling, boasting old codgers that get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The Squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him on certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan—who was familiarly called "Brother Jonathan"—about whether churches were an abomination. The Squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which)—fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle, so he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription made up of thirty-nine articles—many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow, and finding that he made wry faces, and would not do it, he fell upon him, and beat him like fury. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan—though hard as a pine-knot, and as

tough as leather—could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat, and paddled over the millpond to some new lands to which the Squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

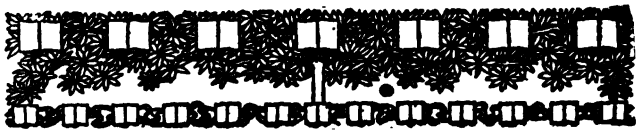
When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with woods, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the woods, and, clearing a place, built a log-hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms, and building himself a fine frame-house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damage for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the Squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and, under different pretences, managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

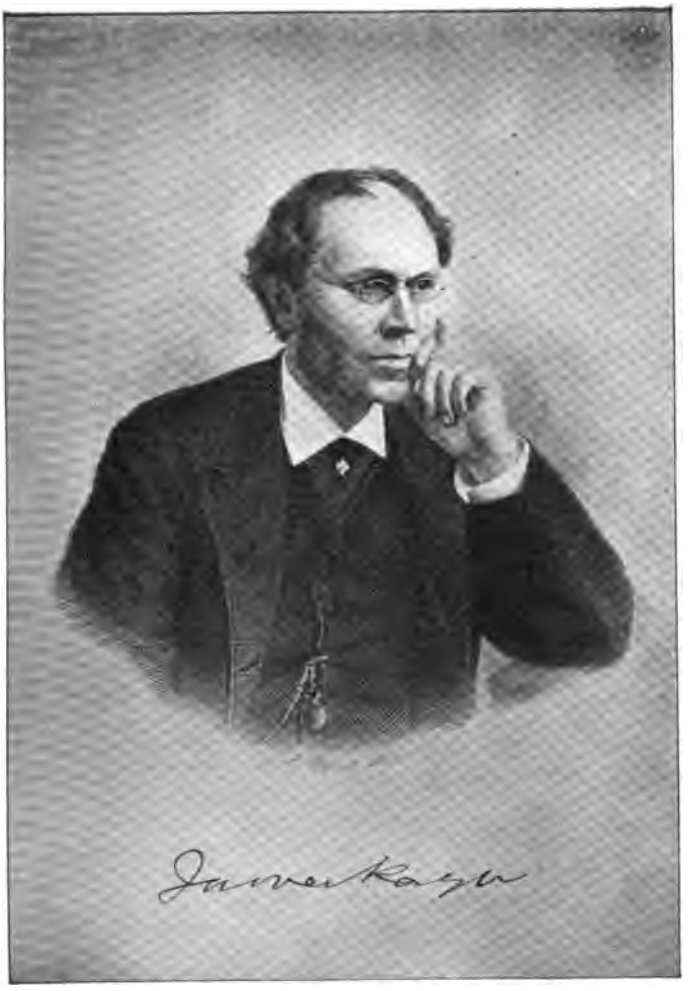
But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-shouldered cub of a fellow; awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an old-looking chap in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull, saw a great likeness between them, and swore that he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like

the old Squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.—***History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan.***



PAYN, JAMES, an English novelist and poet, born at Cheltenham in 1830; died March 25, 1898. He was educated at Eton and Woolwich, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1854. At an early age he contributed to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words*, and in 1858 he became editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in which he published his first novels. He contributed essays to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Times*. In 1882 he succeeded Leslie Stephen as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Among his works are *Stories from Boccaccio*, poems (1854); *Poems* (1855); *A Family Scapegrace; Lost Sir Massingberd*, which placed him in the front rank of romancers; *By Proxy* (1878); *High Spirits; A Perfect Treasure; Bentinck's Tutor; A Country Family; Cecil's Tryst; The Foster Brothers; Halves; Carlyon's Year; One of the Family; What He Cost Her* (1879); *Gwendoline's Harvest; Like Father, Like Son* (1881); *Mirk Abbey; Less Black than We're Painted; Murphy's Master; Under One Roof; The Luck of the Darrells; Some Literary Recollections* (1886); *Thicker than Water; Glow-worm Tales* (1888); *The Burnt Million* (1889); *The Word* and *The Will: A Modern Dick Whittington* (1892); *A Trying Patient* (1893); *Not Wooed but Won; Gleams of Memory* (autobiographical) (1894); *In Market Overt* (1895); *The Disappearance of George Driffell* (1896). He died March 25, 1898. He



JAMES PAYN.

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turned out about four novels a year and produced more than a hundred in all.

"He was one of the most prolific novelists of his day," writes the editor of *Celebrities of the Century*, "and at the same time one of the most popular. His works never fall below a high standard, and possess the varied attractions of lively dialogue, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a clever manipulation of incident."

The Saturday Review says that "Mr. Payn has some decided merits which justify his popularity. It is certainly a merit that he is always lively, that his plots are clearly constructed and sometimes remarkably ingenious, and that he has a genuine sense of humor, marred by a reprehensible love of bad puns. That most agreeable of topics, literary shop, makes up the bulk of his volumes, and is pleasantly studded with plums in the shape of anecdotes."

MRS. BECKETT.

Of all the mansions in Park Lane, albeit there are some, though not many, larger, Beckett House gives the strongest impression to the passer-by not only of wealth, but, what is a very different thing (and much better), the possession of an abundance of ready money. Just as on illumination nights we see the lines of some public edifice picked out with fire, so all the summer long the balconies of Beckett House show, tier on tier, their glowing lines of flowers. Under the large portico there is a miniature jungle of tropical foliage, and when at night the open door gives a glimpse of the interior to the passing Peri, it seems to her an Eden indeed. Nor even in winter does this shrine of Flora lack its gifts, for in the centre and on either wing are great conservatories, to which "the time of roses" is but a poetic figment, and May (for once) is happy in December's arms.

Mrs. Beckett, the owner of this palace, has a passion for flowers, which her wealth enables her to indulge to the full; nor is this the only proof of her good taste. She had once a handle to her name, but laid it aside by an act of voluntary abnegation. Emperors and others have done the like before her, but a woman—never. Her first husband was Sir Robert Orr, a city knight, who left her an immense jointure and "her ladyship." He had never been remarkable for personal beauty, and unless in the sense of years—he was three times her age—could hardly have been called accomplished. It was a marriage of convenience; but the old man had been kind to her in life and death, and she respected his memory. When she married her second husband, John Beckett, the railway engineer, she dropped "her ladyship." Sir Robert had been intensely proud of the title, and she felt that it belonged to him. The law, of course, would have decided as much, but she might have retained it by courtesy. She was not a woman to parade her sentiments, and, having some sense of humor, was wont to account for this act of self-sacrifice upon moral grounds; she did not think it respectable, she said, to figure with her husband in the "Morning Post," as Mr. Beckett and Lady Orr; she left that suspicious anomaly for the wives of bishops.

John Beckett had been a rich man, though he could not have measured purses with Sir Robert, and he had ten times his wit. He had not wasted them much on building bridges or hollowing tunnels out of the "too solid earth;" he left such enduring monuments to scientific theorists and applied the great powers of his mind—he called them without the faintest consciousness of self-satire its "grasp"—to contracts; mostly in connection with coal. He took the same practical view of matrimony, which poor Lady Orr had never guessed, and for her part had wedded her second husband for love. It was unintelligible to her that a man of so much wealth should pant for more: but he did so to his last breath. If he could have carried all his money (and hers) away with him—"to melt" or "to begin the next world with"—he would have done it and left her penniless. As it was, he died suddenly—killed by a fall from his horse

below her very windows—and intestate. Even when his scarce breathing body was lying in an upstairs chamber, and she attending it with all wifely solicitude, she could not stifle a sense of coming enfranchisement after twenty-five years of slavery, or the consciousness that her Sir Robert had been the better man of the two.

A woman of experience at least, if not of wisdom, was the present mistress of Beckett House; with strong passions, but with a not ungenerous heart; outspoken from the knowledge of her "great possessions," perhaps, as much as from natural frankness; a warm friend and not a very bitter enemy; and at the bottom of it all with a certain simplicity of character, of which her love for flowers was an example. She had loved them as Kitty Conway, the country doctor's daughter, when violets, instead of camellias, had been "her only wear," sweet-peas and wallflowers the choicest ornaments of her little garden, and Park Lane to her unsophisticated mind like other lanes. "Fat, fair, and forty," she was wont to call herself at the date this story opens, and it was the truth; but not the whole truth. Fat she was, and fair she was, but she was within a few years of fifty. Of course she was admirably preserved. As the kings of old took infinite pains that their bodies after death should not decay, so women do their best for themselves in that way while still in the flesh; and Mrs. Beckett was as youthful as care and art could make her. In shadow and with the light behind her, persons of the other sex might have set her down as even less mature than she described herself to be. There would have been at least ten years' difference between their "quotations"—as poor Sir Robert would have called them—and that of her tiring maid.

Five years she had had of gilded ease and freedom, since drunken, greedy, hard John Beckett had occupied his marble hall in Kensal Green—Sir Robert had a similar edifice of his own in Highgate cemetery, for she had too much good taste to mix their dust—and on the whole she had enjoyed them. Far too well favored by fortune, however, not to have her detractors, she was whispered by some to be by no means averse to a third experiment in matrimony. "There swam no goose so

gray," they were wont to quote, and "There was luck in odd numbers." Gossips will say anything, and men delight in jokes against the fair sex.—*Thicker than Water.*

A HILL-FOG.

Long before Grace reached the proposed turning-point of her journey the sunshine had given place to a gray gloom, which yet was not the garb of evening. The weather looked literally "dirty," though she was too little of a sailor, and too much of a gentlewoman, to call it so. Instead of running on ahead of his mistress and investigating the rocks for what Mr. Roscoe (who was cockney to the backbone, and prided himself on it) *would* call sweet-meats (meaning sweetmasts), Rip kept close to her skirts. . . . It was ridiculous to suppose that a town-bred dog should scent atmospheric dangers upon the mountains of Cumberland; but his spirits had certainly quitted him with inexplicable precipitancy, and every now and then he would give a short, impatient bark, which said, as plainly as dog could speak, "Hurry up, unless you want to be up here all night, and perhaps longer."

This strange conduct of her little companion did not escape Grace's attention, and, though she did not understand it, it caused her insensibly to quicken her steps. She had rounded Halse Fell, and was just about to leave it for lower ground, when she suddenly found herself in darkness. The fell had not only put its cap on, it was drawn down over its white face as that other white cap, still more terrible to look upon covers the features of the poor wretch about to be "turned off" on the gallows. The suddenness of the thing (for there is nothing so sudden as a hill-fog, except a sea-fog) gave it, for the moment, quite the air of a catastrophe. To be in cotton-wool is a phrase significant of superfluous comfort; and yet, curiously enough, it seemed to express better than any other the situation in which Grace now found herself, in which there was no comfort at all. She seemed to be wrapped around in that garment which ladies call "a cloud" —only of a coarse texture and very wet. It was over

her eyes and nose and mouth, and rendered everything invisible and deadened every sound.

It might clear away in five minutes, and it might last all night. To move would be fatal. Should she take one unconscious turn to left or right, she was well aware that she would lose all her bearings; and yet, from a few feet lower than where she stood now, could she but have seen a hundred yards in front of her, she knew there would be comparative safety. She could no more see a hundred yards, or ten or five, however, than she could see a hundred miles. Things might have been worse, of course. She might have been at the top of the fell instead of half-way down it. She had been in fogs herself, but not like this, nor so far from home. But matters were serious enough as they were.

Though there was no wind, of course the air had become very damp and chill. To keep her head clear, to husband her strength, should a chance of exerting it be given her, and to remain as warm as possible, were the best, and indeed the only, things to be done. Keeping her eyes straight before her she sat down, and took Rip on her lap. But for its peril, the position was absurd enough; but it was really perilous. Lightly clad as she was, for the convenience of walking, she could hardly survive the consequences of such a night on the open fell. . . . An incident she had once read of a clerk in a Fleet Street bank being sent suddenly on pressing business into Wales, and all but perishing the very next night, through a sprained ankle, on a spur of Snowdon, came into her mind. How frightful the desolation of his position had seemed to him—its unaccustomed loneliness and weird surroundings, and the ever-present consciousness of being cut off from his fellows, in a world utterly unknown to him! She was now enduring the self-same pangs!—*The Burnt Million.*

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, an American dramatist and actor, born in New York, June 9, 1792; died at Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852. He early manifested a strong predilection for the stage, where he was hailed as "the young Roscius." As a boy of fourteen he edited the *Thespian Mirror*, and studied at Union College, where he edited the *Pastime*. In his sixteenth year he appeared at the Park Theatre as "Young Norval," and subsequently acted in other cities. In 1813 he went to London, where he met with a decided theatrical success. He remained in Europe until 1832, where he conducted a theatrical journal called the *Opera Glass*, and wrote several dramas, some of which were popular at the time, but none of them are now remembered, excepting *Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin*, and the opera of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, which was sold to Charles Kemble, of the Covent Garden Theatre, for $150. In it occurs the song "Home, Sweet Home," which was sung by Miss M. Tree, sister of Charles Kean's wife. This song made the fortune of the opera and of the publishers, 100,000 copies having been rapidly sold, but the author reaped no pecuniary benefit. He experienced various ups and downs, but was always in pecuniary straits, although from time to time he earned large sums of money. In 1851 he received the appointment of

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

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United States Consul at Tunis, which he retained until his death. Thirty years after his death, Mr. Corcoran, an American banker, caused the remains of Payne to be exhumed and brought to Washington, where they were reinterred, and a fine monument was erected above them.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home—
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home—
There's no place like home.

THE ROMAN FATHER.

Brutus.—Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger

To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name.
[*A pause.*]
There is one criminal still left for judgment;
Let him approach.

TITUS *is brought in by the Lictors.*

Prisoner—
Romans! forgive this agony of grief;
My heart is bursting, nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the judgment-seat.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?
—*Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin.*

BRUTUS CONDEMNS HIS SONS TO DEATH.

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PEABODY, ANDREW PRESTON, an American preacher, professor, and theological writer, born at Beverly, Mass., March 19, 1811; died March 10, 1893. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and afterward from the Divinity School. After one year of tutorship in mathematics, he was pastor at Portsmouth, N. H., twenty-seven years. In 1860 he became preacher to Harvard University and Professor of Christian Morals. In 1881 he resigned these offices, and twice officiated as acting president before his death. From 1852, for eleven years, he edited the *North American Review*, to which, and to other reviews, he contributed a great number of articles. Among the books written by him are *Sermons on Consolation* (1847); *Christianity the Religion of Nature* (1864); *Reminiscences of European Travel* (1868); *Manual of Moral Philosophy, Christianity and Science* (1874); *Christian Belief and Life* (1875); *Harvard Reminiscences* (1888); *Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known* (1890), and *King's Chapel Sermons* (1891).

"Dr. Peabody," said Professor Hart, "is one of the best-known writers and theologians of New England, respected for his personal character, the conservatism of his views, and the elegance of his style. His best oration is that on the uses of classical literature."

SELF-LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE.

There is at first view an irreconcilable antagonism between self-love and beneficence. Self-love is inevitable; beneficence is a manifest duty. But if we love ourselves, how can we rob ourselves of time, reputation, ease, or money for the good of others? If we are beneficent, how can we be otherwise than false to that law of our very natures which urges upon us a primary reference to our own happiness? I cannot find this problem solved by any moralist before Christ. Beneficence was indeed inculcated before Christ, but as a form of self-renunciation, not as returning a revenue to the kind heart and the generous hand. Yet here Christ plays a bold stroke. His precepts are full of philanthropy. They prescribe the utmost measures of toil and sacrifice for humanity. They constrain the disciple to call nothing his own which others really need, —to hold all that he has subject to perpetual drafts from those who can claim his sympathy. Yet Christ is so far from dishonoring and denouncing self-love, that he cherishes it without imposing or suggesting a limit to it, nay, makes the cherishing of it a duty and a measure of the seemingly antagonistic duty, implying that the more we love ourselves the greater will be the amount of the good we do to others. His fundamental law for the social life stretches the uniting wire between these opposite poles, and transmits from each to the other the current of personal and social obligation, making duty interest, and interest duty. The precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is simply absurd, if the imagined antagonism is real. But if these two principles, in form mutually hostile, are in fact kindred and mutually convertible, so that each does the other's work, it must be by means of springs and wheels which underlie them both and the whole fabric of society, and which are kept in perpetual tension and motion by an omnipresent Providence. Either this coincidence of self-love and beneficence is a law of nature, or it is a contradiction in terms and an impossibility in action. Let us consider how far it is a law of nature.

Look, first, at international relations. Unenlightened self-love dictates war on the most trivial pretexts, quick resentment, prompt revenge, bold aggression, the preying of the strong upon the feeble. But if history has taught any lesson, it has taught the inexpediency and folly of needless war, even when most successful, and the expediency of peace at all sacrifice, and of mutual good offices among nations. . . . A similar change has taken place in the commercial relations of the civilized world. In the ignorant infancy of modern commerce the reigning doctrine was, that the surplus of the specie imported over that exported determined the balance of trade in favor of a nation, so that by any specific commercial arrangement one party must be the gainer, the other the loser. Thus the sole effort of diplomatists was to outwit one another, and to throw dust into one another's eyes; and as to mercantile matters, nations occupied a position of mutual antagonism, each looking for gain at the expense of the other. . . . Thus, though commerce seems an intensely selfish transaction, it is now girdling the earth with the zone of common interest, mutual good-will, and reciprocal helpfulness.

Among members of the same community, I know of nothing that illustrates the concurrent tendency and harmonious working of self-love and mutual benevolence so strongly and beautifully as the system of insurance. At first thought the appeal to the self-love of the uninjured as a source against calamity might seem the height of absurdity, and the inscription, "Bear ye one another's burdens," placed over the office of a joint-stock company might look like bitter irony. Yet what but such an appeal is the advertisement of an insurance company? . . . This kindly agency, by which disasters that would overwhelm and ruin the individual, are drawn off and scattered over a whole community with a pressure which none can seriously feel, might remind one of what takes place in a thunder-storm, when every twig of every tree, and every angle of every moistened roof helps to lead harmlessly to the ground the electric force which, discharged at any one point, would deal desolation and death.

We may trace this same harmony between self-love and benevolence in the relations and intercourse of ordinary life. We have heard a great deal at times—I think that the phraseology has grown obsolete now, but it was rife when the Carlylese *patois* used to be spoken in cultivated circles—about whole men, and the necessity of every man's being a whole man, in himself complete, self-sufficing, and independent. There never was such a man, and never will be; and were there such a man, he would be as fair a specimen of humanity as one would be as to his physical nature who lacked hands, or feet, or even head. We are by nature the complements of one another. We cannot help leaning and depending on one another. We are like trees in a forest, each sheltered and fostered by its neighbor-trees, and liable to speedy blighting when transplanted to a solitary exposure. Our social natures are as truly a part of ourselves as our physical natures; our affections as our appetites; our domestic and civil relations as our subjection to the laws of matter and of mind. The man whom we term selfish consults the needs of only an insignificant fraction of himself. The self-seeker (so called) leads a life of perpetual self-sacrifice and self-denial. He alone who benefits his neighbor does well for himself. He alone who does good gets good. He alone who makes the world the happier and the better by his living in it becomes happier and better by living in it.—*Christianity the Religion of Nature.*

PEABODY, OLIVER WILLIAM BOURNE, an American lawyer, clergyman, and poet, born at Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799; died at Burlington, Vt., July 5, 1850. He was graduated at Harvard in 1817, studied law, and entered upon legal practice in his native town. In 1820 he removed to Boston, and assisted his brother-in-law, Alexander H. Everett, in editing the *North American Review*. He wrote the *Life of Israel Putnam*, and *Life of John Sullivan*, in Sparks's "American Biography," and contributed in prose and verse to various periodicals. From 1836 to 1842 he was Register of Probate for Suffolk County, Mass. For a year or two he was Professor of English Literature in Jefferson College, Louisiana. Returning to Massachusetts, he studied theology, was licensed as a preacher by the Boston Unitarian Association, and in 1845 became minister of the Unitarian Church at Burlington, Vt.

His twin brother, WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, clergyman and poet, died at Springfield, Mass., May 28, 1847. He was graduated at Harvard in 1817, studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1820 became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Springfield, holding that position until his death. Besides his pastoral duties he wrote the life of *Alexander Wilson*, and the life of *Cotton Mather*, in Sparks's "American Biography," and contributed

largely to the *North American Review* and to the *Christian Examiner*. He wrote many hymns and other poems, which were published in his *Remains*, edited by Everett Peabody (1850).

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Too lovely, and too early lost!
My memory clings to thee;
For thou wast once my guiding star
Amid the treacherous sea.
But doubly cold and cheerless now
The wave, too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first when Hope arose
On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
Of early dawning Spring.
Who then could dream that health and joy
Would e'er desert the brow
So bright with varying lustre once,
So chill and changeless now?

One evening when the autumn dew
Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus far down the west
His starry host had led,
Thou said'st how sadly and how oft
To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness, and decline,
And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
Which none beside could hear;
Like the night-breeze's plaintive lyre,
Breathed faintly in her ear.
It was the warning, kindly given,
When blessed spirits come
From their bright paradise above,
To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then
  That fatal warning fell !
But oh ! the dark reality
  Another voice may tell :—
The quick decline, the parting sigh,
  The slowly moving bier,
The lifted sod, the sculptured stone,
  The unavailing tear.

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven
  Entwine thy temples now ;
The crown that shines immortally
  Is beaming on thy brow ;
The seraphs round the burning throne
  Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
  Companion of the blest.

—OLIVER WILLIAM BOURNE PEABODY.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
  The dark green fields contented lie ;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
  Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
  That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
  With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
  The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
  Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
  Or hurry trembling o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
  Serenely breathes, " Depart in peace."

God of the forests' solemn shade !
  The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
  Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee ;

But more majestic far they stand
When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

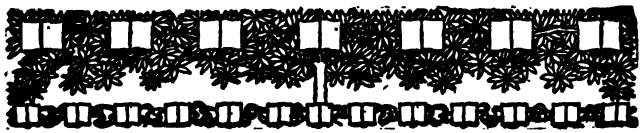
God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

—WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY.



PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE, an English satirical novelist and poet, born at Weymouth, October 18, 1785; died in London, January 23, 1866. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1818, and retired on a pension in 1856. He was one of the executors of Shelley, of whose life he has given some account. Among his novels are *Headlong Hall* (1816); *Melincourt* (1817); *Nightmare Abbey*, and *Rhododaphne*, a volume of verse (1818); *Maid Marian* (1822); *Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), in which occur several clever bits of verse, as also in the earlier *Nightmare Abbey*. *Crochet Castle* appeared in 1831. His latest novel was *Gryll Grange* (1861). A complete edition of his *Works*, with a preface by Lord Houghton, was published in 1875.

"Peacock was at all times a writer of verse," says Saintsbury, in his *Literature of the Nineteenth Century*, "and the songs which diversify his novels are among their most delightful features. The novels, too, have a singular relish and are written in a style always piquant and attractive. They may all be said to belong to the fantastic-satirical order of which the French tale-tellers had set the example during the previous century. Peacock's satire is always very sharp, and in his earlier books a little rough as well, but as he went on he acquired urbanity without losing point, and became

one of the most consummate practitioners of Lucianic humor adjusted to the English scheme and taste. He was the last and one of the best masters of the English drinking-song."

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the Baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John the page," said the third, in "Little John the outlaw."

"And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey," said the Friar, "in Father Tuck of Sherwood Forest."

"I am in fine company," said the Baron.

"In the very best of company," said the Friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beach are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy and the primrose and the violet are its many-colored floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower and the woodbine and the eglantine and the ivy are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark and the thrush and the linnet and the nightingale are its unhired minstrels and musicians.

"Robin Hood is the King of the Forest, both by the dignity of his birth, and by his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people. He holds dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen deer, and its swinish multitude, or peasantry, of wild-boars, by right of conquest or force of arms. He levies contributions among them, by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. What right had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim; so does Robin. With whom

both? With any that would dispute it. William raised contributions; so does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not, or cannot, help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich; and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince.

"Scarlet and John, are they not Peers of the Forest —Lords Temporal of Sherwood? And am I not Lord Spiritual? Am I not Archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are they not State, and am not I Church? Are they not State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn; and, by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass! We take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again; but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer.

"What need we, then, to constitute a Court, except a Fool and a Laureate? For the Fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art; and we are merry men who are true by nature. For the Laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves." —*Maid Marian.*

THE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Seamen three! What men be ye?
"Gotham's three Wise Men we be."
Whither in your bowl so free?
"To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
"I am he they call Old Care."
Here on board we will thee lift.
"No; I may not enter there."
Wherefore so? "'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be."

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
"No: in charmed bowl we swim."
What the charm that floats the bowl?
"Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

—*Nightmare Abbey.*

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them, and slew them.

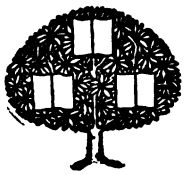
As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

He fled to his hall-pillars,
  And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
  While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
  Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children,
  And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
  Were glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
  The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle—
  And much their land bemoaned them—
Two thousand head of cattle,
  And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
  His head was borne before us;
And his wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
  And his overthrow our chorus.

—*Misfortunes of Elphin.*



PEARSON, JOHN, a learned English bishop and theological writer, born in Snoring, Norfolk, England, February 28, 1612; died in Chester, England, July 16, 1686. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, of which he was made Fellow in 1635. In 1639 he took orders, became prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College in Cambridge in 1660; Professor of Divinity at Lady Margaret College in 1661; Master of Trinity in 1662; and was consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1672. He was the author of several works, the most important of which was the *Exposition of the Creed* (1659), which continues to be a standard defence of the creed of the Anglican Church. This book has always had a high reputation, and is used as a text-book for students of theology. It has frequently been republished and abridged, and was translated into Latin by Arnold in 1691. Bishop Pearson was one of the commissioners on the review of the Liturgy at the Savoy. Ill-health rendered him incapable of performing any of his official duties for a long time before his death. His last work, the *Two Dissertations on the Succession and Times of the First Bishops of Rome*, formed the principal part of his *Opera Posthuma*, edited by Henry Iodwell in 1688.

THE RESURRECTION.

Besides the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, and preserved by perishing, and revived by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence into a full

assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon His power we must conclude that we may, from His will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of His will to raise the dead, and that He hath not only delivered that intention in His Word, but hath also in several ways confirmed the same.—*An Exposition of the Creed.*

PECK, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American journalist and humorist, born at Henderson, N. Y., in 1840. He received a good common-school education and learned the trade of printer, and, after travelling about the country for some time, settled at Milwaukee, Wis., where he became proprietor of a newspaper which he called *Peck's Sun*. Through the breezy and humorous sketches by Mr. Peck this paper soon attained a wide popularity. One of its most taking features was the weekly recital of the mischievous pranks of "The Bad Boy." This was an original vein of humor and was worked by Mr. Peck with much success for a number of years. Several farcical dramas have also been built about the characters delineated by Mr. Peck. His ability as a newspaper-man was not confined to humorous writing. The sound sense and keen judgment of men and affairs which he applied to the handling of serious subjects earned for him the highest esteem of his fellow-citizens, and he was elected Mayor of Milwaukee in 1890. The next year he was elected Governor of Wisconsin, and served with general acceptability until 1895. His books are *Peck's Compendium of Fun* (1883); *Peck's Sunshine* (1884); *Peck's Bad Boy* (1885); *How George W. Peck Put Down the Rebellion* (1887), and *Peck's Boss Book* (1888), all of which have been successful.

A TRYING SITUATION.

It was along in the winter, and the prominent church members were having a business meeting in the basement of the church to devise ways and means to pay for the pulpit furniture. The question of an oyster sociable had been decided, and they got to talking about oysters, and one old deaconess asked a deacon if he didn't think raw oysters would go farther at a sociable than stewed oysters. He said he thought raw oysters would go farther, but they wouldn't be as satisfying. And then he went on to tell how far a raw oyster went once with him. He said he was at a swell dinner-party, with a lady on each side of him, and he was trying to talk to both of them, or carry on two conversations on two different subjects at the same time.

They had some shell oysters, and he took up one on a fork—a large, fat one—and was about to put it in his mouth, when the lady on his left called his attention, and when the cold fork struck his teeth, and no oyster on it, he felt as though it had escaped, but he made no sign. He went on talking with the lady as though nothing had happened. He glanced down at his shirt-bosom, and was at once on the trail of the oyster, though the insect had got about two minutes' start of him. It had gone down his vest, under the waistband of his clothing, and he was powerless to arrest its progress.

The oyster, he observed, had very cold feet, and the more he tried to be calm and collected, the more the oyster seemed to walk round his vitals. He says he does not know whether the ladies noticed the oyster when it started on its travels or not, but he thought that they winked at each other, though they might have been winking at something else.

The oyster seemed to be real spry until it got out of reach, and then it got to going slow as the slippery covering wore off, and by the time it had worked into his trousers' leg, it was going very slow, though it remained cold to the last, and he hailed the arrival of that oyster into the heel of his stocking with more delight than he did the raising of the American flag over Vicksburg, after the long siege.—*Peck's Compendium of Fun.*

PELLICO, SILVIO, an Italian poet, born at Saluzzo, Piedmont, June 24, 1789; died near Turin, January 31, 1854. While quite young he achieved a high reputation, especially by his dramatic poems, *Laodamia* and *Francesca da Rimini*, the latter a tragedy which has held a high place in the estimation of theatre-goers for many years. He took part in the Carbonari movement, the object of which was to put down the Austrian domination in Italy. In 1820 he was arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death; but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' close confinement in a prison of state. His first place of incarceration was at Milan, from which he was removed to an island near Venice, and finally to Spielberg, in Moravia. His health broke down under the hardships to which he was subjected, and in 1830, when apparently near the point of death, he was liberated by Imperial order, and took up his residence at Turin. The year following his liberation he put forth *My Prisons*, containing an account of his ten years' incarceration. This was immediately translated into several languages—into English by Thomas Roscoe. Pellico subsequently published several works in verse and prose, one of the latest being a treatise on *The Duties of Man*, highly praised for its moral teachings. Among his fellow-prisoners at Spielberg was his friend Pietro Maroncelli.

THE DEAF-AND-DUMB BOY.

At the commencement of my captivity I was fortunate enough to meet with a friend. It was neither the governor nor any of the Undersailors, nor any of the lords of the Process Chamber; but a poor deaf-and-dumb boy, five or six years old, the offspring of thieves who had paid the penalty of the law. This wretched little orphan was supported by the police, with several other boys in the same condition of life. They all dwelt in a room opposite my own, and were only permitted to go out at certain hours to breathe a little air in the yard. Little Deaf-and-Dumb used to come under my window, smile, and make his obeisance to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he looked, and gave a leap of joy; then ran to his companions, divided it, and returned to eat his own share under a window. The others gave me a wistful look from a distance, but ventured no nearer, while the deaf-and-dumb boy expressed signs of sympathy for me; not, I found, affected, out of mere selfishness. Sometimes he was at a loss what to do with the bread I gave him, and made signs that he had eaten enough, as also had his companions. When he saw one of the under-jailers going into my room, he would give him what he had got from me, in order to restore it to me. Yet he continued to haunt my window, and seemed to rejoice whenever I deigned to notice him.

One day the jailer permitted him to enter my prison, when he instantly ran to embrace my knees, actually uttering a cry of joy. I took him up in my arms, and he threw his little hands about my neck, and lavished on me the tenderest caresses. How much affection in his smile and manner! How eagerly I longed to have him to educate, to raise him from his abject condition, and snatch him, perhaps, from utter ruin. I never learned his name; he did not know himself that he had one. He seemed always happy, and I never saw him weep except once, and that was on his being beaten, I know not why, by the jailer. Strange that he should be thus happy in a receptacle of so much pain and sorrow; yet he was as light-hearted as the son of a gran-

dee. From him I learned at least that the mind need not depend on situations, but may be rendered independent of external things. Govern the imagination, and we shall be well wherever we happen to be placed. —*My Prisons.*

THE HEROISM OF MARONCELLI.

Maroncelli was far more unfortunate than myself. Although my sympathy for him caused me real pain and suffering, I was glad to be near him, to attend to all his wants, and to perform all the duties of a brother and a friend. It soon became evident that his ulcered leg would never heal. He considered his death as near at hand, and yet he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or his courage. The sight of all his suffering was at last almost more than I could bear.

Still, in this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses; he sang, he conversed—and all this he did to encourage me by disguising a part of what he suffered. He lost his power of digestion, he could not sleep, was reduced to a skeleton, and very frequently swooned away. Yet the moment he was restored he rallied his spirits, and, smiling, told me not to be afraid. It is indescribable what he suffered during many months. At length a consultation was held. The head-physician was called in; he approved of all his colleagues had done, and took his leave without expressing any decided opinion. A few minutes after, the superintendent entered, and said to Maroncelli:

"The head-physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence; he feared you would not have fortitude to bear so terrible an announcement. I have assured him, however, that you are possessed of courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it in bearing this terrible torture without howling. Is there anything he would propose?"

"Yes, sir—the amputation of the limb. Only, perceiving how much your constitution is broken down, he hesitates to advise you. Weak as you are, could you support the operation? Will you run the risk——"

"Of dying? And shall I not equally die if I go on, besides enduring this diabolical torture?"

"We will send off an account, then, direct to Vienna, soliciting permission; and the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off."

"What! Does it require a *permit* for this?"

"Assuredly, sir," was the reply.

In about a week a courier arrived from Vienna, with the permission for the amputation. My sick friend was carried from his dungeon into a larger room. He begged me to follow him. "I may die under the knife," said he, "and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms." I promised, and was permitted to accompany him.

The sacrament was first administered to the prisoner; and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeons. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing a hymn. At length they came. One was an able surgeon, sent from Vienna to superintend the operation; but it was the privilege of our ordinary prison apothecary, and he would not yield it to the man of science, who must be contented to look on.

The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in my arms. It was to be cut off above the knee. First an incision was made to the depth of an inch—then through the muscles; and the blood flowed in torrents. The arteries were next taken up, one by one and secured by ligaments. Next came the saw. This lasted some time; but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away he cast on it one melancholy look; then, turning toward the surgeon, he said: "You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you." He saw a rose placed in a glass in a window, and said, "May I beg you to bring hither that flower?" I brought it to him, and he then offered it to the surgeon, with an indescribable air of good-nature: "See, I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude." The surgeon took it as it was meant, and even wiped away a tear.—*My Prisons.*

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WILLIAM PENN.

PENN, WILLIAM, founder of the Colony of Pennsylvania, born in London, October 14, 1644; died at Ruscombe, Berks, July 30, 1718. Of his public career we shall not speak further than to say that, although from about his twentieth year he was an earnest and consistent Quaker, he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and was in high favor at Court during the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and the whole of that of James II. Macaulay, alone among historians, speaks in disparaging terms of his personal character; but there is good reason to believe that the acts of turpitude with which Macaulay charges him were committed by a "Mr. Penne," an altogether different person. The *Life of William Penn* has been exhaustively written by W. Hepworth Dixon (1872), with a special view to refuting the aspersions of Macaulay. Penn was a voluminous writer. His *Select Works* occupy five volumes in the edition of 1782, and three stout volumes in the more compact edition of 1825. Most of them relate directly to the history and doctrines of the Quakers. Besides these are his *No Cross, No Crown* (1669), written during an eight months' imprisonment for the offence of preaching in public, and *Fruits of a Father's Love*, being wise counsels to his children, published eight years after his death.

ON PRIDE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

That people are generally proud of their persons is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty. But as to the first: What a pother has this noble blood made in the world: antiquity of name or family; whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother was best descended or allied? What stock or of what clan they came of? What coat-of-arms they have? Which had of right the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it. What matter is it of whom anyone descended who is not of ill fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I am neither the better nor the worse for my forefathers; no, to be sure not, in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries easier, or reject favors the more, for coming from the hands of a man well or ill descended.

I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth. But that was never found; not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean pious Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth. Those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and, though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so, too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the braver man of the two?—*No Cross, No Crown.*

PATERNAL COUNSELS.

Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life: and that not of sordid covetousness, but for

example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those who have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And, being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring.

Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Let your industry and your parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children if the Lord gives you any, and that in moderation. I charge you help the poor and needy. Let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others. . . .

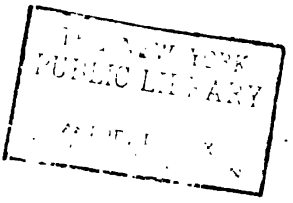
Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak; hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speak as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither avenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father. In making friends consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction; for that becometh not the good and virtuous. . . .

And as for you who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey—especially the first—I do charge you before the Lord God and His holy angels that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. —*Fruits of a Father's Love.*

PEPYS, SAMUEL, an English chronicler of small gossip of the reign of Charles II., born February 23, 1633; died May 26, 1703. Though he was of an ancient family, his early years were passed in humble circumstances. When about twenty-seven he obtained a small post in the exchequer; and he gradually passed from one position to a better one during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., becoming in the end Secretary to the Admiralty. He was also President of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686. The accession of William III., in 1688, occasioned his retirement from public life. He left to Magdalen College, Oxford, his rare collection of prints, books, and manuscripts, which is known as the "Pepysian Library." He is known almost wholly by his *Diary*, kept in short-hand, from 1660 to 1669, when the failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon it. This *Diary* was first partly deciphered about 1820, and portions of it were printed in 1825, edited by Lord Braybrooke. This, however, was greatly abridged, and even mutilated. Several editions, each more full than the preceding one, have subsequently been published. The *Diary* is simply a mass of pure gossip, but so naïvely told as to be exceedingly readable. Indeed, without it we should hardly be able to obtain a picture of life in England during the early years of the reign

(After Sir G. Kneller.)

SAMUEL PEPYS.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of Charles II. Among the earliest entries in the *Diary* is the following, made in 1660, when Pepys was just beginning to get his head fairly above water:

MRS. PEPYS GETS A NEW PETTICOAT.

August 18, 1660.—Toward Whitefriars by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. . . . 19, *Lord's Day.*—This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself went to church. We heard Mr. Mills, a very good preacher. Home to dinner, where my wife had on the new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but it being of a light color, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Among the later entries is the following, dated May 1, 1669, which shows that Pepys was getting along in the world, and had indeed set up a coach.

MR. AND MRS. PEPYS TAKE A DRIVE.

Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there put on a summer suit the first time this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and colored camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, and I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made last year, which is now repaired, and so did go to the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon got home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced extremely pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over, and mighty earnest to go, though the day was extremely lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town, with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards

gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that the people did mightily look upon us. And the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all that day.

But we set out out of humor—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine. And she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did see in the Pell Mell; and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach; but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain. And what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was Mr. W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the Lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things; cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry.

MR. PEPYS DOES NOT LIKE "HUDIBRAS."

December 26, 1662.—To the wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and, by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* *February 6.*—To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside at the new theatre building in Covent Gardens, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again; it being certainly some ill humor to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. *November 28.*—To St. Paul's Churchyard, and there looked upon the Second Part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be

as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up; though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

MR. PEPYS GETS A GLIMPSE AT ROYALTY.

Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying there to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress—a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*—mighty pretty; and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light did anybody press—as she seemed to expect, and staid for it—to take her down. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody.

I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that I ever did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, and her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine—at least in this dress. Nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

MR. PEPYS QUARRELS WITH HIS WIFE.

May 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad, that I spoke not one

word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (*Lord's Day.*)—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she had more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-à-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us *6s.*—*Diary.*

PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES, an American scientist and poet, born at Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795; died at Hazel Green, Wis., May 2, 1856. He was graduated at Yale in 1815; was for a time engaged in teaching, then studied medicine at Philadelphia. In 1824 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, and was detailed as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1827 he took up his residence at New Haven, and engaged in various kinds of literary work, including the revision of the manuscript of Webster's *Dictionary*, and a translation of Malte-Brun's geography. In 1835 he was appointed to make a geological and mineral survey of the State of Connecticut, but his Report did not appear until 1842. Between 1841 and 1844 he contributed to different journals metrical versions of German and Slavic lyrics.

In 1854 he was appointed Geologist of the State of Wisconsin. His first Report was published in 1855, and he was engaged in the preparation of his second Report at the time of his death. At various intervals between 1821 and 1843 he put forth small volumes of poems. A complete edition of his *Poems* was published in 1859.

He was familiar with Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and nearly all the languages of modern Europe. One of his hobbies was imitating foreign metres. His

Prometheus (1822) was in Spenserian stanza. His poems were much admired in his day, but they are now little read.

"In common with that of so many of his contemporaries," says Professor Hart, "much of Percival's verse is crude and extravagant. He preferred the bubble and flash of momentary inspiration to the severer but more enduring labor of correction and rejection."

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and grassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless depths of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

And when the ship from his fury flies,
  Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea
  The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE PLEASURES OF THE STUDENT.

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, while the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?
  He has his pleasures; he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books—
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days:
In these and in the visions that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the wise and good—
There is an elevating influence
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old times. . . .
  With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes,
Till past becomes reality, and joys
That beckon in the future nearer draw,

And ask fruition. Oh, there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads her snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind heave their foam;
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

PERRAULT, CHARLES, a French writer of fairy-tales, born in Paris, January 12, 1628; died there, May 16, 1703. When nine years of age he was sent to the Collège de Beauvais, his father assisting him in his studies. He liked exercises in verse and disputes with his teacher of philosophy better than regular study, and at length, accompanied by an admiring fellow-student named Beaurin, left the college-halls for the gardens of the Luxembourg, where they laid out their own course of study, which they followed for three or four years. A burlesque translation of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* was the first fruit of this self-appointed curriculum, the young translator's brother Claude, architect of the Louvre, illustrating it with India-ink drawings. In 1651 Perrault was admitted to the bar; but, finding the law wearisome, he accepted a clerkship under his brother, the Receiver-General of Paris. This position he held for ten years, employing his abundant leisure in reading and making verses, which were handed about among his friends and gained him considerable reputation. He also planned a house for his brother, and thus attracted the notice of Colbert, who, in 1663, procured his appointment to the superintendence of the royal buildings, which he exercised for twenty years. On his retirement he devoted himself to

authorship, and to the education of his children. In 1686 he published *Saint Paulin Evesque de Nole*, with an *Ode aux Nouveaux Convertis*. The next year he offended Boileau and others by comparing the ancient poets unfavorably with those of his own time, in a poem, *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.*, read before the Academy, to which he had been admitted in 1671. The "battle of the books" raged furiously, and Perrault defended his position in *Le Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes* (1688). His last work, *Eloges des Hommes Illustres du Siècle de Louis XIV.*, finely illustrated with portraits, was published in two volumes (1696–1701). His fame rests upon none of these works. In 1694 he brought out a small volume of tales in verse, contributed, in the intervals of literary warfare, to a society paper of Paris and to a magazine published at the Hague. It was followed in 1697 by a volume of prose tales entitled *Histoires et Contes du Temp Passé*, bearing on its title-page the name of Perrault's young son, P. Darmancour, and containing those immortal favorites of childhood, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, *Little Red Riding-Hood*, *Blue Beard*, *Puss in Boots*, *Cinderella*, *Riquet of the Tuft*, and *Hop o' My Thumb*.

These tales, gathered from the lips of nurses and peasants, and told in a charming style for the amusement of childhood, will keep Perrault's fame alive as long as there are children. As Andrew Lang has said: "By a curious revenge, Perrault, who had blamed Homer for telling, in the *Odyssey*, old wives' fables, has found in old wives' fables his own immortality."

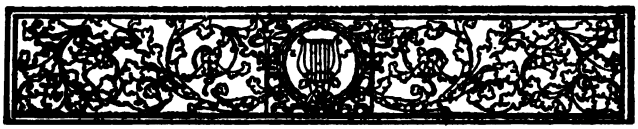
THE PRINCESS AWAKENED.

At the end of a hundred years the son of the reigning king, who belonged to another family than that of the sleeping princess, being out hunting in these parts, asked what tower it was that he saw rising out of a wide, dense wood not far away. Everybody answered according to what he had heard—some that it was a haunted castle, others that it was a meeting-place for witches, others that it was the residence of an ogre, to which he carried all the children that he caught, in order that he might devour them at leisure, and without fear of being followed, since no one else could find a way through the forest. While the prince stood in doubt what to believe, an aged peasant spoke: "My prince," said he, "more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that the loveliest princess in the world lay asleep in that castle, and that when she had slept a hundred years she should be awakened by a king's son who was destined to be her husband." At these words the prince was on fire to see the end of the adventure. He instantly resolved to penetrate the forest, whatever he might find there. Scarcely had he taken a step forward when the great trees, the thickets, and the thorns, parted to let him pass. He went toward the castle, which stood at the end of a long avenue, and felt somewhat surprised when he saw that not one of his train had been able to follow him, the branches having sprung together again as soon as he had passed.

When he entered the court-yard he was for a moment chilled with horror. A frightful silence reigned; the image of death was everywhere; what seemed the corpses of men and animals lay stretched upon the ground. The prince knew, however, by the pimpled noses and red faces of the porters, that they were only asleep, and he saw by the few drops of wine which still remained in their glasses, that they had fallen asleep while drinking. He passed through a large court paved with marble, ascended the stairs, entered a saloon where the guards, with their muskets on their shoulders, stood in a row, snoring their loudest, traversed several rooms

filled with ladies and gentlemen, some bolt upright, some seated, but all sound asleep, came to a chamber gilded everywhere, and saw upon a bed with parted curtains the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld—a sleeping princess not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and of dazzling, almost divine, loveliness. He approached her and fell upon his knees beside her. Then, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and fixing her eyes tenderly upon him said: "Is it you, my Prince? You have been awaited a long time." The prince, charmed by her words, and still more by the tone in which they were spoken, knew not how to manifest his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than himself. Their speech was broken; they wept, there was little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more embarrassed than she, because he was taken by surprise, while she had had time to think of what she should say to him, for it seems (though we are not told how) that the good Fairy had filled her long sleep with pleasant dreams. They talked for four hours without saying half of what they had to say.

In the meantime the whole palace had awakened with the princess. Everybody resumed his work, but, as the others were not lovers, they were all dying with hunger. The first maid of honor became impatient, and called loudly to the princess that dinner was ready. The prince aided the princess to rise. She was magnificently dressed, but he kept it to himself that she was dressed like his grandmother. Nevertheless she was not the less beautiful. They entered an apartment lined with mirrors and there supped. The officers of the princess's household served them, and the violins and hautboys played excellent old pieces, although it was a hundred years since they had played anything.—*The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.*



PERRY, NORA, an American poet, born at Dudley, Mass., in 1841; died there, May 13, 1896. In early years she removed with her parents to Providence, R. I. Her education was received at home and in private schools. At the age of eighteen she began to write, and her first serial story, *Rosalind Newcomb*, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859–60. For several years she was the Boston correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* and the Providence *Journal*. She was a frequent contributor to the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and was the author of *After the Ball, and Other Poems* (1874, new ed., 1879); *The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories* (1880); *Book of Love Stories* (1881); *For a Woman* (1885); *New Songs and Ballads* (1886); *A Flock of Girls* (1887), and *Lyrics* and *Legends* (1891).

When the *Boston Journal* asked Miss Perry which one of her poems she liked best, she answered: "I must select two instead of one, because the two are the two sides of the shield, and to my mind represent my best work as a whole. One of these is the poem entitled *Wendell Phillips*, and the other, *Cheered*. The first was written from stress of personal feeling, the sudden individual need of expressing the regard and appreciation that rose up at the news of the death of a valued personal friend. The second was born of

a lyric impulse united to a fancy which grew into dramatic shape and scenes as the lyric movement gained its way." "Her work," says a recent writer, "is of the moral order, and shows high thinking and careful polish."

AFTER THE BALL.*

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
  Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
  After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;
  Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who, over the fire, when all is still,
  Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
  Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
  For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
  The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
  For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
  Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
  And the little, bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
  All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
  Maud and Madge together—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
  The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,

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Curtained away from the chilly night,
  After the revel is done—

Float along in a splendid dream,
  To a golden cithern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
  In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
  Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
  And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
  One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
  Breaking into silvery speech—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
  An old, old story over again,
As down the royal-bannered room,
  To the golden cithern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
  While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
  He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
  With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
  Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
  Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
  Of the bearded lips to press—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
  The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
  At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
  For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
  The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
  Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
  The kisses another hath won!

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.*

When the February sun
Shines in long, slant rays, and the dun
Gray skies turn red and gold,
And the winter's cold
Is touched here and there
With the subtle air
That seems to come
From the far-off home
Of the orange and palm,
With their breath of balm,
And the bluebirds' throat
Swells with a note
Of rejoicing gay,
Then we turn and say,
  "Why, Spring is near!"

When the first fine grass comes up
In pale green blades, and the cup
Of the crocus pushes its head
Out of its chilly bed,
And purple and gold
Begin to unfold
In the morning sun,
While rivulets run
Where the frost had set
Its icy seal, and the sills are wet
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the wooden lip

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Of the burdened eaves
Where the pigeon grieves,
And coos and woos,
And softly sues,
Early and late,
Its willing mate,
Then, with rejoicing gay,
We turn to say,
"Why, Spring is here!"

When all the brown earth lies,
Beneath the blue, bright skies,
Clothed with a mantle of green,
A shining, varying sheen,
And the scent and sight of the rose,
And the purple lilac-blows,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Meet one and greet one till
One's senses tingle and thrill
With the heaven and earth-born sweetness
The sign of the earth's completeness,
Then lifting our voices, we say,
"Oh, stay, thou wonderful day!
Thou promise of Paradise,
That to heart and soul doth suffice.
Stay, stay! nor hasten to fly
When the moon of thy month goes by,
For the crown of the seasons is here—
June, June, the queen of the year!"

HESTER BROWNE.*

Oh, you are charming, Hester Browne,
So do not, every time you pass
The little looking-glass,
Find some disorder in your gown!

In every ringlet of your hair,
In every dimple of your cheek,
Whene'er you smile or smiling speak,
There lurks a cruel, charming snare. . .

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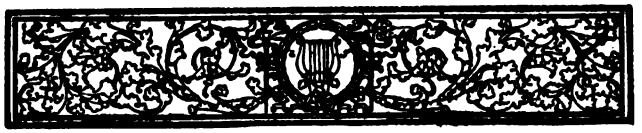
What use to preach of "better things,"
And tell her she is false as gay?
Be still, and let her have her day,
And count her lovers on her rings.

And let her break a hundred hearts,
And mend them with a glance again;
Be sure the pleasure heals the pain
Of little Hester's cruel arts.



PERSIUS, a Roman satirical poet, born at Volaterræ, Etruria, A.D. 34; died in 62. He was of a distinguished equestrian family, was educated under the care of the stoic Cornutus, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished personages of his time in Rome, among whom were Lucan and Seneca. The principal authority for his life is an abridgment of a "Commentary" by one Probus Valerius, which presents the character of the satirist in a most amiable light. Modest and gentle in his manners, virtuous and pure in his whole conduct and relations, he stood out conspicuously from the mass of corrupt and profligate persons who formed the Roman "society" of his age; and vindicated for himself the right to be severe, by leading a blameless and exemplary life. His six *Satires* are very commonly printed with those of Juvenal. They were immensely admired in his own day, and long after, all down through the Middle Ages. The Church fathers, Augustine, Lactantius, and Jerome, were particularly fond of him—the latter, it is said, has quite saturated his style with the expressions of the heathen satirist; but the estimate which modern critics have formed of his writings, in a literary point of view, is not quite so high. They are remarkable for the sternness with which they censure the corruption of morals then prevalent

at Rome, contrasting it with the old Roman austerity and with the stoic ideal of virtue. The language is terse, homely, and sometimes obscure, from the nature of the allusions and the expressions used, but his dialogues are the most dramatic in the Latin tongue. The *editio princeps* appeared at Rome in 1470; later editions are those of Casaubon (1605); Passou (1809); Jahn (1843), and Heinrich (1844). Persius has been often translated; about fourteen English, twenty French, and considerably more German versions, being known. The best English translations are those of Dryden and Gifford.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

To use my fortune, Bassus, I intend:
Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend,
So prodigally vain, as to afford,
The costly turbot, for my freedman's board;
Or so expert in flavors, as to show
How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know.
"Live to your means"—'tis wisdom's voice you hear—
And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruple checks you? Ply the hoe and spade,
And lo! another crop is in the blade.
True; but the claims of duty caution crave.
A friend scarce rescued from the Ionian wave
Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretched, desponding, on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wrecked around,
His bark dispersed in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide.
Sell then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice,)
Of this your land, and send your friend the price;
Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He asks cheap charity, from door to door.
"But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
His prospects lessened by an act so kind,

May slight my obsequies ; and, in return,
Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn ;
Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon,
Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon !—
Can I, bethink in time, my means impair,
And with impunity, provoke my heir ? "
—Here Bestius rails—" A plague on Greece," he cries,
" And all her pedants !—there the evil lies ;
For since their mawkish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, cursed our luckless shore ;
Luxury has tainted all ; and ploughmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."
What muttering still ? draw near,
And speak aloud for once, that I may hear.
" My means are not so low, that I should care
For that poor pittance you may leave your heir."
Just as you please ; but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin ; no aunt, no uncle left ;
No nephew, niece ; were all my cousins gone,
And all my cousins' cousins, every one,
Aricia soon some Manlius would supply,
Well pleased to take that " pittance," when I die.
" Manlius ! a beggar of the first degree,
A son of earth, your heir ! " Nay, question me,
Ask who my grandsires' sire ? I know not well,
And yet, on recollection, I might tell ;
But urge me one step farther—I am mute :
A son of earth, like Manlius, past dispute.
Thus, his descent and mine are equal proved,
And we at last are cousins, though removed.
But why should you, who still before me run,
Require my torch, ere yet the race be won ?
Think me your Mercury : Lo ! here I stand,
As painters represent him, purse in hand.
Will you, or not, the proffered boon receive,
And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave ?
Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent,
True : as occasion called, it freely went ;
In life 'twas mine ; but death your chance secures,
And what remains, or more, or less, is yours.
Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise,
Nor turn upon me with a grand-sire phrase,

"Live on the interest of your fortune, boy;
To touch the principal is to destroy."
"What, after all, may I expect to have?"
Expect!—Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
Pour with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer,
On high and solemn days, be the singed ear
Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest;
That your descendant, while in earth I rest,
May gorge on dainties?
Shall I, a hapless figure, pale and thin,
Glide by transparent, in a parchment skin:
That he may strut with more than priestly pride,
And swag his portly paunch from side to side?
Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange;
From pole to pole, in quest of profit range.
Double your fortune—treble it, yet more—
'Tis four, six, tenfold what it was before:
O bound the heap—you, who could yours confine,
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine!

—*Translated by* WILLIAM GIFFORD.

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PESTALOZZI.

PESTALOZZI, JOHANN HEINRICH, a celebrated Swiss educator and novelist, born at Zurich, Switzerland, January 12, 1746; died at Brugg, Switzerland, February 17, 1827. He is celebrated for his reforms in the methods of education. He studied theology and jurisprudence at Zurich, and subsequently gave his attention to agriculture. He determined to devote his life to the education of the people, and in 1775 he established on his estate, Neuhof, a poor school, the expenses of running which were to be raised by popular subscription. He, however, had to give this up in 1780. At this time he published the first account of his method of instruction in Iselin's *Ephemeriden* with the title *Abendstunden Eines Einsiedlers*, or *Evening Hours of a Hermit*. His principal work is the novel *Lienhard and Gertrude*, a book for the people, written between 1781 and 1785. In 1798 he received the support of the government in founding an institution for poor children at Stanz, which was, however, given up one year later. He then took charge of a school at Burgdorf, which was twice removed, to Münchenbuchsee, and Yverdon, and existed until 1825, at which time, notwithstanding the renown his system of teaching had acquired, the enterprise was abandoned. His collected works were published at Brandenburg, 1869–72, in sixteen volumes. They include *Wie*

Gertrud ihre Kinder lehrt (How Gertrude Teaches her Children, 1801); Memoirs of Burgdorf and Yverdon, *Meine Lebensschicksale* (1826).

The following extract from Eva Channing's translation of Pestalozzi's *Lienhard and Gertrude* introduces us to the one good woman of the dismal hamlet of Bonnal—Gertrude, the mason's wife: who trudges many miles to see the county magistrate, and beg work for her husband, and to complain of the bad acts of the wicked bailiff, whose beer makes her husband drunk:

GERTRUDE'S MISSION.

She prayed throughout the sleepless night, and the next morning took her blooming baby and walked two long hours to the Castle.

The nobleman was sitting under a linden-tree at the gate, and saw her as she approached, with tears in her eyes and the infant on her arm. "Who are you, my daughter, and what do you wish?" he asked, in so kind a tone that she took heart to answer: "I am Gertrude, wife of the mason Lienhard in Bonnal."

"You are a good woman," said Arner. "I have noticed that your children behave better than all the others in the village, and they seem better fed, although I hear you are very poor. What can I do for you, my daughter?"

"O gracious, Sir, for a long time my husband has owed thirty florins to the Bailiff Hummel, a hard man, who leads him into all sorts of temptation. Leonard is in his power: so he dares not keep away from the tavern, where day after day he spends the wages which ought to buy bread for his family. We have seven little children, Sir, and unless something is done we shall all be beggars. I ventured to come to you for help, because I know that you have compassion for the widowed and fatherless. I have brought the money I have laid aside for my children, to deposit with you, if you will be so good as to make some arrangement so that the bailiff shall not torment my husband any more until he is paid."

Arner took up a cup which stood near, and said to Gertrude: "Drink this tea, and give your pretty baby

some of this milk." She blushed, and was moved even to tears by his fatherly kindness.

The nobleman now requested her to relate her causes of complaint against the Bailiff, and listened attentively to her story of the cares and troubles of many years. Suddenly he asked her how it had been possible to lay aside money for her children in the midst of her distress.

"It was very hard, gracious Sir; yet I could not help feeling as if the money were not mine, but had been given me by a dying man on his death-bed, in trust for his children. So when in the hardest times I had to borrow from it to buy bread for the family, I gave myself no rest till by working late and early I had paid it back again."

Gertrude laid seven neat packages on the table, each of which had a ticket attached, saying whose it was; and if she had taken anything from it, the fact was noted, and likewise when she had replaced it. She saw him read these tickets through attentively, and said blushing: "I ought to have taken those papers away, gracious Sir."

Arner only smiled, and admired the modesty which shrank from even merited praise. He added something to each parcel, saying: "Carry back your children's money, Gertrude; I will lay aside thirty florins until the Bailiff is paid. Now go home; I shall be in the village to-morrow, at all events, and will settle the matter with Hummel."

"God reward you, gracious Sir!" she faltered, and started joyfully with her baby on the long homeward way. Lienhard saw her as she approached the house. "Already back again?" he cried: "You have been successful with Arner."

"How do you know?"

"I can see it in your face, my dear wife—you cannot deceive me."

From this time forward, when the mason's children said their prayers at morning and evening, they prayed not only for their father and mother, but also for Arner, the peoples' father.

PETRARCH (FRANCESCO PETRARCA), an Italian ecclesiastic, diplomatist, scholar, and poet, born at Arezzo, July 20, 1304; died at Arqua, near Padua, July 18, 1374. After beginning the study of law he entered the ecclesiastical profession, and in time was made Archdeacon of Milan. Of the public career of Petrarch only a few words need here be said. During almost the entire years of his manhood he was the associate of Doges, Princes, Kings, Emperors, and Popes, by whom he was repeatedly appointed to discharge important diplomatic functions in Italy, France, and Germany.

In his twenty-third year he first saw the lady whom he has immortalized as "Laura," and conceived for her a love which not only lasted through the one-and-twenty years in which she lived, but endured through the almost thirty remaining years of his life. It has been held by some that Laura was an altogether imaginary personage; but it is now pretty well ascertained that she was the daughter of a Provençal nobleman, was married not unhappily, and at the time of her death was the mother of a large family. Beyond these facts we know little of her except what we gather from the sonnets of Petrarch, in which it is quite probable that her beauty and her virtues are over-painted. There is not the slightest reason

PAYSAGE.

Photogravure. — Hors un engraving after a painting by Tolmachi.

PETRARCH.

Photogravure.—From an engraving after a painting by Tofanelli.

to suppose that she at all reciprocated the intense passion with which she inspired him. But neither this passion nor his ecclesiastical profession prevented Petrarch from forming a permanent connection with another woman, who bore him several children (the eldest born when he was three-and-thirty), for whom he cared as sedulously as if they had been born in lawful wedlock.

Petrarch was one of the foremost scholars of his age. He wrote and spoke Latin with perfect ease, and had a fair mastery of Greek. He may be said to have been one of the four creators of the Italian language—doing for it much what Luther did for the German. Among his numerous Latin works are several ethical essays which Cicero might not have been ashamed to have written, and *Africa*, an epic poem upon which he was occupied at intervals for many years, and which he considered to be the work by which he would be remembered in after ages.

Of his Italian poems the longest is *I Trionfi*, "The Triumphs" of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. The general purport of the poem is that Love triumphs over Man; Chastity over Love; Time over Chastity; Fame over Time; and Eternity over Fame. The other Italian poems are collected together under the title *Rima di Francesca Petrarca.* They consist of some three hundred *Sonnets*, most of which relate directly to Laura, and some fifty *Odes.*

The bibliography of Petrarch is very extensive. As early as 1820 Marsano had collected a library of nine hundred volumes relating to Petrarch,

and the number has since been much increased. The most pretentious of the English Lives of Petrarch is that of Thomas Campbell (2 vols., 1841). A very convenient edition of the Italian poems, consisting of translations by fully a score of persons, is to be found in "Bohn's Poetical Library" (1860), to which are prefixed the most important portions of Campbell's Biography. Of the more than two hundred Sonnets relating to Laura we give sufficient to afford a fair view of the entire series.

LAURA'S BEAUTY AND VIRTUES.

The Stars, the Elements, and the Heavens have made,
With blended powers, a work beyond compare;
All their consenting influence, all their care,
To frame one perfect creature lent their aid,
Whence Nature views her loveliness displayed
With sun-like radiance divinely fair;
Nor mortal eyes can that pure splendor bear;
Love, sweetness, in unmeasured grace arrayed.
The very air, illumed by her sweet beams,
Breathes purest excellence; and such delight,
That all expression far beneath it gleams.
No base desire lives in that heavenly light,
Honor alone and virtue! Fancy's dreams
Never saw passion rise refined by rays so bright.

—*Translation of* CAPEL LOFFT.

ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

Alas! that touching glance, that beautiful face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward glory to embrace!
Alas! that smile which in me did encase
That fatal dart, whence here I hope for nought!
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!

In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
For it was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath lost its venomed sting;
My soul's best joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
Alas! thy words have sped on Zephyr's wings.
—*Translation of* WOLLASTON.

LAURA IN HEAVEN.

O my sad eyes! our sun is overcast—
Nay, borne to heaven, and there is shining,
Waiting our coming, and perchance repining
At our delay; there shall we meet at last,
And there, mine ears, her angel words float past,
Those who best understand their sweet divining.
Howe'er, my feet, unto the search inclining,
Ye cannot reach her in those regions vast,
Why do ye then torment me thus? for oh!
It is no fault of mine that ye no more
Behold and joyful welcome her below;
Blame Death—or rather praise Him, and adore
Who binds and frees, restrains and letteth go,
And to the weeping one can joy restore.
—*Translation of* WROTTESLEY.

A noble poem is the magnificent Canzone, or Ode, addressed to the Princes of Italy, exhorting them to lay aside their jealous and petty quarrels and make common cause against the German "Barbarians," whose hands were even then laid heavily upon Italy.

TO THE PRINCES OF ITALY.

O my dear Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet it may soothe my pain
To sigh forth Tiber's woes

And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander and my numbers pour.
Ruler of Heaven ! by the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lonely sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord, on this thy chosen land thine eye.
See, God of charity,
From what light cause this cruel war hath birth,
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled.
Then, Father, from on high
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield.

Ye, to whose sovereign hand the Fates confide
Of this fair land the reins—
This land for which no pity wrings your breast—
Why does the stranger's sword her plans infest ?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins,
Beguiled by error weak ?
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek :
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands,
Of hideous deluge, gathered in strange lands,
That rushes down amain,
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain !
Alas ! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, what shall our cause sustain ?

Well did kind Nature—guardian of our State—
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate ;
But blind Ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gates contagion foul invites.
Within the same straight fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong :
And these—oh, shame avowed !
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold.

Fame tells how Marius's sword
Erewhile their bosom gored;
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred their record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters nursed, drank of a comrade's blood.

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins.
But now—nor know I what ill stars preside—
Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks whose hands control the helm!
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are you impelled by Judgment, Crime, or Fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes, and from humble toil,
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?—
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lays inspire.

Nor mark ye yet—confirmed by proof on proof—
Barbarian's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping Death aloof?
Shame worse than aught of loss in honor's eye!
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore!—
Yet give one hour to thought,
And you shall learn how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old!
Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For, if Barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours, ours the crime! Not such.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here in cradled rest
Was I not softly hushed; here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this my country, so endeared
By every filial tie;
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
Oh! by this tender thought—
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought—
Look on this people's grief!
Who, after God, of you expect relief.
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent;
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight,
For no—the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name.

Mark, Sovereign Lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
Even now behold! Death presses on the rear:
We sojourn but a day—the next are gone!
The soul disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh, at the dreaded bourne
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn
(Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!)
And ye, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown—the noble mind's desire—
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus to the spirit pure unbarred is Heaven's way.

My song! with courtesy, and number's sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace;
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!

Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtuous few, the truly great!
Tell them—but who shall bid my lessons cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O heaven-born
Peace!

—*Translation of* LADY DACRE.

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Unto the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A-sighing have I gone from shore to shore.
By night and day, through drought and through the
snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with alter'd hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore—
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are pass'd by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.
—*Translation of* CHARLES BAGOT CAYLEY.

PEYTON, THOMAS, an English poet, born in 1595; died, probably, about 1625. He was the son and heir of Thomas Peyton of Royston, Cambridgeshire; studied at Cambridge, and at eighteen was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, London; but his father dying not long after, he came into possession of the ample paternal estates. In 1620 he put forth the First Part of *The Glasse of Time*, which was followed by a Second Part in 1623. At the close a continuation was promised; but as none ever appeared, it is inferred that the author died not long after the publication. The fate of the poem was somewhat singular. Its very existence was forgotten for wellnigh two centuries, until 1816, when the library of Mr. Brindley was sold. In it was a copy of *The Glasse of Time*, which was purchased by Lord Bolland for £21 17*s*. This copy is now in the British Museum. It was read by a few persons, and in 1860 the *North American Review* contained an article embodying many extracts, and saying in conclusion: "This book should be reprinted. Its usefulness would be manifold. . . . While it impressed more deeply the thoughtful mind with the majestic superiority of Milton, it would give to this obscure poet his rightful honor—that of having been the first to tell in epic verse the story of *Paradise Lost*." About 1870 Mr. John Lewis Peyton, of Virginia,

then residing in London, caused a perfectly accurate copy to be made of *The Glasse of Time*, and this was finally published at New York in 1886. The poem in the original edition consists of two handsome volumes, quite correctly printed, though somewhat defective in the matter of punctuation, and not perfectly uniform in spelling. The full title is *The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Ages. Divinely handled. By Thomas Peyton of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seene and Allowed. London: Printed by Bernard Alsop, for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop over against Staple Inne.* To the poem, which contains about 5,500 lines, are prefixed four long dedicatory "Inscriptions"—the first to King James I., the second to Prince Charles, soon to be King Charles I., the third to Francis Lord Verulam, Lord Chancellor of England, the fourth to The Reader. From this last we take a few lines:

"Unto the Wise, Religious, Learned, Grave,
Judicious Reader, out this work I send,
The lender sighted that small knowledge have,
Can little lose, but much their weaknesse mend:
And generous spirits which from Heaven are sent,
May solace here, and find all true content. . . .

"Peruse it well for in the same may lurke
More (obscure) matter in a deeper sence,
To set the best and learned wits on worke
Than hath as yet in many ages since,
Within so small a volume beene
Or on the sudden can be found and seene." . . .

We question whether during the first half of the seventeenth century (or, say, between 1615 and 1665) there was produced in the English language

any other poem of merit equal to *The Glasse of Time*. Its interest to us, however, lies mainly in the fact that it contains the seminal idea of *Paradise Lost*. Let it be borne in mind that when *The Glasse of Time* was a new book, and easily to be had, young Milton was an eager buyer of books; that Peyton's poem antedates that of Milton by more than forty years, and it will appear beyond a question that much of the thought, and not a little of the expression, of *Paradise Lost* was borrowed, perhaps quite unconsciously, after so long an interval, from *The Glasse of Time*.

THE INVOCATION TO THE HEAVENLY MUSE.

Urania, soveraigne of the muses nine
Inspire my thoughts with sacred worke divine,
Come down from heaven, within my Temples rest,
Inflame my heart and lodge within my breast,
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The *Glasse of Time* upon the stage to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerful might,
Governe my *Pen*, direct my speech aright.
Even in the birth and infancy of Time,
To the last age, season my holy rime:
O lead me on, into my soul infuse
Divinest work, and still be thou my muse,
That all the world may wonder and behold
To see times passe in ages manifold,
And that their wonder may produce this end,
To live in love their future lives to mend.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

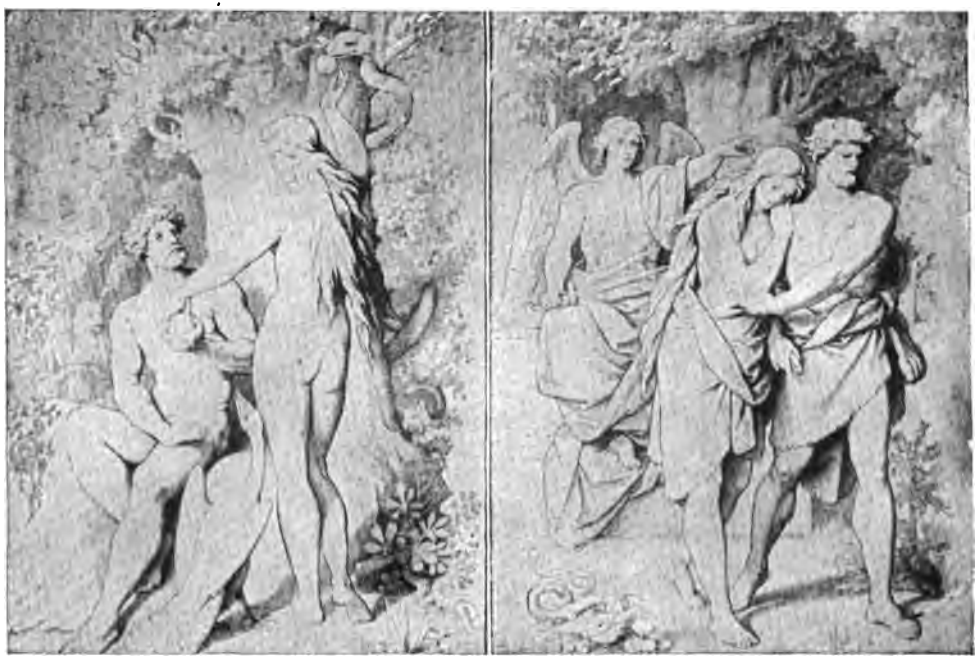
Now art thou compleat (Adam) all beside
May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
Whose radiant tress in silver rays do wave,
Before thy face so sweet a choice to have,
Of so divine and admirable mould
More daintier farre than is the purest gold,

And all the jewels on the earth are borne,
With those rich treasures which the world adorne. . . .

So the two lights within the Firmament,
As hath thy God his glory to thee lent,
Compos'd thy body exquisite and rare,
That all his works cannot to thee compare,
Like his owne Image drawne thy shape divine,
With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line.
Within thy nostrihls blown his holy breath,
Impal'd thy head with that inspiring wreath,
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount his throne above the lofty skyes,
Summons his angels in their winged order,
About thy browes to be a sacred border:
Gives them in charge to honour this his frame,
All to admire and wonder-at the same.

THE TEMPTATION AND THE FALL.

But Lucifer that soard above the skye,
And thought himself to equal God on high,
Envies thy fortunes and thy glorious birth,
In being fram'd but of the basest earth,
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a Snake to execute his ire,
Winds him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first whereat thy strength was least. . . .
Adam what made thee wilfully at first,
To leave thy offspring, to this day accurst;
So wicked foul, and overgrowne with sinne;
And in thy person all of it beginne?
That hadst thou stood in innocence fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadst tamed.
Then hadst thou been a Monarch from thy birth;
God's only darling both in Heaven and Earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all Heaven's creatures on thee t'attend.
The sweetest life that ever man could live;
What couldst thou ask but God to thee did give?
Protected kept thee like a faithful warden,
As thy companion in that pleasant garden;
No canker'd malice once thy heart did move;



THE TEMPTATION AND THE FALL.

Drawing by Prof. Pfannschmidt.

Free-will thou hadst endude from him above :
What couldst thou wish, all words content and more?

Milton says that none of the fabled paradises could compare with Eden; not even

> "Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
> True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus head, enclosed with shining rock,
> A whole day's journey high."

Peyton has more than a hundred lines about Mount Amara, not a few of which are worthy even of Milton.

MOUNT AMARA.

What may we think of that renowned hill,
Whose matchless fame full all the world doth fill:
Within the midst of Ethiopia fram'd,
In *Africa* and *Amara* still nam'd,
Where all the Gods may sit them down and dine,
Just in the east, and underneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Juno chast,
And all the rest their eyes have ever cast
Upon this place so beautiful and neat,
Of all the Earth to make it still their seat:
A cristal river down to *Nilus* purl'd,
Wonder of nature, glory of this world. . . .
O *Amara* which thus hast been beloved.
Still to this day thy foot was never moved:
But in the heat of most tempestuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with strong, unconquered barres.

But Peyton, foredating Milton, places Eden elsewhere than on Mount Amara. He is rather inclined to give it a more definite location than Milton has ventured. But the description of this possible Eden in *The Glasse of Time* will not suffer greatly by a comparison with the one in *Paradise Lost.*

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

The goodly region in the *Sirian* land,
Is thought the place wherein the same did stand
Where rich Damascus at this day is built,
And *Habels* blood by *Caine* was spilt:
The wondrous beauty of whose fruitful ground,
The great content which some therein have found,
The sweet increase of that delightful soil,
The damask roses and the fragrant flowers,
The lovely fields and pleasant arbord bowers,
And every thing that in abundance breed,
Have made some think this was the place indeede
Where God at first did on the Earth abide,
With holy Adam and his lovely bride.

The expulsion from Paradise is told quite differently in *The Glasse of Time* and in *Paradise Lost*. In the former it is marred by not a few trivial or uncouth illustrations. But omitting these—as we have done—the scene is certainly a striking one.

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

Adam and Eve about the glistening walls
Of Paradise, with mournful cries and calls,
Repenting sore, lamenting much their sin,
Longing but once to come againe within,
In vaine long time about the walls did grope,
Not in despair as those are out of hope,
But all about in every place did feele,
To find the Door with all their care and paine,
To come within their former state againe. . . .
Even so is Adam in that urcked place,
The flaming sword still blazing in his face,
On every side the glistering walls do shine,
The sun himselfe just underneath the line,
The radiant splendor of those Cherubims
Dazles, amates, his tender eye sight dims. . . .

When many days are past away and spent,
Finding at last they mist of their intent:
And that their toil and travell to their paine
Was frustrate quite, their labour still in vaine:
Much discontented for their sad mishap,
Yet once againe upon the walls they rap,
Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry and call,
But still no helpe nor answer had at all.
Perplext in mind, and dazled with the light,
With grief and care distempered in their sight
Amazed both just as the wind them blew,
To Paradise they had their last adieu:
Like those are moapt, with wandering hither, thither,
From whence they went, themselves they knew not whither.

PFEIFFER, EMILY, a British poet, born in Wales; died in England in 1890. She married Mr. Pfeiffer, a German, and settled in London. Her first volume published was *Kahmora, a Midsummer Night's Dream. Gerard's Monument, and Other Poems* appeared in 1873. It was followed by *Poems* (1876); *Glan-Arlach: His Silence and Song* (1877); *Quarterman's Grace, and Other Poems* (1879); *Under the Aspens* (1882); *The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock* (1884); *Sonnets* (1887); *Flowers of the Night* (1889). Mrs. Pfeiffer also published a record of her travels, entitled *Flying Leaves from East and West* (1885); and *Women's Work* (1888).

ORIENTAL COLOR.

But not arrayed in this luminous pallor [moonlight] does the scenery of this Eastern village most linger in the mind. I hope I may some day again feel satisfied with the color of the world as it is my every-day lot to see it; at present I am driven to injurious comparison. The "decoration," all that is scenic in life and its surroundings, is in —— so richly and so variously tinted that after it the harmonies of an English spring appear monotonous. The mountains, near or far, take upon themselves so soft a depth of azure; that sea, still blue, but lighter and warmer in tone than the Mediterranean, is like a turquoise melting in the sun; the lingering leaves of the planes and maples hang upon the distance in rich gradations of red and yellow gold; the oranges, amid their dark leaves, burn like colored lamps; the darker obelisks of the cypresses rise solemnly in their places and soar into the thin, blue air; the ruddy limbs of the pines glow as if with inward fire,

while their myriad organ-pipes are thrilled aloft by the passing breeze; the soft, flat tints of the feathery olive are a tender go-between, and harmonize all. This at midday; but there comes a sunset, and, later, a twilight hour, when the light which you thought had never been on land or sea or sky seems mysteriously to overspread all. This would more often occur as we sat at close of day in the saloon opening upon the balcony. The sun, as he prepared himself for his plunge into the bay, would pass from glory to glory; upon a sky transparent as chrysolite clouds would flash into sudden view, disappear, and re-form like molten jewels. Not the horizon alone, but the entire heaven to the zenith and beyond it, was alive and in motion with his parting message. It was as if, the work of the day being done, he had taken this hour for his own delight. Then the words would die upon our lips as we watched, the glory would deepen, the clouds melt into the amber light, the tall spires of the cypresses grow solemnly dark, the outlines of the mountains become firm, their color mysteriously blue. At this moment that window over the divan was as the background of a Holy Family by Lorenzo di Credi, and among the shadows which deepened around us the kneeling angels who took part in their evening worship would not have seemed wholly out of place.—*Flying Leaves from East and West.*

PAST AND FUTURE.

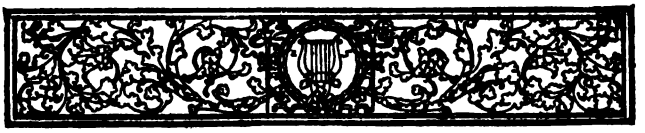
Fair garden where the man and woman dwelt,
And loved and worked, and where, in work's reprieve,
The Sabbath of each day, the restful eve,
They sat in silence with locked hands, and felt
The voice which compassed them, a-near, a-far,
Which murmured in the fountains and the breeze.
Which breathed in spices from the laden trees,
And sent a silvery shout from each lone star.
Sweet dream of Paradise! and though a dream,
One that has helped us when our faith was weak;
We wake and still it holds us, but would seem
Before us, not behind—the good we seek—
The good from lowest root which waxes ever,
The golden age of science and endeavor.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

All ye child-hearted ones, born out of time,
  Born to an age that sickens and grows old,
  Born in a tragic moment, dark and cold,
Fair blossoms opening in an alien clime,
Young hearts and warm, spring forward to your prime,
  But lose not that child-spirit glad and bold
  Which claims its heirship to that tender fold
Of parent arms, and with a trust sublime,
Smiles in Death's face if only Love be near;
  Oh, worshipful young hearts that love can move,
And loveless loneliness contract with fear,
  Hold fast the sacred instincts which approve
A fatherhood divine, that clear child eyes
May light the groping progress of the wise.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

Land of the beacon-hills that flame up white,
    And spread, as from on high, a word sublime,
    How is it that upon the roll of time
Thy sons have rarely writ their names in light?
Land where the voices of loud waters throng,
    Where avalanches sweep the mountain's side,
    Here men have wived and fought, have worked and died,
But all in silence listened to thy song.
Is it the vastness of the temple frowning
    On changing symbols of the artist's faith
Is it the volume of the music drowning
    The utterance of his frail and fleeting breath,
That shames all forms of worship and of praise,
Save the still service of laborious days?



PHILLIPS, JOHN, an English poet, born at Bampton, near Oxford, December 30, 1676; died at Hereford, February 15, 1708. He was educated at home and at Winchester School, and then at Oxford. He was an apt scholar, an ardent and successful student of the classics, and became thoroughly familiar with Virgil. He was a diligent student of science; and with a view to the practice of medicine he studied botany and kindred sciences. He was a careful and critical reader of the English poets, and devoted much time to Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. The two former influenced his diction, and to the movement and harmonies of Milton's blank verse he adapted the form of his own writings. He was in fact the first to have a genuine appreciation of Milton. He was already well known for scholarship and literary genius when, in 1703, the appearance of *The Splendid Shilling* brought him under the favorable notice of critics. Going to London, he was asked to celebrate the victory of Blenheim. His *Blenheim* was published in 1705. It is evident that in this poem, which was not conspicuously successful, he was hampered by the necessity of being seriously sublime. In 1706 he published his most ambitious work, a didactic poem, in two books, entitled *Cyder*, written in imitation of the *Georgics* of Virgil; and at the time of his death he was meditating another work.

Phillips, according to the testimony of all who knew him, was amiable, patient in illness, and vivacious in the society of intimate friends. His poems, written in revolt against the heroic couplet, between the death of Dryden and the appearance of Pope, occupy an important position in the history of English literature. As author of *Cyder*, Phillips was a forerunner of Thomson in his love of nature and country life.

His *Splendid Shilling* was included, without his consent, in a *Collection of Poems* published by David Brown and Benjamin Tooke in 1701; and on the appearance of another false copy early in 1705 Phillips printed a correct folio edition in February of that year. This piece, which Addison called "the finest burlesque poem in the British language," was an "imitation of Milton," and in playful mock-heroic strains depicted—perhaps for the benefit of his impecunious friend, Edmund Smith—the miseries of a debtor, in fear of duns, who no longer had a shilling in his purse. "The merit of such performances," says Johnson, "begins and ends with the first author." The most important result of the production of this poem was that Phillips was employed to write verses upon the battle of Blenheim which were intended as the Tory counterpart to Addison's *Campaign*.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man, who void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,

[Awhile] he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell!—
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!—Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft

Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,

By time subdued—what will not time subdue!—
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian till, cruising near
The Lybian shore, with hideous crash
On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks!—
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
Vain efforts! still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

PHILLIPS, WENDELL, a noted American orator, abolitionist, and reformer, distinguished for his opposition to slavery and to all forms of oppression, born at Boston, November 29, 1811; died there, February 2, 1884. He received his education at Harvard College, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. His sympathies were strongly aroused by the persecution of the early abolitionists. In 1837 a meeting of the citizens of Massachusetts was held in Faneuil Hall for the purpose of expressing public disapproval of the murder of Lovejoy, who was killed at Alton, Ill., November 7th, in defence of the freedom of the press. Pro-slavery sentiment was at that time very strong in Boston, and the object of the meeting was in danger of being defeated through the influence of Attorney-General Austin, who demanded "Why should Lovejoy merit the distinction of being thus commemorated? Died not Lovejoy as the fool dieth?" At the conclusion of his speech Phillips arose, and in an extemporaneous outburst of eloquent indignation rebuked the craven spirit of those who sought to condone a great crime against the freedom of speech and the rights of humanity. He refrained from the practice of his profession as a lawyer because he could not conscientiously subscribe to the Constitution of the United States, which he characterized as an unrighteous compact between freedom and slavery.

In 1870 he was a candidate for Governor of the State of Massachusetts on the Labor Reformers' and Prohibitionist Ticket. A volume of his speeches was published in 1863.

BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

How feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round this home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him five years," "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if we had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, tender, Christian life! We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and think, what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning "My dear wife and children, every one,"—see him stoop on the way to the scaffold and kiss that negro child—and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvellous old man! We have hardly said it when the loved forms of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, encircle him, and we remember he is not alone, only the majestic centre of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there will still be hearts and right arms ready and nerved for the service. From this roof four, from a neighboring roof two, to make up that score of heroes. How resolutely each looked into the face of Virginia, how loyally each stood at his forlorn post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master voice said, "It is enough." And these weeping children and widow seem so lifted up and consecrated by long, single-hearted devotion to his great purpose that we dare, even at this moment, to remind them how blessed they are in the privilege of thinking that in the last throbs of those brave young hearts, which lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thoughts of them mingled with love to God and hope for the slave.

He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say

this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones that we appreciate least. Men walked Boston streets when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Threw away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slavery system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter. —*From speech delivered at the grave of John Brown, at North Elba, December 8, 1859.*

PIATT, JOHN JAMES, an American poet, born at James's Mills (now Milton, Dearborn County), Ind., March 1, 1835. After serving an apprenticeship in a printing office he became connected with the Louisville *Journal*. In 1861 he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington; after six years he resigned this position, and became a journalist at Cincinnati. In 1871 he was made Librarian to the House of Representatives at Washington, and from 1882 to 1894 was United States Consul at Cork, Ireland. In 1860 appeared a volume of *Poems by Two Friends* (J. J. Piatt and W. D. Howells). Among his other volumes are *The Nests at Washington*, with Mrs. Piatt (1864); *Poems of Sunshine and Firelight* (1866); *Western Windows* (1869); *Landmarks* (1871); *Poems of House and Home*, with Mrs. Piatt (1875); *The Children Out of Doors* (1884); *At the Holy Well* (1887); *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley* (1888).

His wife, SARAH MORGAN (BRYAN), also a poet, was born at Lexington, Ky., August 11, 1836. She is the granddaughter of Morgan Bryan, an early settler in Kentucky. She was graduated at Henry Female College, Newcastle, Ky., in 1854, and married the poet in 1861. Her early poems were printed in the Louisville *Journal* and in the *New York Ledger*. Her writings include *A Woman's Poems* (1871); *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles and*

Other Poems (1874); *That New World, and Other Poems* (1876); *Poems in Company with Children* (1877); *Dramatic Persons and Moods* (1879); *An Irish Garland* (1884); *A Book of Verses by Two in One House* (1884); *Selected Poems* (1885); *In Primrose-Time* (1886); *Child's World Ballads* (1887); *The Witch in the Glass* (1889); *An Irish Wild Flower* (1891), and *Poems* (1894).

THE MORNING STREET.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
As if unnumbered years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky.
The light wind walks with me alone,
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat;
The dew is on the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd,
Whose footsteps make the city loud—
The myriad faces—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew;
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on the haunted plan,

The passions of the human heart,
Quickening the marble breast of Art,
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude.
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun ;
This busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam ;
The Life shall move, the Death be plain ;
The bridal throng, the funeral train
Together, face to face, shall meet,
And pass within the morning street.

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

A picture in my mind I keep,
  While all without is shiver of rain ;
Warm, firelit shapes forgotten creep
  Away, and shadows fill my brain.

I see a chill and desolate bay
  That glimmers into a lonely wood,
Till, darkling more and more away,
  It grows a sightless solitude.

No cheerful sound afar to hear,
  No cheerful sight afar to see ;—
The stars are shut in heavens drear,
  The darkness holds the world and me.

Yet, hark !—I hear a quickening oar,
  The burden of a happy song,
That echo keeps along the shore
  In faint, repeating chorus long.

And whither moves he through the night,
The rower of my twilight dream?
A compass in his heart is bright,
And all his pathway is a gleam!

No light-house leaning from the rock
To tell the sea-tossed mariner
Where breakers, fiercely gathering, shock—
A fiery-speaking messenger!

But see, o'er water lighted far,
One steadfast line of splendor come!—
Is it in heaven the evening-star?
The fisher knows his light at home!

And which is brighter—that which glows
His evening-star of faith and rest,
Or that which, sudden-kindled, goes
To meet it from his eager breast?

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

The angels come, the angels go,
Through open doors of purer air;
Their moving presence oftentimes we know,
It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them; lo, at night,
Our eyes were shut, but open seem;
The darkness breathes a breath of wondrous light,
And thus it was a dream.

—*Poems of House and Home.*

OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

Good-by, pretty sleepers of mine—
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
With the wild bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops, Good-by!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair—
But older than yours are, by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine—
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain.

—SARAH M. B. PIATT.

IN PRIMROSE-TIME.

(EARLY SPRING IN IRELAND.)

Here's the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
And her white cap. What joy
Has touched the ash-man? On my word, he's humming
A boy's song, like a boy!
He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes,
Just where it likes, the grass.
The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
His hat to all who pass;
And the blue-jacket sailor—hear him whistle,
Forgetting Ireland's ills!
Oh, pleasant land—(who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
Upon your happy hills
The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
The world is in its prime
(Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
In Primrose-time.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty
With face and hands in bloom,
Thinking of anything but household duty
In her thatched cabin's gloom—
Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
Her blue eyes dream for hours.
Hush! There's her mother—coming with the baby
In the fair quest of flowers.

And her grandmother !—hear her laugh and chatter,
Under her hair frost-white !
Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
And common folk polite,
And all the birds of heaven one of a feather,
And all their voices rhyme,
They sing their merry songs, like one, together,
In Primrose-time.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
It were to see but one);
The snakes—but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
Has seen them in the sun ;
The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
And half as good as he ;
The rival carmen all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily ;
The compliments among the milkmen savor
Of pale gold blossoming ;
And everybody wears the lovely favor
Of our sweet Lady Spring,
And through the ribbons in a bright procession
Go toward the chapel's chime—
Good priest, there be but few sins for confession
In Primrose-time.

How all the children in this isle of fancy
Whisper and laugh and peep !
(Hush, pretty babblers ! Little feet be wary,
You'll scare them in their sleep—
The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
Out of the sun, and lie
Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither)—
The new-made butterfly
Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
On its lone rock and gray,
Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
Gone on their dusty way,
But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.
A thousand years of crime
May all be melted in a drop of honey
In Primrose-time.

—SARAH M. B. PIATT.

AN EMIGRANT SINGING FROM A SHIP.

Sing on; but there be heavy seas between
The shores you leave and those
Toward which you sail. Look back and see how green,
How green the shamrock grows;
How fond your rocks and ruins toward you lean;
How bright the thistle blows,
How red the Irish rose!

He waves his cap, and, with a sorry jest,
Flees, singing like a bird
That is right glad to leave its island nest.
I wonder if he heard,
That time he kissed his hand back to the rest,
The cry, till then deferred,
The mother's low, last word.

Boy-exile, youth is light of heart, I ween;
And fairy-tales come true,
Sometimes, perhaps, in lands we have not seen.
Sing on; the sky is blue.
Sing on (I wonder what your wild words mean);
May blossoms strange and new
Drift out to welcome you!

Sing on, the world is wide, the world is fair,
Life may be sweet and long.
Sing toward the Happy West—yet have a care
Lest Ariel join your song!
(You loved the chapel-bell, you know a prayer?)
If winds should will you wrong,
God's house is builded strong.

Sing on, and see how golden grain can grow,
How golden tree and vine,
In our great woods; how apple-buds can blow,
And robins chirp and shine.
And—in my country may you never know,
Ah, me! for yours to pine,
As I, in yours, for mine.

—*From Primrose-Time.*

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

There were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew,
A charmèd Bird before them flew,
Through sun and storm one followed it:
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A Rose whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,
Into the other's arms it fell.

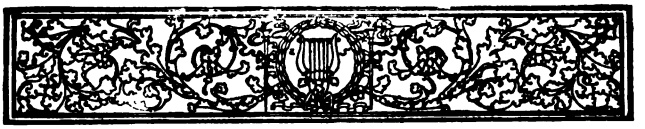
Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground:
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the Dragon fought, to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain:
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious Apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his Fortune, one his Fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At Bird, and Rose, and Gem, and Fruit,
The King was sad, the King was mute;
At last he slowly said, "My son,
True pleasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a Kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."



PIERPONT, JOHN, an American clergyman and poet, born at Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died at Medford, Mass., August 27, 1866. He was graduated at Yale in 1804; then went to South Carolina, where for four years he was tutor in a private family. Returning to New England in 1809, he studied law and entered upon practice at Newburyport, Mass. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business at Baltimore, in partnership with John Neal, who, in 1866, wrote a biographical sketch of him. This enterprise proving unsuccessful, he studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street (Unitarian) Church in Boston. He retired from this charge in 1845, and was subsequently minister of churches at Troy, N. Y., and at Medford, Mass., resigning the latter charge in 1856. At the outbreak of the Civil War, although he had reached the age of seventy-six, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment; but he soon afterward received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he held until his death. In 1816 he published the *Airs of Palestine*, the main purpose of which was to exhibit the power of music, combined with local scenery and national character in various countries of the world, more especially in Palestine. Most of his subsequent poems were composed for special occasions. He also prepared a series of Reading-Books for schools.

CLASSICAL AND SACRED THEMES FOR MUSIC.

Where lies our path? Though many a vista call,
We may admire but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams, become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow,
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises, there Olympus towers;
Between them Tempé breathes in beds of flowers
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.
Your theme is music. Yonder rolls the wave
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre. Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs that from the yielding earth
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the streams along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell.
There be thy path, for there the Muses dwell.
No, no. A lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my feet in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

—*Airs of Palestine.*

DEDICATION HYMN.

[Written for the dedication of a new church in Plymouth, built upon the ground occupied by the earliest Congregational Church in America.]

The winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, the God adoring,
They stood in open air,

When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise Thee,
Do we, thy children, throng:
The temple's arch we raise Thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet on the winds that bore Thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before Thee
From hearts as true as theirs.

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this, the Pilgrim's shore?
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before;
The wintry surge that dashes
Against the rocks they trod;
Their memory and their ashes:
Be thou their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father,
Forsake this hallowed spot,
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillared shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door

I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought, that he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked. He is not there.

He lives!—in all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,

Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Read it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!
—*Airs of Palestine and Other Poems.*

PIERS PLOUGHMAN, the name given to a representative personage who appears in a poem of some eight thousand lines, the full title of which is *The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman.* The reputed author of this work was WILLIAM LANGLAND, an early English poet, born probably in South Shropshire, about 1332; died about 1400. He was a contemporary of Chaucer, being born four years later, but preceding him as a poet by many years. Although the *Vision* was highly popular, very little is known of the author. He seems to have at least entered upon his novitiate as a monk, but he incidentally speaks of being married, so that he could not take orders, although he wore the clerical tonsure. He appears for a while to have gained a precarious livelihood by singing the Penitential Psalms for the good of the souls of good people. The *Vision* was composed about 1362, and twice much enlarged some ten years later. It was the first considerable poem written in what may be strictly styled the English language. The distinguishing features of the versification are that it is based upon the number of *accented* syllables; that it is destitute of rhyme, but abounds in alliteration. We have called attention to this last feature by italicizing the alliterations, in the first three of the following specimens, in which the

original spelling is strictly retained. Piers Ploughman represents himself as having fallen asleep among the Malvern Hills, where was presented to him a series of visions of the corruptions of society, especially among the religious orders. The poem was printed four times during the sixteenth century. It has been edited and printed three times during the present century, the last editor being Professor Skeat.

BEGINNING OF THE VISION.

In a *s*omer *s*eson when *s*oft was the *s*onne,
I *sh*ope me in *sh*roudes as I a *sh*epe [herd] were,
In *h*abit as a *h*eremite un*h*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *w*yde in this *w*orld *w*ondres to here.
As on a *M*ay *m*ornynge, on *M*aluerne hulles,
Me by*f*el a *f*erly of *f*airy, me thouhte ;
I was *w*ery for*w*andered, and *w*ent me to reste,
Vnder a *b*rode *b*ank *b*y a *b*ornes side ;
And as I *l*ay, and *l*ened, and *l*oked in the wateres,
I *sl*ombered in *sl*epying, it sweyed so mury.
Then gan I *m*eten a *m*arvelous sweven
That I *w*as in a *w*ilderness, *w*ist I never *wh*ere.

The personified Vices and Virtues come one after another, singly or in pairs, trooping before the sleeping Ploughman.

VISION OF MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the *w*est, as it *w*ere, a *w*ench as, methouhte,
Came *w*alking in the *w*ay to helle-*w*ard she looked;
*M*ercy hight that *m*aid, a *m*ild thing withal,
A full *b*enign *b*urd, and *b*uxom of speech.
Her *s*ister, as it *s*eemed, came *s*oftly walking
*E*ven out of the *e*ast, and westward she looked,
A full *c*omely *c*reature, Truth she hight,
*F*or the virtue that her *f*ollowed a*ff*eard was she never.

When these *m*aidens *m*etten *M*ercy and Truth
Either axed of *other* of this great wonder,
Of the *d*in and of the *d*arkness.

A SELLER OF INDULGENCES.

There *p*reached a *p*ardoner, as he a *p*riest were;
And *s*aid that him*s*elf might a*ss*oilen hem all
Of *f*alse hede of *f*asting, of avowes y-broken.
*L*ewed men *l*eked it well, and *l*iked his words;
*Co*men up *k*neeling to *k*issen his bulls.
He *b*ouched hem with his *b*revet, and *b*leared their eyen,
And *r*aught with his *r*agman, *r*inges, and brooches.

But the Vision foreshadows a speedy end to these ecclesiastical abuses.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

Ac now is Religion a rider a roamer about,
A leader of lovadays, and a loud-buyer,
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor;
An heap of hounds as he a lord were.
And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
He lowred on him, and asketh him who taught him courtesy?
Little had lords to done to give him lond from her heirs
To Religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her altars.
In many places they be Parsons by hemself at ease;
Of the poor have they no pity; and that is her charity!
And they letten hem as lords, her londs lie so broad.
Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
An beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials, monks, and canons,
And put hem to her penance.

The Ploughman is a good Catholic. He admits the efficacy of prayer, penances, masses, and papal pardons; but insists that, after all, well-doing is the one thing essential to salvation.

WELL-BELIEVING AND WELL-DOING.

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the people,
Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?
This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)
That pardon and penance and prayers don save
Souls that have sinned seven sins deadly.
But to trust to these triennales, truly me thinketh
Is nought so sicher for the soul, certes, as Dowell.
Forthwith I rede you, renkes, that rich ben on this earth,
Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,
Be ye never the balder to break the ten behests;
And namely the masters, mayors, and judges
That have the wealth of this world, and for wise men ben holden,
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls,
At the dreadful doom when dead shallen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,
How thou leddest thy life here and his laws kept'st,
And how thou diddest day by day the doom will rehearse;
A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales letters,
Though they be found in the fraternity of all the four orders,
And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-well you help
I set your patents and your pardons at one pese hull!—
Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God mercy,
And Mary his mother be our mene between,
That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here,
That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he hight.

Thus closes Langland's poem. Not many years later a writer, whose name is unknown, put forth a clever continuation—or, rather, an imitation—of the *Vision*, entitled *Piers the Ploughman's Creed.*

The Ploughman of Langland becomes a poor peasant, from whom the narrator receives that instruction in divine things which he had vainly sought from the clergy. The poem opens with an account of the first meeting of the narrator and the Ploughman. The spelling is here modernized, and in a few cases obsolete words have been replaced by their current equivalents:

THE MEETING WITH THE PLOUGHMAN.

Then turned I me forth, and talked to myself
Of the false heads of this folk, how faithless they weren.
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I see a simple man me by upon the plough hongen.

His coat was of cloth that *cary* was y-called;
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out;
With his knopped shoon, clouted full thick,
His toes peeped out, as he the lond treaded;
His hosen overhangen his hock shins, on every side,
All beslomered in fen, as he the plough followed. . . .

His wife walked him with, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, cutted full high,
Wrapped in a winnow-sheet, to waren her for weathers,
Barefoot on the bare ice, that the blood followed.
And at the field's end lieth a little crumb-bowl,
And thereon lay a little child lapped in clouts,
And tweyn of twey years old upon another side,
And they all songen ae song, that sorrow was to hearen;
They cried all ae cry, a care-full note,
The simple man sighed sore, and said, "Children, be still!"
This man looked upon me, and let the plough stonden;
And said, "Simple man, why sighest thou so hard?
If thee lack lifehood, lend thee I will
Such good as God hath sent:
Go we, dear brother."

PIGNOTTI, LORENZO, an Italian poet, fabulist, and historian, born at Figlini, Tuscany, in 1739; died at Pisa in 1812. Having taken his degree in medicine in 1763, he began to practise at Florence, and at the same time became known as a poet. He was a successful teacher of physics at Florence and Pisa, and became historiographer of Etruria in 1801, councillor for public schools in 1802, and auditor of the University of Pisa in 1807, to be made rector in 1809. He was a man of learning, a spirituel conversationalist. His fables (1779), which have had many editions, are highly esteemed in Italy. In verse, he has written *Tomba de Shakespeare* (1778); *L'Ombra di Pope* and *Felicita dell' Austria e della Toscana* (1791). *Storia della Toscana*, published in Pisa in nine volumes in 1813, is an instructive compilation, which, however, enjoyed but small popularity. He has also written some scientific and some purely literary works. His complete poems were published at Florence in six volumes in 1812–13. "Although he ranks far below La Fontaine," says Larousse, "he is very remarkable as a fabulist, and passes for one of the best poets of this kind in Italy. His style is simple and natural, and his subjects, well chosen, are presented in an attractive manner."

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT.

In winter, when my grandmother sat spinning
  Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
  She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
  And every deed and word of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
  Of fairy spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
While I stood by, a happy, frightened boy.

One night, quite sulky, not a word she uttered,
  Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she growled and muttered;
  At last I begged and prayed, till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a while,
And thus began with something like a smile:

"Once on a time, there was a mouse," quoth she,
  "Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Enamored of a sainted privacy;
  To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered far from mouse, or cat, or man,
A thick-walled cheese, the best of Parmesan.

"And, good soul, knowing that the root of evil
  Is idleness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit labored hard against the devil,
  Unweariedly in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With teeth for holy nibbling sharply set.

"His fur skin jacket soon became distended,
  And his plump sides could vie with any friar's:
Happy the pious who, by heaven befriended,
  Reap the full harvest of their just desire!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live—we know not how!

"Just at that time, driven to the very brink
Of dire destruction, was the mousal nation;
Corn was locked up, fast, close, without a chink,
No hope appeared to save them from starvation;
For who could dare Grimalkin's whiskered chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

"Then was a solemn deputation sent
From one and all to every neighboring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
When squeaking out a chorus at his door,
They begged him to take pity on the poor.

"'Oh, my dear children,' said the anchorite,
'On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
In sublunary, worldly, vain affairs;
These things I have foresworn, and must, though loath,
Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

"'Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
And Heaven oft listens when the pious calls!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away.'"

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well
This mouse of yours so snug within his cheese,
With many a monk as snug within his cell,
Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes, but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

. . . . . .

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
She looked so fierce I'd not a word to say;
And still I'm silent, as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

PIKE, ALBERT, an American journalist, lawyer, and poet, born in Boston, December 29, 1809; died in Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891. He studied at Harvard, but did not complete the course; and after teaching for a while at Newburyport, set out in 1831 for the far West. At St. Louis he joined a caravan going to the Mexican territories, and visited the head-waters of the Red and Brazos rivers. He, with four others, separated from the party, and travelled five hundred miles on foot to Fort Smith, in Arkansas. In 1834 he became proprietor and editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, published at Little Rock. After two years he was admitted to the bar, gave up journalism, and devoted himself mainly to his profession. He served as a volunteer in the war with Mexico; and after the outbreak of our Civil War, he organized a body of Cherokee Indians, at whose head he was engaged at the battle of Pea Ridge. He rose to a high grade in the Order of Freemasons. He was appointed Indian Commissioner under the Confederate Government after the breaking out of the Civil War, and was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Besides several professional works, he has published *Hymns to the Gods* (1831, reprinted in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839); *Prose Sketches and Poems* (1834); *Nugæ*, a collection of poems, and two similar collections (1873–82).

BUENA VISTA.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine
Let all exult! For we have met the enemy again.
Beneath their stern old mountains we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide,
Where the enemy came surging, like Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast.
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands—yea, with more than four to one—
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May! Out leaps the flaming steel;
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring;
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

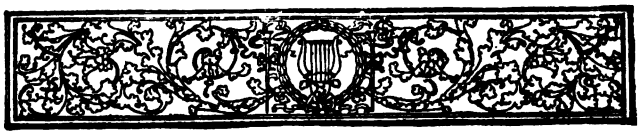
Now, brave artillery! bold dragoons! Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail,

We'll stand against them as the rock stands firm against
the gale!
Lo! their battery is silenced now; our iron hail still
showers.
They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the glorious day
is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely
lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes
are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries; his strong reserve
moves on.
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight
is won!
Now for your wives and children stand! Steady, my
braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight, as you never
fought before!

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely! McKee and Bissell
there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the aston-
ished air.
The lancers are upon them, too! the foe swarms ten to
one;
Hardin is slain; McKee and Clay the last time see the
sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate
fray,
Grows cold—its last thoughts turning to its loved ones
far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared, but died away at last;
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows
fast;
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's
silver shield,
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.



PINDAR (Greek, *Πίνδαρος*), the most celebrated lyric poet of ancient Greece, born at Cynoscephalæ, near Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520 B.C.; died at Argos about 440 B.C. He was the son of Daiphantus, or, according to some writers, of Pagondas. Little is known of his early history. It is said that he studied poetry and music at Athens, under Lasus, and that he was a pupil of the celebrated Corinna, who advised him to choose themes for his muse from mythology. He afterward composed an ode in which all the legends of Thebes were interwoven, and showed it to Corinna, who cautioned him to "sow with the hand, and not with the whole sack." He became a professional composer of choral odes, and was employed by various states and princes of Greece to write odes for special occasions. He was a great favorite of the Athenians, whose city he praised in an ode, and who presented him with 3,000 drachmæ. The remains of Pindar's works that have come down to us entire are forty-four Epicinia, or triumphal odes, which were written in honor of victories won in the great national public games; and there are fragments consisting of hymns, pæans, choral dithyrambs, processional songs, choral songs for maidens, choral dance-songs, encomia (songs in praise of men), scolia (to be sung by a chorus at a banquet), and dirges.

Horace attributes to Pindar unrivalled skill in several forms of versification. He particularly excelled in energy, picturesque effect, and sublimity. The best translations of Pindar into English are those of H. F. Cary and Abraham Moore. He had a son and two daughters.

FROM THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

Strophe.

Golden lyre that Phœbus shares with the Muses violet-crowned,
Thee, when opes the joyous revel, our frolic feet obey.
While thy chords ring out their preludes, and guide the dancers' way,
Thou quenchest the bolted lightning's heat,
And the eagle of Zeus on the sceptre sleeps, and closes his pinion fleet.

Antistrophe.

King of birds! His hookèd beak hath a darkling cloud o'ercast,
Sealing soft his eyes. In slumber his rippling back he heaves.
By thy sweet music fettered fast,
Ruthless Ares's self the rustle of bristling lances leaves,
And gladdens awhile his soul with rest.
For the shafts of the Muses and Leto's son can melt an immortal's breast.

Epode.

But, whom Zeus loves not, back in fear all senseless cower, as in their ear
The sweet, Pierian voices sound, in earth or monstrous oceans round.
So he, heaven's foe, that in Tartarus lies,
The hundred-headed Typho, erst
In famed Cilician cavern nurst—

Now, beyond Cumæ, pent below
Sea-cliffs of Sicily, o'er his rough breast rise
Ætna's pillars, skyward soaring, nurse of year-long snow!

—*Translation of* F. D. MAURICE.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

The powers of Heaven can lightly deign boons that Hope's self despairs to gain:
And bold Bellerophon with speed won to his will the wingèd steed,
Binding that soothing spell his jaws around.
Mounting all mailed, his courser's pace the dance of war he taught to trace,
And, borne of him, the Amazons he slew,
Nor feared the bows their woman-armies drew,
Chimæra breathing fire, and Solymi—
Swooping from frozen depths of lifeless sky.
Untold I leave his final fall!
His charger passed to Zeus's Olympian stall! . . .

Well, ere now, my song hath told
Of their Olympic victories;
And what shall be, must coming days unfold.
Yet hope have I—the future lies
With Fate—yet bless but Heaven still their line
Ares and Zeus shall all fulfil! For by Parnassus's frowning hill,
Argus, and Thebes, their fame how fair! And, oh, what witness soon shall bear,
In Arcady, Lycæus's royal shrine!

Pellené, Sicyon, of them tell—Megara, and the hallowed dell
Of Æacids; Eleusis; Marathon bright;
And wealthy towns that bask near Ætna's height;
Eubœa's island. Nay, all Greece explore—
Than eye can see you'll find their glories more!
Through life, great Zeus, sustain their feet;
And bless with piety, and with triumphs sweet!

—*Translation of* F. D. MAURICE.

PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE, an American lawyer and poet, born in London, England, October 1, 1802; died in Baltimore, Md., April 11, 1828. His father, William Pinkney, was at the time of Edward's birth United States Minister to Great Britain. At the age of fourteen the boy became a midshipman in the United States Navy, but resigned his commission in 1824, and entered upon the practice of law. He was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres at the University of Maryland, in recognition of his poetic gifts. In 1825 he published *Rodolph and Other Poems*, and in 1827 *The Marylander*.

Edgar A. Poe wrote of Pinkney: "It was the misfortune of Mr. Pinkney to be born too far south. Had he been a New Englander it is probable that he would have been marked as the first of American lyrists by that magnanimous cabal which has so long controlled the destinies of American letters in conducting the thing called the *North American Review*." The spirit of colonialism which so long existed in the North toward England was felt in the South toward the North. Colonel J. Lewis Peyton, of Virginia, a thorough Southron and a man well qualified to speak on the subject of Southern sentiment, says: "In the South (as with you) nobody now thinks of the

birthplace of an American writer; we only wish to know what he has turned a sheet of white paper into with pen and ink. And I hardly think any but a man of diseased mind and imagination, like Poe, would ever have uttered such sentiments as he did as to Edward Coate Pinkney. The enlightened men of this region, as of yours, know no North or South in literature—only one grand republic of letters, in which every man standeth according to the soundness of his heart and the strength of his understanding."

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions changing oft, so *fill* her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain ;
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain.
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's,
but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone ;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon.
Her health ! and would on earth there stood some
more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which than on the stars above
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light ;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night !

Sleep not ! thy image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not ! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

A SERENADE.

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes."

PITT, WILLIAM, an English statesman and debater, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent, May 28, 1759; died at Putney, January 23, 1806. His health being delicate, he was educated by a private tutor, but under the careful supervision of his father, until he was fourteen years old, when he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was at this time proficient in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He had chosen law as his profession, and on leaving college he took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1780. The next year he entered Parliament for Appleby, and before the close of the second session he stood in the first rank of debaters. On the formation of the Lord Shelburne Ministry in July, 1782, he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. But this ministry having been defeated in March, 1783, resigned, and Pitt was urged by the King to accept the premiership, but declined. In December, 1783, Fox and Lord North having been dismissed, he was again offered the premiership, which he accepted. He had to contend against a strong opposition led by Fox, Lord North, and others, and was defeated in March, 1784, when Parliament was dissolved. He appealed to the people and was triumphantly sustained by them. In 1793 his administration having involved England in war with

France, which increased the national debt three hundred millions, his popularity began to wane. He resigned office in 1801, and was succeeded by Addington; but a coalition of Whigs and Tories formed against Addington and compelled him to resign, and Pitt was again appointed Prime-Minister in 1804. But his health gave way under the cares, annoyances, and failures of office, and he died in January, 1806. He was given a public funeral and buried near his father in Westminster Abbey. He was never married.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I have shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honorable gentleman over the way, and how does it stand? Think of EIGHTY THOUSAND persons carried away out of their country by we know not what means! for crimes imputed! for light or inconsiderable faults! for debt perhaps! for the crime of witchcraft! or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts! besides all the fraud and kidnapping, the villanies and perfidy, by which the slave-trade is supplied. Reflect on these eighty thousand persons annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness it is in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us!

Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them into the study, of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and ultimately themselves. Are these, then, the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labor of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved, in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connections which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder! Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave-trade to continue. What do you know of the internal state of Africa? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country; but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities; instead of conveying to them, from this highly favored land, any means of improvement; you carry with you that noxious plant by which everything is withered and blasted; under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Eu-

rope is yet become acquainted; while other countries in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce. But as to the whole interior of that continent you are, by your own principles of commerce, as yet entirely shut out: Africa is known to you only in its skirts. Yet even there you are able to infuse a poison that spreads its contagious effects from one end of it to the other, which penetrates to its very centre, corrupting every part to which it reaches. You there subvert the whole order of nature; you aggravate every natural barbarity, and furnish to every man there living motives for committing, under the name and pretext of commerce, acts of perpetual violence and perfidy against his neighbor.

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves, as we may read in Henry's *History of Great Britain*, were formerly an established article of our export. "Great numbers," he says, "were exported like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market." It does not distinctly appear by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance, in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa—for the historian tells you that "adultery, witchcraft, and debt were probably some of the chief sources of supplying the Roman market with British slaves—that prisoners taken in war were added to the number—and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamesters, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children." Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proof, that Africa

labors under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honorable gentleman, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, "*There* is a people that will never rise to civilization—*there* is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world." Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting, even to this hour, as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understanding, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost

in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society : we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty ; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion ; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice ; we are living under a system of government which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and the wisest which has ever yet been framed ; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct toward us ; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism ; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us ; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain ; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present times to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts !—*From a Speech Delivered April 2, 1792.*

PLATO (Gr., *Πλάτων*), a famous Greek philosopher, born at Aegina about 429; died at Athens about 347 B.C. His original name was Aristocles; but this in time was changed to PLATON ("Broad"), possibly on account of the unusual breadth of his shoulders. While a young man he wrote epic, lyric, and dramatic poems, all of which he destroyed, only a few fragments, and those of doubtful authenticity, remaining. He was a pupil of Socrates during the last eight or nine years of that philosopher's life, and became thoroughly conversant with the Socratic system of dialectics. After the death of Socrates, in 399 B.C., Plato travelled for some years in the Grecian states, also visiting Egypt. Legend, for which there seems no valid foundation, says that he even visited Syria, Babylonia, Persia, and India. Returning to Athens, he established a kind of open-air school in a grove which had belonged to a man named Academos, and was hence styled the *Academeia*. Here he orally expounded his philosophy, and composed the numerous works which have come down to us. These are mainly in the form of dialogues, Socrates being made one of the interlocutors, usually as the exponent of Plato's own views. The works of Plato have found many translators into all languages. Altogether the best translation into English is that of Jowett

(1871), which is accompanied by elaborate analyses and introductions. Valuable also is Grote's *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates* (1865). The eschatology of Plato is best set forth in *The Vision of Er*, which forms the conclusion of *The Republic*, the longest but one, and, in the view of Professor Jowett, "the best of Plato's Dialogues."

THE VISION OF ER, IN THE OTHER WORLD.

Well—said Socrates—I will tell you a tale; not one of those tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous; yet, this, too, is a tale of a brave man, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterward, when the bodies of the dead were taken up, already in a state of corruption, his body was unaffected by decay, and carried home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life, and told them what he had seen in the other world.

He said that when he left the body his soul went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two chasms in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other chasms in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who bade the just, after they had judged them, ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the signs of the judgment bound on their foreheads. And in like manner the unjust were commanded by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also had the symbols of their deeds fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men; and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place.

Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either chasm of heaven and earth when sentence had been given them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean

and bright. And always on their arrival they seemed as if they had come from a long journey; and they went out into the meadow with joy, and encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from the earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way—those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey (now the journey had lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty.

There is not time to tell all, but the sum is this :—

He said that for every wrong which they had done to anyone they suffered tenfold; that is to say, once in every hundred years—the thousand years answering to the hundred years which are reckoned as the life of man. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behavior, for each and all of these they received punishment ten times over; and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murders, there were retributions other and greater far, which he described.

He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, "Where is Aridæus the Great?" (Now this Aridæus lived a thousand years before the time of Er. He had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes.). The answer was, "He comes not hither, and never will come. For this was one of the miserable sights witnessed by us: We were approaching the mouth of the cave, and, having seen all, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Aridæus appeared, and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also, besides the tyrants, private

individuals who had been great criminals. They were just at the mouth, being, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world; but the opening, instead of receiving them, gave forth a sound when any of these incurable or unpunished sinners tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by, and knew what that meant, seized and carried off several of them; and Aridæus and others they bound head and hand, and threw them down, and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell." And of the many terrors which they had endured, he said that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment lest they should hear the Voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with joy. "These," said Er, "were the penalties and retributions, and there were rewards as great."

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth day they were obliged to proceed on their journey; and on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see a line of light, like a column let down from above, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in coloring resembling a rainbow, only brighter and purer. Another day's journey brought them to the place; and there, in the midst of the light they saw reaching from heaven to the ends by which it was fastened. For this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. . . .

The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity: and on the upper surface of the eight circles [which are described as the orbits of the fixed stars and the planets] is a Siren who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The eight together form one harmony. And round about at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne. These are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment, and have crowns of

wool upon their heads—Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos—who accompany with their voices the harmonies of the sirens; Lachesis singing of the Past, Clotho of the Present, and Atropos of the Future; Clotho now and then assisting with a touch of her right hand the motion of the outer circle or whole of the spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis. But first of all there came a Prophet who arranged them in order. Then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of life, and going up to a high place, spake as follows: "Hear the words of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of mortal life. Your Genius will not choose you, but you will choose your Genius; and let him who draws the first lot first choose a life, which shall be his destiny. Virtue is free; and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her; the chooser is answerable—God is justified."

When the Interpreter had thus spoken, he scattered lots among them, and each one took up the lot which fell near him—all but Er himself (he was not allowed)—and each, as he took his lot, perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present; and there were all sorts of lives—of every animal and of man in every condition.

And there were tyrannies among them, some continuing while the tyrant lived, others which broke off in the middle, and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary. And there were lives of famous men; some who were famous for their form and beauty, as well as for their strength and success in games; or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities; and of women likewise. There was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul must of necessity be changed according to the life chosen. But there was every other quality; and they

all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health. And there were mean estates also.

And here—said Socrates—is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may find someone who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. . . . For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in Truth and Right, that there, too, he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villanies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself. But let him know how to choose the mean, and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life, but in all that is to come. For this is the way to happiness.

And, according to the report of the messenger, this is exactly what the Prophet said at the time: "Even for the last comer, if he choose wisely, and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair."

And while the Interpreter was speaking, he who had the first choice came forward, and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny. His mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter, and did not see at first that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, not abiding by the proclamation of the Prophet; for instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune upon himself, he accused Chance and the Gods, and everything rather than himself.

Most curious, said the messenger, was the spectacle of the election—sad and laughable and strange; the souls generally choosing with a reference to their ex-

perience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman, because they had been his murderers; he saw also the soul of Themyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, choosing to be men.

The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion; and this was Ajax, the son of Telamon, who would not be a man—remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment of the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who chose the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature on account of his sufferings. About the middle was the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation. After her came the soul of Epeus, the son of Panopeus, passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts. And, far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey.

There came also the soul of Odysseus, having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of his former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for considerable time in search of a private man who had no cares. He had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it he said he would have done the same had he been first instead of last, and that he was delighted at his choice.

And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals, tame and wild, who changed into one another, and into corresponding human natures—the good into gentle, and the evil into savage, in all sorts of combinations.

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the Genius whom they had severally chosen to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice. This Genius led the soul first to Clotho, who drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the choice; and then, when

they were fastened to this, carried them away to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible. Then, without turning round, they passed beneath the throne of Necessity. And when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then toward evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, the water of which no vessel can hold. Of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one, as he drank, forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night, there was a thunder-storm and earthquake; and then in an instant they were driven all manner of ways, like stars shooting upward to their birth. Er himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only in the morning, awakening suddenly, he saw himself on the pyre.

And thus—says Socrates in conclusion—the tale has been saved, and has not perished, and will save us, if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness, and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore, my counsel is, that we hold fast to the heavenly way, and follow after Justice and Virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal, and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting.—*Translation of* JOWETT.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Those who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen and been satisfied of the madness of the multitude, and know that there is no one who ever acts honestly in the administration of states, nor any helper

who will save anyone who maintains the cause of the just. Such a Saviour would be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts, unable to join in the wickedness of his friends, and would have to throw away his life before he had done any good to himself or others. And he reflects upon all this, and holds his peace, and does his own business. He is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along; and when he sees the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life, and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and good-will, with bright hopes.—*The Republic.*

PLAUTUS (TITUS MACCIUS), a Roman comic dramatist, born at Sarcina, Umbria, about 254 B.C.; died, probably at Rome, about 184 B.C. The name "Plautus," by which he is known, was a mere nickname, meaning "flat foot." He was of humble origin, some say a slave by birth. He went to Rome at an early age, made a little fortune, which he soon lost in trade, after which he is said to have supported himself for a while by turning a hand-mill. While thus engaged he produced three comedies which proved successful, and for the forty remaining years of his life he was a popular playwright. Varro, who lived a century and a half after Plautus, says that in his time there were extant one hundred and thirty plays attributed to Plautus, though there were only twenty-one which he considered to be unquestionably authentic. The existing comedies of Plautus (all more or less corrupt) number about a score. Of the plays—if we may credit the assertion of Cicero—*Pseudolus* (*The Trickster*) was the favorite of the author. In the following scene Balbus, a slave-dealer, enters, accompanied by four flogging slaves, and followed by a gang to whom the master addresses himself, punctuating his objurgations by a liberal use of the scourge—which we may be sure was great fun to the Roman play-goers.

AN INDULGENT MASTER.

Balbus.—Come out here! move! stir about, ye idle rascals!
The very worst bargain that man ever made.
Not worth your keep! There's ne'er a one of ye
That has thought of doing honest work.
I shall never get money's worth out of your hides,
Unless it be in *this* sort! Such tough hides, too!
Their ribs have no more feeling than an ass's—
You'll hurt yourself long before you'll hurt *them.*
And this is all their plan—these whipping-posts;
The moment they've a chance, it's pilfer, plunder,
Rob, cheat, eat, drink, and run away's the word,
That's all they'll do. You'd better leave a wolf
To keep the sheep than trust a house to them.
Yet, now, to look at 'em, they're not amiss;
They're all so cursedly deceitful. Now—look here;
Mind what I say, the lot of ye; unless
You all get rid of these curst sleepy ways,
Dawdling and maundering there, I'll mark your backs
In a very peculiar and curious pattern—
With as many stripes as a Campanian quilt,
And as many colors as an Egyptian carpet.
I warned you yesterday, you'd each your work;
But you're such a cursed, idle, mischievous crew
That I'm obliged to let you have *this* as a memorandum.
Oh! *that's* your game, then, is it? So you think
Your ribs are hard as this whip is? Now, just look!
They're minding something else! Attend to this;
Mind *this* now, will you? Listen while I speak!
You generation that were born for flogging;
D'ye think your backs are tougher than this cow-hide?
Why, what's the matter? Does it *hurt?* Oh, dear!
That's what slaves get when they won't mind their masters!

—*Translation of* W. LUCAS COLLINS.

Sometimes (as in the Prologue to *The Shipwreck*) Plautus rises into poetry. Some critics will have it that in this the Roman playwright is translating

from somebody—possibly from some Greek play. The Prologue is spoken in the character of Arcturus—a constellation whose rising and setting were supposed to have much to do with storms and tempests.

PROLOGUE TO "THE SHIPWRECK."

Of his high realm who rules the earth and sea,
And all mankind, a citizen am I.
Lo, as you see, a bright and shining star,
Revolving ever in unfailing course
Here and in heaven: Arcturus am I hight.
By night I shine in heaven, amidst the gods;
I walk unseen by men on earth by day.
So, too, do other stars step from their spheres,
Down to the lower world: so willeth Jove,
Ruler of gods and men. He sends us forth
Each on our several paths throughout all lands,
To note the ways of men and all they do:
If they be just and pious; if their wealth
Be well employed or squandered harmfully;
Who in a false suit use false witnesses;
Who, by a perjured oath forswear their debts;
Their names do we record and bear to Jove.
So learns He, day by day, what ill is wrought
By men below; who seek to gain their cause
By perjury; who wrest the law to wrong;
Jove's court of high appeal rehears the plaint,
And mulcts them tenfold for the unjust decree.
In separate tablets doth he note the good.
And though the wicked in their hearts have said
He can be soothed with gifts and sacrifice,
They lose their pains and cost, for that the god
Accepts no offering from a perjured hand.

—*Translation of* W. LUCAS COLLINS.

PLINY (CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS), usually styled "Pliny the Elder," a Roman scientific writer, born A.D. 23; died in 79. Both Verona and Novum Comum, the modern Como, have been mentioned as his birthplace, but the general belief inclines to the latter town, as the family estates were there, and his nephew and adopted son, the younger Pliny, was born there. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army, and served in Germany under L. Pomponius Secundus until the year 52, when he returned to Rome and became a pleader in the law-courts. Not succeeding in this capacity, he returned to his native town, and applied himself to authorship. In the intervals of military duty as commander of a troop of cavalry, he had composed a treatise on throwing the javelin on horseback and part of a history of the Germanic wars. Several works were the fruit of his retirement, among them a grammatical treatise in eight books, entitled *Dubius Sermo*. Toward the close of Nero's reign he was a procurator in Spain. He returned to Rome in 73, and, being in favor with Vespasian, divided his life between his duties to the Emperor and his studies, which he prosecuted often in hours stolen from sleep. During the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 he set out from Misenum with a fleet of galleys to relieve the sufferers from the

eruption. His desire to study the phenomena of that mighty outburst led him to land at Stabiæ, where he was suffocated by the poisonous vapors from the volcano.

Two years before his death he published the work by which he is best known, the *Historia Naturalis*, in thirty-seven books, embracing many subjects now not included as a part of natural history—as astronomy, mineralogy, botany, and the fine arts. Though a compilation rather than the result of original investigation, the work is of great value as a storehouse of facts and speculations of which we have no other record.

So industrious was Pliny that he left at his death a collection of notes filling one hundred and sixty volumes.

THE EARTH—ITS FORM AND MOTION.

That the earth is a perfect globe we learn from the name which has been uniformly given to it, as well as numerous natural arguments. For not only does a figure of this kind return everywhere into itself, requiring no adjustments, not sensible of either end or beginning in any of its parts, and is best fitted for that motion with which, as will appear hereafter, it is continually travelling round ; but still more because we perceive it, by the evidence of sight, to be in every part convex and central, which could not be the case were it of any other figure.

The rising and setting of the sun clearly prove that this globe is carried round in the space of twenty-four hours in an eternal and never-ending circuit, and with incredible swiftness. I am not able to say whether the sound caused by the whirling about of so great a mass be excessive, and therefore far beyond what our ears can perceive ; nor, indeed, whether the resounding of so many stars, all carried on at the same time, and re-

volving in their orbits may not produce a delightful harmony of incredible sweetness. To us, who are in the interior, the world appears to glide silently along both by day and by night.

POSITION AND SIZE OF THE EARTH.

It is evident from undoubted arguments that the earth is in the middle of the universe; but it is most clearly proved by the equality of the days and the nights at the equinox. It is demonstrated by the quadrant, which affords the most decisive confirmation of the fact, that unless the earth was in the middle, the days and the nights could not be equal; for, at the time of the equinox, the rising and the setting of the sun are seen on the same line; and at the winter solstice, its rising is on the same line with its setting at the summer solstice; but this could not happen if the earth were not situated in the centre. . . .

Some geometricians have estimated that the earth is 252,000 stadia in circumference. That harmonical proportion which compels Nature to be always consistent with itself, obliges us to add to the above measure 12,000 stadia, and thus makes the earth one ninety-sixth part of the whole universe.—*Natural History, Book II.*

ON MAN.

Our first attention is justly due to Man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by Nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the enjoyment of her bounteous gifts that it is far from easy to determine whether she has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless stepmother.

In the first place, she obliges him, alone of all animated creatures, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while to all the rest she has given various kinds of coverings—such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales, and fleeces. Man, alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and—a thing that is the case with no

other animal—to tears ; this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules ! to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to any man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.

Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly placed upon all his limbs—a thing that falls to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such singular good-fortune, there lies the animal which is bound to command all the others : lies fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud : such being the penalty which he must pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born.

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped. How soon does he gain the faculty of speech ? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication ? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings ? And then the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies—and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease.

While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers : some of their swiftness of pace, some of their rapidity of flight, and some of their power of swimming—man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat ; and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of Nature only, but to weep. For this it is that many have been of opinion that it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment. —*Natural History, Book VIII.*

ON TREES.

The trees formed the first temples of the gods, and even at the present day, the country people, preserving in all their simplicity their ancient rites, consecrate the

finest of their trees to some divinity. Indeed, we feel ourselves inspired to adoration not less by the sacred groves, and their very stillness, than by the statues of the gods, resplendent as they are with gold and ivory. Each kind of tree remains immutably consecrated to some divinity: the beech to Jupiter, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva, the myrtle to Venus, and the poplar to Hercules; besides which, it is our belief that the Sylvans, the Fauns, and the various kinds of goddess Nymphs have the tutelage of the woods, and we look upon those deities as especially appointed to preside over them by the will of heaven. In more recent times it was the trees that by their juices, more soothing even than corn, first mollified the natural asperity of man; and it is from these that we now derive the oil of the olive that renders the limbs so supple, and the draught of wine that so effectually recruits the strength; and the numerous delicacies which spring up spontaneously at the various seasons of the year, and load our tables with their viands.—*Natural History, Book XII.*

OF METALS.

We are now to speak of metals—of actual wealth, the standard of comparative value—objects for which we diligently search within the earth in various ways. In one place, for instance, we undermine it for the purpose of obtaining riches to supply the exigencies of life—searching for either gold or silver, electron or copper. In another place, to satisfy the requirements of luxury, our researches extend to gems and pigments with which to adorn our fingers and the walls of our houses. While in a third place we gratify our rash propensities by a search for iron which, amid wars and carnage, is deemed more desirable even than gold.

We trace out all the veins of the earth; and yet, living upon it, undermined as it is beneath our feet, are astonished that it should occasionally cleave asunder or tremble: as though, forsooth, these signs could be any other than expressions of the indignation of our sacred parent. We penetrate into her entrails, and seek for treasures even in the abodes of the Shades, as

though each spot we tread upon were not sufficiently bounteous and fertile for us.

And yet, amid all this, we are far from seeking curatives, the object of our researches; and how few, in thus delving into the earth, have in view the promotion of medicinal knowledge! For it is upon her surface, in fact, that she has presented us with these substances, equally with the cereals; bounteous and ever ready as she is in supplying us with all things for our benefit. It is what is concealed from our view, what is sunk far beneath the surface—objects, indeed, of no rapid formation—that send us to the very depths of Hades.

As the mind ranges in vague speculation, let us only consider, proceeding through all ages, as these operations are, what will be the end of thus exhausting the earth; and to what point will avarice finally penetrate! How innocent, how happy, how truly delightful even, would life be, if we were to desire nothing but what is to be found upon the surface of the earth; in a word, nothing but what is provided ready to our hands.—*Natural History, Book XXXIII.*

After having traversed the whole field of Physical Science as it was known in his day, Pliny concludes by giving a summary of the most important valuable products of the earth. It must be premised that in a few cases it is by no means certain what really are the substances which he enumerates.

VALUABLE NATURAL PRODUCTS.

As to productions themselves, the greatest value of all among the products of the sea is attached to pearls. Of objects that be upon the surface of the earth it is crystals that are most highly esteemed. And of those derived from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine are the things upon which the highest value is placed.

The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the kermes-berry and laser; that are gathered from

trees, nard and the seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees, logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs, cinnamon, cassia, and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or shrubs, amber, opobalsamum, myrrh, and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees, the perfumes derived from the costus.

The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of the elephants; by animals of the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of ladannum; by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex.

With reference to birds, beyond the plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Comagne, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value; and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth.

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! And do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praises.—*Natural History, Conclusion.*

PLINY (CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS), a Roman chronicler, styled "Pliny the Younger," to distinguish him from his maternal uncle and adopted father, "Pliny the Elder." He was born at Como A.D. 62; died about 107. He was carefully educated under the best teachers, among whom was Quintilian. At the age of fourteen he composed a tragedy in Greek; at nineteen he began to practise in the Roman courts; passed through high civic offices, and was made Consul at thirty-eight. In 103 he was sent by Trajan as Proprætor to the important province of Pontus and Bithynia. He held this position for two years, after which he returned to Italy. His principal work consists of a series of epistles, written at various times to various persons. Some of these letters give a graphic account of the daily life of a Roman gentleman of good estate and devoted to literary pursuits. Pliny wrote, besides several works that are lost, a *Panegyric on Trajan*, which is greatly admired. In one of the epistles, addressed to Tacitus, the historian, he describes the great eruption of Vesuvius, of which he was an eye-witness from Misenum. He does not, however, describe the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, of which he could only know from hearsay.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, A.D. 79.

When my uncle had started from Stabiæ, I spent such time as was left in my studies. It was on this account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth which had, however, caused but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campanico. But that night it was so violent that one thought that everything was being not merely moved, but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber. I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her, should she have been asleep.

We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now—I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was only in my eighteenth year—I called for a volume of Livy, read it as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even contrived to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, and when he saw that we were sitting down, and that I was even reading, he rebuked my mother for her patience, and me for my blindness to the danger.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered that in the place where we were, which, though open, was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and they pressed on us and drove us on as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the buildings, we stopped.

There we had to endure the sight of many marvellous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones, they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left

high-and-dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame. These last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale.

It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could. I might do so, she said, for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die if she did not bring death upon me. I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company. I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall, still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us."

We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us; not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize, by the voices that replied, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were now convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory of Misenum had fallen; that

another was on fire. It was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again. We felt that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us. Then came darkness again, and a thick, heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by their weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me—a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I have spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to bear in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered with ashes, as if with snow.

We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety, of mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many terrified persons, with terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced, and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away until we could hear news of my uncle.

News was received before long. The elder Pliny had gone to Stabiæ, which was nearer Vesuvius. He tarried there too long, and in trying to make his escape, being old and fat, he was unable to go far; fell down, and died, suffocated, as his nephew supposed, by the sulphurous fumes from the volcano.

When Pliny, in his forty-first year, was sent as Proprætor to Pontus, he found the Christians very numerous in the province. They persistently refused to sacrifice to the Roman gods and to burn incense before the statue of the Emperor. This refusal, according to Roman views, was equivalent to treason and must be punished. He writes to Trajan, setting forth the action he had taken, and asking for instructions.

PLINY TO TRAJAN.

It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful: who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charges against them, or what is the usual punishment; whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years; whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon; whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime itself involved in the profession, is a matter of punishment. On all of these points I am in great doubt.

Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following methods: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them at once to be punished. I could not doubt that, whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me possessed with the same infatuation who were Roman citizens. These I took care should be sent to Rome.

As often happens, the accusation spread from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they

neither were and never had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is, it is said, no forcing those who are really Christians into any of these acts. Those I thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians; but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshipped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offence or crime was summed up in this: that they met on a stated day before daybreak and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose; but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word or to deny a trust when called upon to deliver it up. After which it was their custom to separate, and then to reassemble, and to eat together a harmless repast. From this custom, however, they desisted, after the proclamation of my edict by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies.

In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who were said to officiate in their assemblies; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you.

It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities; it has spread into the villages and the country. Still, I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples, which were almost abandoned, again begin to be frequented: and the

sacred rites, so long neglected, are revived; and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error.

The reply of Trajan to this letter has also come down to us. The two documents are of high historical value. They are almost the only definite information which we have from any pagan source of the Christian community during the first century of its existence.

TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offence is proved, you must punish them; but, with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former suspicion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

PLUTARCH (Gr., *Πλούταρχος*), the most eminent biographer of ancient times, and unsurpassed in all ages, born at Chæronea, Bœotia, some time in the first century of the Christian Era. The precise dates of his birth and death are unknown. We learn from himself that in 66 he was a student of philosophy at Delphi. He was living at Chæronea in 106. He is best known by his *Parallel Lives*, a series of biographical sketches of forty-six Greeks and Romans, arranged in groups of two, a Greek and a Roman, the biographies of each pair being followed by a comparison between the two characters. Among the men thus linked together are *Theseus and Romulus*, *Alcibiades and Coriolanus*, *Pyrrhus and Marius*, *Alexander and Cæsar*, *Demosthenes and Cicero*. These biographies have been equally and deservedly popular in all times.

Plutarch's other works, embraced under the general title, *Morals*, consist of more than sixty essays, full of good sense and benevolence, and, apart from their merit in these respects, valuable on account of numerous quotations from other Greek authors, else lost to posterity. Among these essays are *On Bashfulness*, *On the Education of Children*, *On the Right Way of Hearing*, *On Having Many Friends*, *On Superstition*, *On Exile*, *On the Genius of Socrates*, *On the Late Vengeance of the Deity*.

ON BASHFULNESS.

Some plants there are, in their own nature wild and barren, and hurtful to seed and garden-sets, which yet among able husbandmen pass for infallible signs of a rich and promising soil. In like manner some passions of the mind, not good in themselves, yet serve as first shoots and promises of a disposition which is naturally good, and also capable of improvement. Among these I rank Bashfulness—the subject of our present discourse :—no ill sign ; but is the cause and occasion of a great deal of harm. For the bashful oftentimes run into the same enormities as the most hardened and impudent ; with this difference only, that the former feel a regret for such miscarriages, but the latter take a pleasure and satisfaction therein.

The shameless person is without sense of grief for his baseness, and the bashful is in distress at the very appearance of it. For bashfulness is only modesty in the excess, and is aptly enough named *Dysopia*—"the being put out of countenance"—since the face is in some sense confused and dejected with the mind. For as that grief which casts down the eyes is termed Dejection, so that kind of modesty that cannot look another in the face is called Bashfulness. The orator, speaking of a shameless fellow, said : he "carried harlots, not virgins, in his eyes." On the other hand, the sheepishly bashful betrays no less the effeminacy and softness of mind in his looks, palliating his weakness, which exposes him to the mercy of impudence, with the specious name of Modesty.

Cato, indeed, was wont to say of young persons that he had a greater opinion of such as were subject to color than of those that turned pale ; teaching us thereby to look with greater apprehension on the heinousness of an action than on the reprimand that might follow, and to be more afraid of the suspicion of doing an ill thing than of the danger of it. However, too much anxiety and timidity lest we may do wrong is also to be avoided ; because many men have become cowards, and been deterred from generous undertakings, no less from

fear of calumny and detraction than by the danger or difficulty of such attempts.

While, therefore, we must not suffer the weakness in the one case to pass unnoticed, neither must we abet nor countenance invincible impudence in the other. A convenient mean between both is rather to be endeavored after by repressing the over-impudent, and animating the too meek-tempered. But as this kind of cure is difficult, so is the restraining such excesses not without dangers. Nurses who too often wipe the dirt from their infants are apt to tear their flesh and put them to pain; and in like manner we must not so far extirpate all bashfulness from youth as to leave them careless or impudent.—*Morals.*

ON THE LOVE OF WEALTH.

From what other evils can riches free us, if they deliver us not even from an inordinate desire of them? It is true, indeed, that by drinking men satisfy their thirst for drink, and by eating they satisfy their longing for food; and he that said, "Bestow a coat on me, the poor, cold Hipponax," if more coats had been heaped on him than he needed would have thrown them off, as being ill at ease. But the love of money is not abated by having silver and gold; neither do covetous desires cease by possessing still more. But one may say to wealth, as to an insolent quack, "Thy physic's naught and makes my illness worse."

When this distemper seizes a man that needs only bread and a house to put his head in, ordinary raiment and such victuals as come first to hand, it fills him with eager desires after gold and silver, ivory and emeralds, hounds and horses; thus seizing upon the appetite and carrying it from things that are necessary after things that are troublesome and unusual, hard to come by and unprofitable when attained. For no man is poor in respect of what nature requires, and what suffices it. No man borrows money on usury to buy meal or cheese, bread or olives. But you may see one man run into debt for the purchase of a sumptuous house; another for an adjoining olive-orchard; another for corn-fields or vineyards; another for Galatian mules; and another,

by a vain expense for fine horses, has been plunged over head and ears into contracts and use-money, pawning and mortgages. Moreover, as they that are wont to drink after they have quenched their thirst, and to eat after their hunger is satisfied, vomit up even what they took when they were athirst or hungry, so they that covet things useless and superfluous enjoy not even those that are necessary. This is the character of these men.—*Morals.*

ON PUNISHMENTS.

Is there not one and the same reason to company the Providence of God and the Immortality of the Soul? Neither is it possible to admit the one if you deny the other. Now, then, the soul surviving after the decease of the body, the inference is the stronger that it partakes of punishment and reward. For during this mortal life the soul is in a continual conflict like a wrestler; but after all these conflicts are at an end, she then receives according to her merits. But what the punishments and what the rewards of past transgressions, or just and laudable actions, are to be while the soul is yet alone by itself is nothing at all to us who are alive; for either they are altogether concealed from our knowledge, or else we give but little credit to them.

But those punishments that reach succeeding posterity, being conspicuous to all that are living at the same time, restrain and curb the inclinations of many wicked persons. Now I have a story which I might relate to show that there is no punishment more grievous, or that touches more to the quick, than for a man to behold his children, born of his body, suffer for his crimes; and that if a soul of a wicked and lawless criminal were to look back to earth and behold—not his statues overturned and his dignities reversed—but his own children, his friends, or his nearest kindred ruined and overwhelmed with calamity—such a person, were he to return to life again, would rather choose the refusal of all Jupiter's honors than abandon himself a second time to his wonted injustice and extravagant desires.—*Morals.*

ON EATING FLESH.

You ask me for what reason it was that Pythagoras abstained from the eating of flesh. I, for my part, do much wonder in what humor, with what soul or reason, the first man with his mouth touched slaughter, and reached to his lips the flesh of the dead animal; and having set before people courses of ghastly corpses and ghosts, could give those parts the names of meat and victuals that but a little before lowed, cried, moved, and saw; how his sight could endure the blood of the slaughtered, flayed, and mangled bodies; how his smell could bear their scent; and how the very nastiness happened not to offend the taste.

And truly, as for those people who first ventured upon the eating of flesh, it is very probable that the whole reason of their doing so was scarcity and want of other food; for it is not likely that their living together in lawless and extravagant lusts, or their growing wantonness and capriciousness through the excessive variety of provisions then among them, brought them to such unsociable pleasures as these against Nature. Yea, had they at this instant but their sense and voice restored to them, I am persuaded they would express themselves to this purpose:

"Oh, happy you, and highly favored of the gods! Into what an age of the world you have fallen who share and enjoy among you a plentiful portion of good things! What abundance of things spring up for your use! What fruitful vineyards you enjoy! What wealth you gather from the fields! What delicacies from trees and plants, which you may gather! As for us, we fell upon the most dismal and affrightening part of time, in which we were exposed at our first production to manifold and inextricable wants and necessities. There was then no production of tame fruits, nor any instruments of art or invention of wit. And hunger gave no time, nor did seed-time then stay for the yearly season. What wonder is it if we made use of the beasts, contrary to Nature, when mud was eaten and the bark of wood; and when it was thought a

happy thing to find either a sprouting grass or the root of any plant. But whence is it that you, in these happy days, pollute yourselves with blood since you have such an abundance of things necessary for your subsistence? You are indeed wont to call serpents, leopards, and lions savage creatures; but yet you yourselves are defiled with blood, and come nothing behind them in cruelty. What they kill is their ordinary nourishment; but what you kill is your better fare."

For we eat not lions and wolves by way of revenge; but we let these go, and catch the harmless and tame sort, and such as have neither stings nor teeth to bite with, and slay them which, may Jove help us, Nature seems to have produced for their beauty and comeliness only. But we are nothing put out of countenance by the beauteous gayety of the colors, or by the charmingness of their voices, or by the rare sagacity of the intellects, or by the cleanliness and neatness of diet, or by the discretion and prudence of those poor unfortunate animals; but for the sake of some little mouthful of flesh we deprive a soul of the sun and light, and of that proportion of life and time it had been born into the world to enjoy. And then we fancy the voices it utters and screams forth to us are not inarticulate sounds and noises, but the several deprecations, entreaties, and pleadings of each of them, as it were, saying, "I deprecate not thy necessity—if such there be—but thy wantonness. Kill me for thy feeding, but do not take me off for thy better feeding."—*Morals.*

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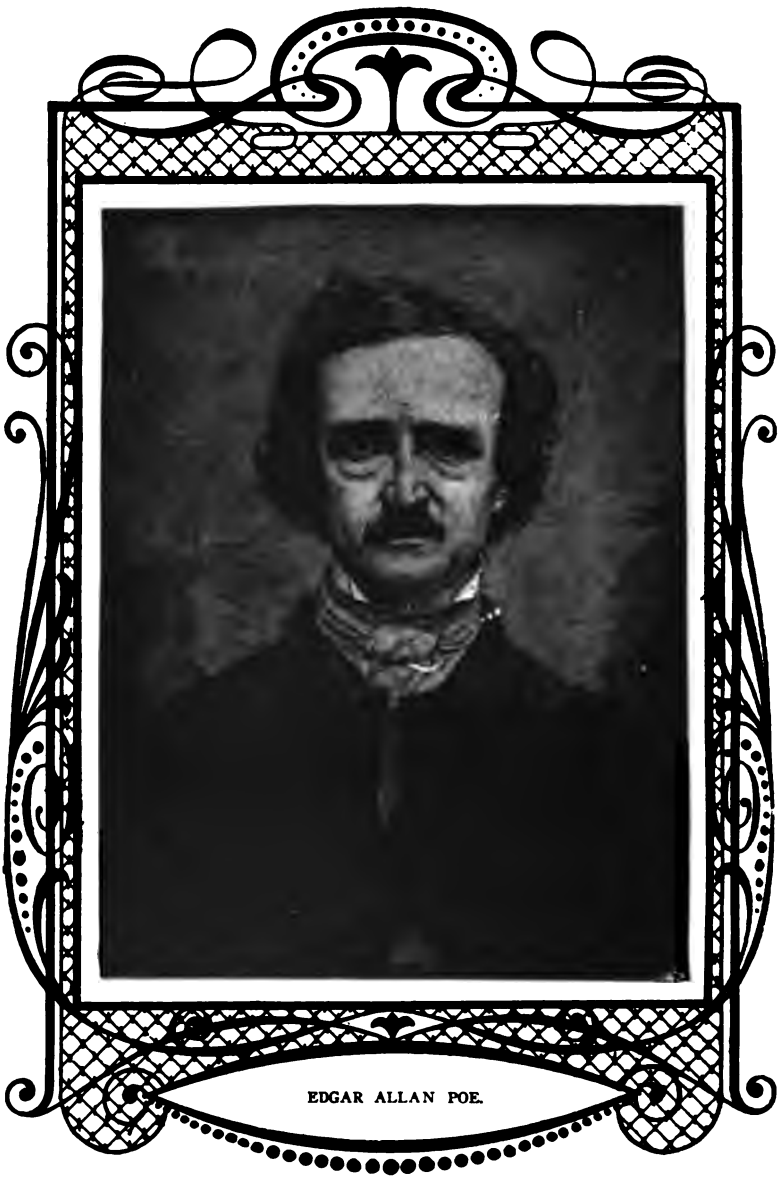


EDGAR ALLAN POE.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN, an American poet, born in Boston, January 19, 1809; died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. His father and mother were both members of the theatrical profession, and appeared upon the stage in the principal towns of the United States. They died at Richmond, Va., at nearly the same time, leaving three orphans altogether unprovided for. Edgar, the younger son, was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and childless merchant in Richmond. His adopted father took the boy to England in his fifth year, and placed him at a school near London, where he remained about five years. Some time after his return to Richmond he was entered as a student at the University of Virginia, where he gained notice for his marked ability, and, notwithstanding his slight figure, for his physical power and endurance. But he had formed irregular habits, and he was dismissed from the university. He went home for a while to Mr. Allan; then there was a quarrel, and Poe disappeared. It is said that he went to Europe with the design of taking part with the Greeks in their struggle against the Ottoman power. The story goes on to say that Poe, while on his way to Greece, found himself in great straits at St. Petersburg, where he was relieved by the American Minister, who furnished him with means of getting home again. One of his biogra-

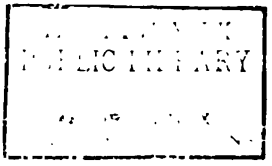
phers tells us that Poe went abroad, and passed a year in Europe, the history of which would be a singular curiosity if it could be recovered. Whatever may be the truth in regard to this part of his life, one date and one fact may be set down as well authenticated. Poe still had his home with Mr. Allan, who succeeded in obtaining for him an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. A year had not passed before he was expelled from the academy. Mr. Allan, now a widower past middle age, married again. Poe deported himself in a manner that led to a complete rupture between him and his adopted father. Here occurs an almost total blank of three years in our knowledge of the life of Poe. The one certain thing is that in 1829 he put forth at Baltimore a little volume entitled *El Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems.* In 1833 we find him living at Baltimore. The proprietor of a newspaper had offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best prose tale, and another prize for the best poem. Both prizes were awarded to Poe. The tale was the *MS. Found in a Bottle.* The poem was the following on *The Coliseum,* which certainly bears very slight resemblance to any other production of the author.

THE COLISEUM.

Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the garden of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars.

THE COLISEUM.

From a photograph.



Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the weed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, sceptre-like, into his marble home,
Lit by the warm light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!
But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures of this crumbly frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the common Hours to fate and me?
"Not all!" the Echoes answer me; "not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever.
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that hang upon,
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory!"

Regular literary occupation was soon thrown in Poe's way. He was employed in an editorial capacity for a couple of years upon the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond; then upon two Philadelphia magazines. All of these positions he lost. There is a visual defect known as "color-blindness" in which the eye is incapable of distinguishing between the most dissimilar colors. Poe seems to have been Right-and-Wrong-blind.

It was not merely that he did wrong things, but he never seemed to have dreamed that there was any such thing as the Right or the Wrong. How far this moral deficiency was the cause or the effect of his habits of intoxication may fairly be questioned. We are told, on the one hand, that intoxication was almost his normal condition; and, on the other hand, that the periods were rare and occurring at long intervals. But in either case the result was in one respect the same. While in this condition he lost all regard not only for the amenities, but even for the common decencies, of conduct. The Donatello of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* might be regarded as a mental and moral study of Poe. Like Donatello, Poe had lovable qualities. We are glad to believe that his conduct toward his young invalid wife and her mother, who was to him all that a mother could have been, was altogether irreproachable. Some worthy men liked him. More than one woman as highly gifted, as pure and noble as any in the land, more than liked him.

In 1844 Poe took up his residence in New York, where he engaged in some journalistic labor. He published several works, by which he came into much note, and endeavored at one time or another to set up a magazine or journal of which he should have the entire control. Only one of these, the *Broadway Journal*, came into actual being, and this had but a brief existence.

Late in the summer of 1849 Poe set out upon a lecturing tour in Maryland and Virginia. He took the temperance pledge, and at Richmond

renewed his acquaintance with a lady of considerable fortune. An engagement for a speedy marriage was entered upon, and Poe set out for New York to make the requisite preparations. He reached Baltimore on October 2d. It would be a couple of hours before the railroad train was to start for Philadelphia. He stepped into a restaurant, where it is said that he fell in with some former acquaintances. On the second morning afterward he was found in the streets in a half-conscious condition. He was taken to a public hospital, where he died. The spot of his burial was unmarked for more than a quarter of a century, when a monument was erected over his remains. Poe's critical papers and biographical sketches are in the main utterly worthless. They are usually ill-tempered and unjust. Some of his tales show marked genius. Among the best are *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Ligeia*, and *The Gold Bug*. His reputation rests upon a few poems, none of which much exceed a hundred lines.

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously swells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impells
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire

And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory, in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

The poem upon which Poe's reputation most distinctively rests is *The Raven*, which was originally published in February, 1845, in the *American Review*, a short-lived periodical issued at New York. We do not think that there is in our language any other poem of barely a hundred lines which has won for its author a fame so great.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,"

Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy—bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by those angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE HOUSE OF USHER.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant, eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into every, day life—the hideous dropping-off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all unsoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations be-

yond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a merely different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows. . . .

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine, tangled web-work from the eaves, yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition

of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

POLLOK, ROBERT, a Scottish clergyman and poet, born at Moorehouse, in Renfrewshire, in 1799; died at Southampton, England, September 17, 1827. He was graduated at the University of Glasgow, where he also studied theology, and in 1827 became a licentiate of the United Secession Church. A pulmonary affection had already begun, and he set out for Italy, hoping for benefit from a milder climate, but died just before he was to have sailed. While a student he published anonymously three tales which were in 1833 republished under the title *Tales of the Covenanters.* His literary reputation rests wholly upon *The Course of Time* (1827), a poem in blank verse, which at the time was widely popular, being placed by some quite as high as *Paradise Lost*, to which it bears a general resemblance, the best passages being imitations of Milton.

"*The Course of Time*," says Moir, "is a very extraordinary poem, vast in its conception, vast in its plan, vast in its materials, and vast, if very far from perfect, in its achievement." Professor Wilson says, "*The Course of Time* was a great undertaking for so young a man. He had much to learn in composition. The soul of poetry is there, though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there are, and long ones, too, that heave and hurry and glow along in a divine enthusiasm."

OPENING INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are; Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake,
And Zion's cedars bow: inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what; while I of things to come,
As past rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,
The Second Birth, and final Doom of Man.
The Muse that soft and sickly wooes the ear
Of love, or chanting loud in windy rhyme
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not; such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase, severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant; uttering as 'tis
The essential truth: Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish:—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

HOLY LOVE.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss;
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! Spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! Emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three!
Chain that unites creation to its Lord!
Centre to which all being gravitates!
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blessed, because it seeks no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in its arms!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise! The spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky!

THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks:
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend;

And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear,
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

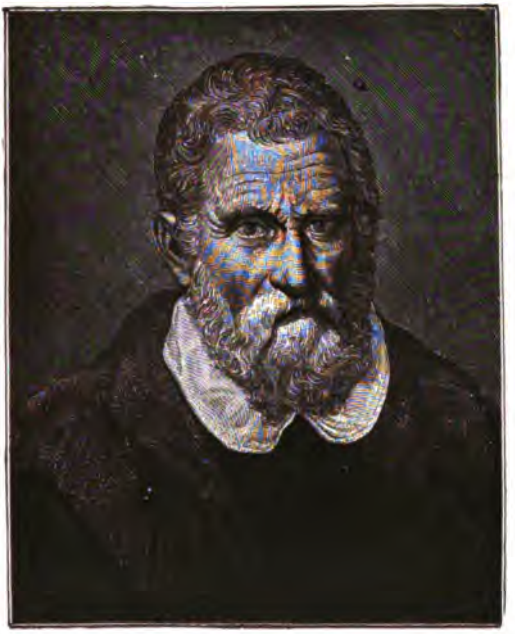
—*From The Course of Time.*

OCEAN.

Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill;
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestic, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.

—*From The Course of Time, Book I.*

POLO, MARCO, a Venetian traveller, born at Venice in 1254; died there in 1324. He was of a noble family of Dalmatian origin. His father and his uncle, merchants of Venice, had travelled extensively before his birth; and being intrusted with a mission from Kublai Khan to the Pope, they set out a second time for the East in 1271, taking the youth with them. Young Marco became a favorite at the Court of the Mongols, where he lived many years, being intrusted with missions to the various neighboring rulers. His reports of these missions form the groundwork of the book wherein he informs us regarding the state of Central and Eastern Asia at the end of the thirteenth century. His first mission was to the Court of Annam or Tonquin, where he acquired much information concerning Tibet, Yunnan, Bengal, Mien, or Pegu, and the south of China. He next made an inventory of the archives belonging to the Court of the Song dynasty, and was afterward Governor of Yang-tchow, in Eastern China. He accompanied the Mongol army to the attack on the kingdom of Pegu; and was then sent by Kublai as ambassador to Tsiampa, in Cochin-China. After seventeen years of service under the Mongol, he set out, in 1291, by way of the China Sea and the Indian Ocean, for Persia. He stayed at Teheran for some time; and learning that the Grand Khan was dead, he continued his



MARCO POLO.

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journey westward, and arrived in Venice in 1295. The following year he fought his own galley in the battle off Curzola; was taken prisoner; and was imprisoned in a dungeon at Genoa. It was here that he compiled the account of his travels in the East, which he afterward revised with great care. Being liberated, he returned home, and became a member of the Grand Council of Venice. His narrative created an immense sensation among the learned, and many did not hesitate to affirm that it was all pure fiction. But the Catholic missionaries and subsequent travellers were able to verify many of his statements, and then came a reaction of public opinion; his wonderful minuteness, extensive research, and accuracy being the theme of universal admiration. His work was of inestimable value as a stimulant and guide in geographical research; it encouraged the Portuguese to find the way to Hindustan round the Cape of Good Hope; and it roused the passion for discovery in the breast of Columbus, thus leading to the two greatest of modern geographical discoveries. And the researches of modern travellers continually verify the correctness of observation and truthfulness of narration of Marco Polo. The first Italian edition appeared in 1496, and has been often reprinted. Critical editions have been edited by Baldelli (1827) and Bartoli (1864). There are about sixty translations, including several in English. One of the best in any language is the standard English translation by Colonel Yule (1871), entitled *The Book of Marco Polo.*

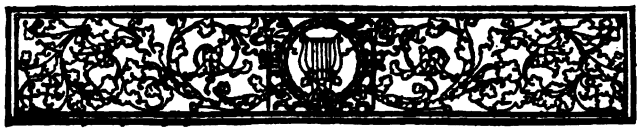
THE EMPEROR'S HUNT.

He takes with him full 10,000 falconers, and some 500 gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers to fly at the water-fowl. These are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. The Emperor is attended by full 10,000 men, disposed in couples; and these are called *Toscaol*, which is as much as to say "Watchers." They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground. Every man of them is provided with a whistle and hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in hand. And when the Emperor makes a cast, there is no need of his following it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if the hawks have need of help they are ready to render it.

All the Emperor's hawks, and those of the Barons as well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark, on which is written the names of the owner and keeper of the bird. In this way the hawk, when it is caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner. If not, the bird is carried to a certain Baron, who is styled the *Bularguchi*. And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse, or a sword, or a hawk, or what not, it is carried to that Baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to carry his trover to the Baron, the latter punishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the Baron, and if the thing be in his hands it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said Baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp, with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found anything may have no difficulty in finding their way to him.

And so the Emperor follows this road leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea, which is within two days' journey of his capital city Camboluc, and as he goes, there is many a fine sight to be seen, and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking.

The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his Barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion, there as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise! So it is not without reason, I tell you, that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has!



PONCE DE LEON, LUIS, a Spanish poet, born, probably at Granada, in 1527; died in 1591. In 1544 he entered the Order of St. Augustine at Salamanca, where he studied, took his degree in theology in 1560, and was appointed professor of theology in 1561. The reputation which he acquired as a learned commentator on the Bible induced some persons, who were envious of his success, to accuse him of having disregarded the prohibition of the Church, inasmuch as, at the request of a friend, he made a new translation of the Song of Solomon, and brought out prominently, in his arrangement of the verses, the true character of the original, that of a pastoral eclogue. This interpretation was not that adopted by the Church, and he was summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Valladolid to answer the charges of Lutheranism and of translating the sacred writings contrary to the decrees of the Council of Trent. The first accusation he quickly disposed of—for he had in reality no inclination to a foreign Protestantism; but the second was undoubtedly true, and he was imprisoned. After five years he was released, through the intervention of powerful friends, and was even reinstated in his chair at the university with the greatest marks of respect. The numerous auditory that assembled to witness the resumption of his lectures, were electrified

when Ponce de Leon began with these simple words: "As we observed in our last discourse"—thus sublimely ignoring the cause and the duration of his long absence from his lecture-room. In 1580 he published a Latin commentary on the Song of Solomon, in which he explained the poem directly, symbolically, and mystically; and, therefore, as obscurely, says Ticknor, "as the most orthodox could wish." He lived fourteen years after his restoration to liberty; but his terror of the Inquisition never quite left him, and he was very cautious in regard to what he gave to the world during his lifetime. His poetical reputation was wholly posthumous, for though his *De los Nombros de Christo* (1583) and *La Perfecta Casada* (1583) are full of imagery, eloquence, and enthusiasm, yet they are in prose. His poetical remains were first published by Quevedo at Madrid in 1631, under the title *Obras Proprias, y Traduciones Latinas, Greigas y Italianas: con la Paraphrasi de Algunos Salmos y Capitulos de Job*, and have since been often reprinted. These consist of translations from Virgil's *Eclogues* and the *Georgics;* from the *Odes* of Horace, and other classical authors, and from the Psalms. His original poems are few, but they are considered among the most precious in the author's language, and have given him a foremost place among the Spanish lyrists.

Ticknor says: "Luis de Leon had the soul of a Hebrew, and his enthusiasm was almost always kindled by the reading of the Old Testament. Nevertheless, he preserved unaltered the national character. His best compositions are odes com-

posed in the old Castilian versification, with a classic purity and a vigorous finish that Spanish poetry had never till then known, and to which it has with difficulty attained since."

NOCHE SERENA.

When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with a million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal estate,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate:

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which there intrude:

Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine—
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One—
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round, and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And turn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,
Around, above you spread—
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light.
See, in his orbit sure,
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

See how the pale moon rolls
Her silver wheel; and scattering beams afar
On earth's benighted souls,
See Wisdom's holy star;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

And circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden horns;
While round him, bright and blest,
The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this—
Nor feel his spirit burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers!
Thou Paradise serene!
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers!

POOLE, WILLIAM FREDERICK, an American bibliographer, born at Salem, Mass., December 24, 1821; died at Evanston, Ill., March 1, 1894. He was graduated at Yale College in 1849. While in college he prepared and published his *Index to Subjects in Reviews and Periodicals*, which afterward became the larger work *Index to Periodical Literature*. He organized the Bronson Library, Waterbury, Conn.; the Athenæum Library at St. Johnsbury, Vt.; those at Newton, at Easthampton, Mass., and that of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. He was librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library (1852–56), the Boston Athenæum (1856–69), of the Cincinnati Public Library (1869–73), the Chicago Public Library (1874–87), and the Walter L. Newbury Library, Chicago (1888). He was the author of *Cotton Mather and Salem Witchcraft*, *The Popham Colony*, *The Ordinance of 1787*, *Anti-Slavery Opinions Before 1800*, *The Battle of the Dictionaries*, *Websterian Orthography*, and for a short time was editor of *The Owl*, a literary monthly.

VALUE AND NECESSITY OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

My leading purpose in the preparation of this address was a discussion of the relations of the University Library to University Education. I wished to show that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and

professional bibliographer should be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that the library should be his class-room, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have such an intelligent and practical knowledge of books as will aid them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment. Books are wiser than any professor and all the faculty; and they can be made to give up much of their wisdom to the student who knows where to go for it, and how to extract it.

I do not mean that the university student should learn the contents of the most useful books; but I do mean that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him. He should know what are the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less-favored associates who regard him as an educated man. If a question arises as to the existence, authorship, or subject of a book, an educated man should know the catalogues or bibliographies by which he can readily clear up the doubt. The words Watt, Larousse, Graesse, Quérard, Hoefer, Kayser, Hinrichs, Meyer, Hain, and Vapereau should not be unmeaning sounds to him. He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects. He should be familiar with the best method by which the original investigation of any topic may be carried on. When he has found it, he appreciates, perhaps for the first time, what books are for, and how to use them. He finds himself a professional literary or scientific worker, and that books are the tools of his profession. It is one of the most delightful and inspiring incidents in a student's experience when he has discovered a key to the treasury of knowledge, a method by which he can do useful and practical work, and that he has a function in life. No person has any claim to be a scholar until he can conduct such an original investigation with ease and pleasure. This facile proficiency does not come by intuition, nor from the clouds. Where else is it to be taught, if not in the college or university? With it a graduate is prepared to grapple

with his professional studies, to succeed in editorial work, or in any literary or scientific pursuit for which he may have the taste or qualification. . . .

During the past twenty years there has been a great advance in the study of bibliography in the leading universities. Among these may be especially mentioned Johns Hopkins, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and Michigan. Good work is also being done in other institutions. None of the universities named has as yet quite come up to the high standard of having a professor of bibliography; but they are moving in that direction. In several universities the librarians give lectures on bibliography, and instructions to classes in the use of books. The development already reached is seen in the rapid increase of these libraries in the accession of the latest and best works on all the subjects taught in the university; by the professors citing these books, calling attention to them, taking them into the class-rooms, and by this method encouraging the students to make for themselves an independent and original investigation of any subject. As the work has been going on, money has been liberally contributed by the friends of the institutions for erecting suitable library buildings, procuring the necessary books, and conducting University Extension lectures.

Nothing more readily appeals to the popular sympathy than work of this kind, or forms a firmer bond of fraternity between the university and the community at large. The great universities which keep their hands on the popular pulse are those which receive the great endowments from private munificence. On some special subjects of universal interest no libraries in the land have such complete collections of recent books as some of the university libraries. Writers who would have access to the most abundant materials must visit these libraries. By what other means can a great university exert a more beneficent influence and retain the affection and sympathy of the public and of its own graduates?—*The University Library.*

POPE, ALEXANDER, a famous English poet, born in London, May 21, 1688; died at Twickenham, then a rural suburb of the metropolis, May 30, 1744. His father, the son of an Anglican clergyman, embraced the Catholic faith, in which the son was reared, and which he never abandoned. The father, having acquired a moderate competence as a linen draper, left business, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, where the childhood of the poet was passed. He was of delicate constitution, and his figure was slight and considerably deformed. He early manifested unusual capacity, especially in versifying. As he said of himself, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." His *Ode on Solitude*, written before he had reached the age of twelve, is of much higher merit than any other poem of which we know, composed by one so young. He destroyed most of his earlier pieces, among which were a comedy, a tragedy, and an unfinished epic. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had come to be known among the literati as a poet of rare genius. His first considerable work, *The Pastorals*, was published when he was twenty-one; but was written some five years earlier. His *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue*, first appeared in 1712 in Addison's *Spectator*. He had a decided taste for art; in 1713 he went to London, and for a year and a

half studied painting under Jervas, a pupil of Reynolds; but his defective eyesight disabled him from going on in the profession.

In 1714 he issued proposals for publishing a translation of the *Iliad* in six volumes at a guinea a volume. The first volume appeared in 1715, the last in 1720. For this he received from the publisher £5,320, besides large presents from individuals, the King giving £200 and the Prince of Wales £100. In all he must have received for this translation not less than £6,000; and as the purchasing value of money was then about three times greater than at present, his receipts may be estimated at about $90,000. With a part of the money thus earned he purchased the lease of a villa, with about five acres of ground, at Twickenham, which continued to be his residence during the remainder of his life, though he spent much of his time in London. His later days were mainly devoted, in conjunction with Warburton, to the preparation of a complete edition of his works, of which, however, he lived only to supervise the *Essay on Criticism*, the *Essay on Man*, and the *Dunciad*, to the last of which he made considerable additions. He was buried at Twickenham.

The following is a list of Pope's principal works, with the approximate date of their composition; but the dates are not always strictly accurate, as he not unfrequently kept pieces for years before publishing them: *The Pastorals* (1709); *Essay on Criticism* (1711); *The Messiah* (1712); *The Rape of the Lock* (1714); translation of the *Iliad* (1715–18); *Epistle of Eloise to Abelard* (1717); edition of *Shakespeare*

(1725); translation of the *Odyssey* (1726); *The Dunciad* (1728; but considerably modified, and much enlarged, in 1742); *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* (1731); *On the Abuse of Riches* (1732), *Essay on Man* (1732); *Imitations of Horace* (1733-37); *Epistle to Lord Cobham* (1733); *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1735). What was meant to be a complete edition of his *Works* was put together by his literary executor, Bishop Warburton (9 vols., 1751). But very considerable additions—especially of his voluminous *Correspondence*—have since been made. Perhaps the most complete of the recent editions is that commenced by J. W. Croker and completed by the Rev. W. Elwin (1861-73).

NUMBERS IN VERSE.

The most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though of the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,

And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. . . .
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

—*Essay on Criticism.*

The Rape of the Lock is styled "a Heroi-Comical Poem." The noble lover of Belinda surreptitiously cut from her head one of the long locks of hair which were the pride of her heart. Thereupon ensued a quarrel which became the talk of the town. Upon the slight canvas of this incident the poet has embroidered the gayest fancies. Belinda, unknown to herself, is attended by a troop of sylphs and sprites eager to do her service. They attend at her toilet, and see to it that she gets a good hand at "ombre," and perform numerous kindred offices.

BELINDA AT HER TOILET.

And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers:
A heavenly image in the glass appears—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride;
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil.
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs—the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all her arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
See, by degrees, a pure blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

—*The Rape of the Lock, Canto I.*

BELINDA AT THE WATER-PARTY.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye is fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, yet never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes on gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

—*The Rape of the Lock, Canto II.*

THE SEIZURE OF THE LOCK.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock: now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed.
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The joining joints the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!
Then flash the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heavens are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or a small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous waxlights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"
—*The Rape of the Lock, Canto IV.*

BORING RHYMESTERS.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land.
What walks can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there one who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause.
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope,

Friend to my life (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song);
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me—a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I.
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie!
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and "request of friends:"
"The piece, you think is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission—what you'll have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound:
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me—"But here's a letter,
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine." . . .
Why did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink—my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed;
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease—my life,
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear. . . .
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;
Be no unpleasant melancholy mine.
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath.
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May heaven to bless these days preserve my friend:
Preserve him social, cheerful and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.
Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.
—*Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page described—their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know;
Or who could suffer, being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
What future bliss He gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is* but always *to be* blest,
The soul (uneasy, and confined) from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
—*Essay on Man.*

THE UNIVERSAL CHAIN OF BEING.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same;—
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part:
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
—*Essay on Man.*

The *Essay on Man* appears in the form of epistles to Bolingbroke. Lord Bathurst, who was apparently in a position to know, is said to have asserted that the work was really written by Bolingbroke; that is, it was written by Bolingbroke in prose, which Pope merely put into verse. However this may be, there is no question as to the manner in which *The Messiah* was put together by Pope, in his twenty-fourth year. Virgil, in his "Fourth Eclogue," addressed to Pollio, hails the expected birth of a babe for whom the poet predicts a magnificent future—a prediction which does not appear to have had any fulfilment. Pope takes this

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THE COMING MESSIAH.

"A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!"

Drawing by Prof. H. Hofmann.

Eclogue, applies the thought of it to Christ, engrafting upon it images borrowed from Isaiah. The best two passages in *The Messiah* are one near the commencement and the magnificent close.

THE COMING MESSIAH.

Rapt into future times the bard begun :—
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in self-silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light! Auspicious Babe, be born.
—*The Messiah.*

THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts. The Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!
—*The Messiah.*

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER: *deo. opt. max.*

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy Grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
  And let Thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
  All Nature's incense rise.

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind.
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

THE SCALE OF BEING.

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental power ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how allied;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

ADDRESS TO BOLINGBROKE.

Come then, my Friend, my Genius, come along;
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while, along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right?
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW?

—*From Essay on Man.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

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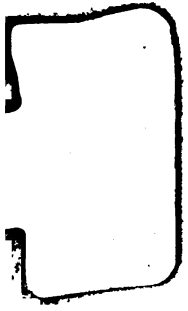
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